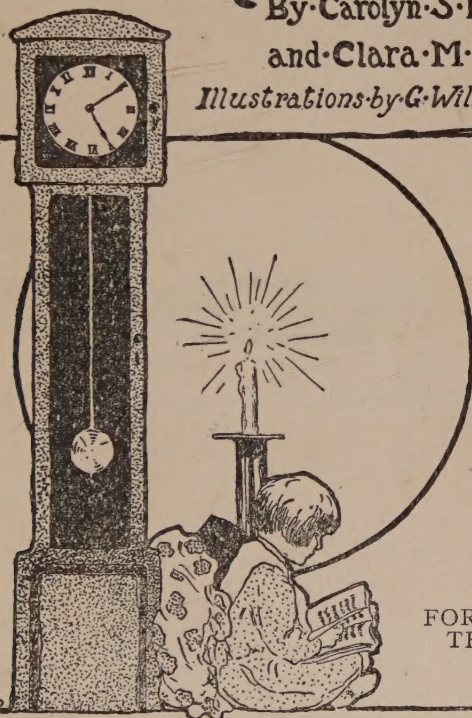




FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

By Carolyn S. Bailey
and Clara M. Lewis.

Illustrations by G. William Breck.



FORTY-THIRD
THOUSAND

1918

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“Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day’s occupations
Which is known as the children’s hour.”

Dedicated
To
Our Kindergarten Children

PREFACE

FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR is the result of an effort to collect and edit as many as possible of the stories referred to in the story lists of the Daily Program of Gift and Occupation work. Through the courtesy of authors and publishers, a longer list is presented, and a book of stories is offered containing material which has not appeared heretofore in one volume.

The scheme of compiling has been to gather from many sources; old myths, folk-tales, magazines now out of print, and the best of literature, old and latter-day, such stories as relate to the child's every-day experience, and find a place in his education because of this point of contact.

In nearly every case it has been found necessary to adapt the stories to the immediate use of the storyteller, whether kindergartner or mother. They have been shortened, and only such salient facts retained as will result in clear mental concepts, and make the stories easily told without undue taxing of the child's attention.

A large place has been given to the fanciful tale, which has a direct educational value in the training of the imagination; and the accumulative repetition story, which develops the child's sense of humor, and appeals to his instinctive love of rhyme and jingle.

The book is offered to kindergartners, teachers, and mothers who realize the large part the story plays in the development of the little child, mentally and morally.

NOTE

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HOME STORIES



MOTHER AND THE CHILDREN

*THE LITTLE GRAY GRANDMOTHER

Nobody knew whence she came, nor whither she went. All the children could have told you about her was that sometimes they looked up from their play, and there she stood in her soft, misty cloak and shadowy gray veil, which reminded them of thin smoke. Sometimes they could scarcely see her face behind this veil, but if any one of them had been brave, and unselfish, there would be the Little Gray Grandmother, her face quite clear and distinct, smiling down on them.

There was a large family of them, and they had sharp eyes, too, but none of them ever saw her coming until there she stood in the midst of them. They lived near the great sea, and the mist often covered the coast for miles and miles. Their city cousins laughed at them, and said the Little Gray Grandmother was only a bit of sea fog, left behind after a damp day; but they knew better.

She never spoke to them, but sometimes she looked sad when she came upon one of them doing a mean or greedy thing. Oh, how stern her eyes were the day she found Wilhelm telling a lie! No one could make them believe she was only a dream, or a bit of

*Adapted from Elizabeth Harrison, "In Storyland."

sea fog. Had she not left the thimble for Mai, which pushed the needle so fast that a long seam was finished before you could say "Jack Robinson"? Who else brought the boots for Gregory, which helped him run so quickly on an errand that even his dog, Oyster, could not keep up with him?

They were all as certain as certain could be that she had given Doodle, when he was a baby, those soft, warm mittens that somehow grew as he grew, and always just fitted his hands. Such wonderful mittens! On the coldest day all Doodle had to do was to reach out his hand in his hearty, cheery way to any one—no matter how cold—and they were sure to feel a warm glow at once. That was the way that Doodle got into the way of looking out for all the lame dogs and sick cats; and why all the old people liked him so much. They said he made them feel young again. And Tom, and Wilhelm, and the rest; the Little Gray Grandmother had left a gift for each.

Oh, they were a happy family! What if they did have to eat herring and dry bread, with a few potatoes thrown in, all the year round—and live in a hut? Didn't they have a Little Gray Grandmother?

So, you may know how eagerly they were all looking one day at something the Little Gray Grandmother had left for them in the sand. What could it be? It glittered like the surface of a pool of water when the sun touches it. They could see their faces in it—oh, so clearly! They decided to take it to the dear-mother. Ah, the dear-mother—who cooked, and sewed for them, and nursed them when they were ill, and was always ready to answer their questions—she would know. So they took the glittering thing in to her.

She thought it was pretty. She always liked anything they brought in, if it were only a bit of sea weed, or a star fish. She said it was made of precious metal, and perhaps the sea had washed it up. But the children said, "Oh, no; the Little Gray Grand-mother left it."

At last they hung it up on the wall where every one might use it for a mirror; but, oh, such strange sights as the children saw in it! It had a queer way of turning itself about toward the east or the west window, so the children could see as easily in the evening as in the morning light. And one day when Mai was tired, and spoke crossly to the little brothers, she looked up and saw the face of a grizzly bear reflected in the wonderful mirror.

Gregory had a way of boasting about the things he was going to do, and he often caught a glimpse of a rooster in the mirror, strutting about as if he owned the whole barnyard. Once little Beata came in ahead of the others, and, finding some rosy apples the father had brought home, she took the very biggest and began to eat it. But the mirror swung quickly around and showed her a greedy little pig, eating a whole pile of apples, and the picture made her so ashamed that she laid the apple down again.

The pictures in the mirror were not all disagreeable ones. Sometimes they were beautiful. One bright summer day, when Mai had given up her play to stay indoors and help the dear-mother, there, in the mirror, was the vision of a Saint with a golden light about her head, smiling down on Mai. Once Gregory rowed little Beata across the bay, and did without his dinner that he might use his penny and pay for letting her climb the lighthouse stairs. When they came

home at night Beata looked in the mirror and she saw the good Saint Christopher wading a dark stream with the little Christ Child on his shoulders. Somehow the face looked like Gregory's, but when Beata cried, "Look!" the picture was gone at once.

Again and again, when the children did a kind, or a truthful, or a loving thing, the mirror shone with a beautiful picture which disappeared if it were spoken of. Somehow it made them think of the glad look in the face of the Little Gray Grandmother when she found them playing happily together. And, strange to say, the Little Gray Grandmother never came again after the small, silver mirror was hung on the wall. Perhaps she thought they did not need her any more.

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*GRANDMOTHER'S CURTAINS

EVER so many years ago, there was a little girl named Polly who lived out on a beautiful farm, where there were plenty of cows, and pigs, and chickens, and apple trees, and daisies.

Polly's grandmother lived in the town, in an old house — older than you ever saw, maybe, for it had been built more than two hundred years.

It had the great fireplace and chimney that used to be the fashion; and a great square parlor, with a wonderful fireboard; it had a pantry, where there were sure to be plenty of pies and seed-cookies; and it had, best of all, a nice, sunny "keeping-room," with deep-seated windows, where a little girl could play house

*Mary L. Branch. Copyright by "The Youth's Companion."

all day, and with grandmother's bed in the corner, hidden by great flowering chintz curtains that reached from the tester to the floor.

Polly loved the curtains more than anything else at grandmother's, for they were covered with bunches of roses, and little boy-angels sitting on clouds and playing on harps.

Once a week the farm horse was harnessed, and Polly and her mother went to see grandmother. But Polly never felt that she stayed long enough. She would just have started housekeeping in the window, perhaps; or have just reached the middle of a cooky; or have just caught the kitten, when her father would come in to say that his business was done, and they must go home before dark.

"O, mother, do let me stay all night!" Polly would say, but she never did stay, until one particular afternoon that I am going to tell you about.

"Where's Polly?" asked father, when he came in to hurry them off.

"Where's Polly?" asked mother, getting her little shawl and hood all ready.

"Why, here she is on my bed," said grandmother, as she looked behind the curtains, "and she's fast asleep! It is too bad to wake the lamb up. Do let her stay for once, Ann!"

Mother came to look, and she smiled a bit as she noticed a twitch in the eyelids, but it was snowing out-of-doors, and she thought, maybe, Polly would better stay, after all; so she said, cheerfully:

"Very well; we'll leave her, and her father can come for her to-morrow night."

So they went, and no sooner had the wagon fairly started than there was a shout, and a great peal of

laughter, and a rush, as Polly jumped off the bed, and flew to grandmother to give her a big hug.

"You're a little rogue," said grandmother, giving her a kiss.

"May I have jelly for supper?" asked Polly.

Of course she had jelly, and everything else she wanted, and after supper grandmother held her in her lap, and told her an old, old fairy story. Then grandmother undressed her, and loaned her one of her own nightgowns to sleep in, and Polly settled down in the great feather-bed, and knew no more until morning.

When she awoke, there were all the little angels looking at her, and the sun was shining in, and she could hear grandmother in the kitchen. In a minute Polly was there, too, watching the biscuit in the tin baker before the fire.

After breakfast she had a splendid time. First she went up to the garret with grandmother after the quilting-frame, and she hid inside the old clock for as much as five minutes, just for fun; and then she got a whole handful of dried peppermint to nibble.

While grandmother was getting her quilt in, downstairs, Polly kept house in the small window, and had all the broken bits of an old saucer for a tea set. By and by she moved to a new house, and where do you suppose it was? Under the great flower-basket quilt that was stretched upon the frame, and you haven't any idea, unless you have tried it, what a lovely house it makes. There Polly gathered her dishes, her rag baby, and the cat, and was as happy as a queen.

Presently Mrs. Clark and Miss Avery came in with their thimbles to help grandmother to get her quilt done, and they all three talked and stitched, and forgot all about Polly.

For a long time she watched the pretty diamonds as they appeared, one after another, on the roof of her house; and when she was tired of that there were Miss Avery's scissors, which she had dropped on the floor, and never missed. Now, Polly's mother scarcely ever let her take scissors, because Polly wasn't quite five yet, and might do mischief. But this time there was nobody to say "No, no!"

Those dear little boy-angels! How often she had wished she might take one home to play with! She crept out from under the quilting-frames, and no one noticed, for they were all too busy talking about the best way to wash feathers.

At last Miss Avery needed her scissors, and she pushed back her chair to look for them. "Where can they be?" she asked, and then she exclaimed, "Why, there they are—and Polly's in mischief!"

"Why, Polly!" said grandmother, getting up as quickly as she could. Polly had just finished cutting out the second angel, and there they were, smiling in her lap.

"Your nice chintz curtains," said Mrs. Clark, "and you've had them only a year!"

"She's cut them all zig-zag," said Miss Avery.

"Why, Polly!" said grandmother, and she really could not think of anything else to say.

So Polly gave back the dear little boy-angels, and Mrs. Clark and Miss Avery went to work laying pieces under, and darning down till, at last, you would never have known, unless you had looked twice, that the little winged boys had ever left the clouds.

"I know they wanted to go home and play with me," said Polly, when she told her mother all about it that night.

Well, they did come to live with her at last, but not until many years after, when grandmother had gone to live with the real angels. Sometimes Polly, who is a grown-up mother, now, takes them out of their box and unfolds them, and looks at them, and the two mended places make her feel as if she were a little girl again.

HANS AND THE WONDERFUL FLOWER

A LONG way from here, in Germany, flows a wonderful river called the Rhine. The waters are so clear and pure that one can almost see the bottom, where the mermaids live in their palaces of coral and shell. The Rhine hurries on through valleys sweet with flowers, and past mountains and hills. The fields are full of fairies, and the hills swarm with little people, dwarfs, and pixies, and elves, and gnomes. Not every one may see the fairies and the little men, but they often play the queerest tricks upon the people they do not like, and sometimes they are good and kind.

This is the story of how they once helped a little boy.

It was little Hans, the shepherd boy, who tended the king's sheep. Hans lived with his mother in a wee house, with a tiny garden about it—and all they owned in the world was the white goat that gave them milk to drink. Every day Hans drove the king's herds to the Rhine valley, and watched them, and tended the lambs, and when night came he drove them back to the fold again. Then, do you think he played? No, indeed. All day the good mother had been busy spinning, and cooking, and sweeping; so Hans, when his

day's work was done, cut the wood, and milked the white goat, and weeded the garden. They were busy and happy—Hans and his mother—but they were also very poor.

And one day, when it was winter, the good mother grew so ill she could not lift her head up from the pillow.

There was an old, old woman who came to take care of her, and she shook her head when she saw her. "There is only one thing that will cure her," she said; "the little brown herb that grows at the top of the mountain—and it is covered with ice and snow."

"But I will find it," cried Hans; "I don't mind the snow." So Hans kissed the good mother, strapped on his snow-shoes, took his stout stick, and started out to find the brown herb. Oh, but it was cold! The wind whistled through the tree-tops and the sleet blew in Hans's face. The drifts of snow were so deep in some places that they nearly covered him—but on he tramped, pushing and poking about with his stick.

"I must find the brown herb," he said over and over to himself.

Up the mountain he climbed to the very top, until he could see the river down below him. The crust on the snow was thick and hard, and his fingers ached, but he pounded with his stick, and stamped. All at once he came upon the most beautiful flower you ever saw, growing up through the snow. It was so white that it sparkled like a hundred snow crystals, and you seemed to be able to look deep down into its very heart. It had the sweetest perfume, like the breath of all the flowers in summer. It seemed to say, "Pick me, pick me, little boy."

Now, Hans loved flowers more than anything. He

reached out his hand for this beautiful one, and then he seemed to see, quite plainly, the poor mother, waiting so ill at home. A little voice inside him said: "No, no, Hans; wait until you come back. Find the brown herb first."

So Hans left the beautiful flower and trudged on farther, poking about under the snow. Just as it was nearly dark he found the brown herb, and he put it fast in his pocket. He was hurrying home, down the mountain side, when he remembered the white flower.

"Now I may pick it," he said to himself, but when he went back to the place where the wonderful flower had been it was not there at all. In its place stood a wee little brown dwarf bowing and scraping, and taking off his hat to Hans.

"Don't be afraid," he said to Hans, smiling all over his wrinkled little face. "Come right in."

Then the strangest thing happened. The side of the mountain opened wide like a door, the little dwarf skipped along in front to show the way, and Hans found himself in the most beautiful castle you ever saw. It was all so bright that it dazzled his eyes. From room to room they went, and in every room were piles and piles of precious stones—emeralds, and rubies, and pearls!

"Help yourself, Hans," said the dwarf, as he brought out a stout sack. "Take home as many as you like. A little boy who is as good to his mother as you are deserves a present."

So Hans filled his bag with the most precious of all the stones, and, however many he put in, the dwarf urged him to take more. But at last the sack was full, and suddenly Hans found himself in the snow

again, without so much as a crack in the ice to show where the little dwarf had stood.

Hans felt in his pocket. There was the brown herb—safe. The bag of precious stones, which he had slung over his shoulder, was still heavy; so he went home as fast as his snow-shoes would carry him.

“Mother, mother!” he cried, as he ran in and threw his arms about her. “See!” and he emptied the sack upon the floor. “We are not poor any more! And see!” he went on, as he pulled the brown herb from his pocket.

So they brewed the brown herb, and so soon as the good mother tasted it she was quite well again. And the wonderful sack of jewels stayed always full.

C. S. B. Adapted from a legend of the Rhine.

*THE MINCE PIE

MOTHER was going to make the mince pie. She was very busy, and her mind was full of other things, for Kitty and Jack were in bed with the measles, and Maggie, the cook, had just scalded her hand, and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were all coming on the afternoon train to spend Thanksgiving.

Still, it would never do to have a Thanksgiving dinner without a mince pie; so mother tied on her blue-checked apron, took out the paste board and rolling-pin, and went to work. She mixed the paste and rolled it out thin, and put bits of butter all over it; then she folded it over and rolled it out again and put more

*Laura E. Richards. Copyrighted 1903, Dana, Estes & Co.

bits of butter on it. When she had done this a good many times, it began to puff up in places and make bubbles; and mother stopped rolling it and cut out a nice round piece which she laid in the pie dish, trimming the edges neatly all around.

Just then a man came to the back door and asked would the lady please give him a piece of bread, as he "hadn't had anything to eat since the day before yesterday"; so mother got a great piece of bread and some corned beef, and while he was eating it she went back to the pie and began cutting another round piece. But before she had it half done she heard Kitty calling, and she ran upstairs to see what was the matter. Kitty wanted a glass of water, and Jack wanted his pillow turned, and it was time for them both to take their medicine. Mother did everything they wanted, and then went back to her pie. She put in the mince meat, and then she began to put on thin layers of crust around the edge; and then a book agent came to the door and said he had a most interesting book he would like to show her, and it was in nineteen volumes, at two dollars a volume, and no person of education could afford to be without it.

So mother said she was not a person of education, and the book agent went away, looking very cross. Then mother put the cover on the pie, and marked it with three crosses for Faith, Hope and Charity, as she always did; and then the doorbell rang, and she put the pie on the shelf in the closet, and took off her checked apron, and went to the door. It was the doctor, who had been called to set a broken leg for a boy who had climbed on a shed to find his ball and had fallen off, so the doctor could not come before to see Kitty and Jack.

By the time the doctor's visit was over, the afternoon train had come in, and Aunt Kate and Uncle Ebenezer and Cousin Timothy and Grandmother Simpkins were at the door. They had brought Cousin Almira Jane with them as a surprise for mother, and it was a surprise. She took them all upstairs and showed them their rooms, and put Cousin Almira Jane in her own room, because there was no other. Then she went down to get tea, and poultice Maggie's hand, and make milk toast for Kitty and Jack, and iron father's collars, and press out Aunt Kate's mantilla, which had got crumpled in the carriage.

So it was tea-time, and in a little while it was morning again, and Thanksgiving Day. Mother was so glad to think that the mince pie was all ready, for she had the turkey to dress and roast, and the cranberry sauce to make, and the vegetables to cook, and the pudding to make. At last dinner-time came, and the turkey was done to a turn and smelled so good; and the pudding was ready, and so was everything else; and then mother went to the closet and took out the mince pie—and she found that she had forgotten to bake it! Poor mother!

*THE FAIRY WHO CAME TO OUR HOUSE

THERE was once a dear little girl who lived in our house. She was quite loving, and sweet and truthful. She would have been a dear, *dear* little girl, but for one thing—she was a wee bit careless. It was just about little things, you know. Perhaps it might be drying the cups until they shone. Perhaps it might

*C. S. B. By permission of the Phelps Publishing Co.

be dusting the undermost places, like the rungs of the chairs and the piano legs. Perhaps it might be giving fresh milk to Taffy, the black pussy-cat. Perhaps it might be leaving the old rag doll out in the weather all night. The old rag doll had rheumatism, and a night out in the dew made it worse. A dear, *dear* little girl would have remembered these things, but our dear little girl forgot.

One morning she woke very early, but the sun was behind a cloud, and the fog crept into the nursery. She began to forget things before breakfast.

"Oh, where is my red hair ribbon?" she said. "And where is my shoe string?"

After breakfast she wanted to make a little saucer pie with mother in the kitchen. Just as she put it in the oven she thought about her unmade bed upstairs. Before she had half finished the bed she remembered that grandmother was waiting to have her spectacles found. Then the doorbell rang, and she just had to run and see who it was. It was such a short way to the end of the garden she really had to run to the gate and see if next-door Helen were at home.

Ah, the broken shoe string was in the way! The dear little girl tumbled down in the garden path and bumped her poor little nose. And the saucer pie burned black in the oven, the bed was not made, and grandmother had no spectacles.

As she sat up in the garden path, crying two big tears, whom should she see on the stone beside her (there had been no one there before) but a tiny old woman. I think she was just three inches high, and she wore a long red cloak and a little red hood, and she carried a crooked little cane. Her face was as brown and wrinkled as a last fall's oak-leaf. She

rapped on the stone with her cane, as she said: "What are you crying about, little girl?"

"Oh," sobbed the dear little girl, "I want to not forget so many things."

"Run right into the house," said the fairy—for she was a fairy. "I am going to help you all day long."

The dear little girl rubbed her eyes. There was no fairy upon the stone—only two wee footprints—so she jumped up and ran into the house.

The first thing she spied was a pair of shiny spectacles under the hall rack. Grandmother was so pleased to have them. As the little girl came downstairs again she heard a squeaky laugh. There was a whisk of a red cloak on the staircase and some one said:

"Hurry, hurry; kitchen trouble,
Kettle wants to boil and bubble."

So the little girl ran down to the kitchen and filled the old copper tea-kettle who sat fussing upon the stove, because he was empty. As she put on the cover, whom should she see standing upon the spout but a little figure in a red cloak, and this is what she heard:

"Run and set the plates for lunch,
Knives and forks are in a bunch."

Yes, the table did need setting. When it was all done, there was the fairy on the sideboard, twirling around like a Japanese top and saying:

"Dolly's things are such a sight!
Put the bureau drawers to right."

So the little girl flew upstairs to the nursery. She

packed the doll's dresses in the trunk. She folded all the hair ribbons in the top drawer, and there was the lost red one at the very bottom.

All day long, the fairy kept reminding her of things to do. After lunch there she was sitting on the edge of mother's darning-basket, looking like a red Dutch cheese, and saying:

"Holes to be mended, and darning begun;
Find mother's needles and pins, every one."

Toward evening there she was on the arm of father's easy-chair, saying:

"Father is coming. Now, quick as can be,
Lay out his slippers and book before tea."

The little girl was very tired by bedtime, but it had been a busy, happy day. She sat in her little chair by the nursery fire, and rocked, and wondered if it could all have been a dream; when—pop—there was the little old woman in the red cloak, dancing upon a red coal, and saying:

"Look in the box on the bureau, my dear;
And try to remember as long as a year."

So the dear little girl looked in the box on the bureau, and there, inside, was a little gold wishing-ring, and it said on the bow: "From all the family in our house, for a dear, *dear* little girl who tries to remember."

And the queer little fairy never came again; but that was because she did not need to.

*SELLING TIMOTHY TITUS

"DEAR me," said mother, "I can't think of having four cats in the house all winter."

"I should say you couldn't," laughed father; "you will have to give them away."

But there was the old kitty—father himself couldn't think of giving her away. She had been in the house ever since it was built, and there was not a better mouser anywhere. Then there were Toots and Jingle—it did seem a pity to part them, mother could but admit to herself.

They were black and white, and so near alike that you couldn't tell them apart unless you looked at their noses. Toots's nose was black, and Jingle's nose was white.

And then there was Timothy Titus. He was black and white, too, but a good deal more white than black.

"He is an odd one," laughed mother. "We might give him away first."

But Caroline made a grieved lip, and caught up Timothy Titus. "O-oh," said she, cuddling him close to her neck; "he is so cunning and sweet, mother, I can't bear to part with him."

By and by, when the kittens were taking their after-dinner nap by the fire, in came Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis lived on the other side of the river and peddled apples. He looked down at the little furry heap, and laughed. "Seems to me you have more than your share of cats," said he. "We haven't got any."

"Caroline may give you one of hers," said mother.

Caroline looked down at her shoes. Mr. Davis could tell which way the wind blew.

"Suppose we make a trade," he said to Caroline. "I'll give you a peck of sweet apples for one of these," and he picked up Timothy Titus.

Caroline looked up. A peck of sweet apples did not grow on every bush. Besides, maybe four cats were too many.

"I—I will, if mother will let me keep Toots and Jingle," she said.

Mother laughed; she did not like to promise. "We will see about it," she said; "three cats are less than four, anyway."

So Mr. Davis measured out a peck of sweet apples, and gave them to Caroline. And Caroline hugged and kissed and cried over Timothy Titus, and gave him to Mr. Davis, who put him in a basket and tied a bag over him.

"I guess he'll be all right," said Mr. Davis. "Good day," and away rumbled the apple cart.

But as soon as the apple cart was out of sight, Caroline began to mourn. She stood at the window with a very doleful face, looking across the river at Mr. Davis's big, white house. The sky had all at once grown cloudy, and the wind began to blow. And, as if to make a bad matter worse, Toots woke up and flew around the room in a fit.

"It is all because he knows that Timothy Titus is gone," sobbed Caroline, running to hide her head in her mother's lap. "How would I feel if Teddy were given away, where I'd never see him any more? And the apples are bitterish, too, and I don't like them. Oh, dear!"

But mother said that perhaps Timothy Titus would

come home again. "I've heard of such things," she said. And then she told Caroline a story about a cat who traveled forty miles back to her old home.

"But I don't believe Timothy Titus can," sighed Caroline, but brightening up a little, "because he's over the river, and there isn't any bridge—only the ferry-boat. I 'most know he can't."

"Oh, stranger things than that have happened," said mother, hopefully.

But she was as surprised as Caroline was the next morning. When the kitchen door was opened—what do you think? In walked Timothy Titus, as large as life, if he were a little bit draggled as to his fur and muddy around his paws!

"Hello!" said father.

"Well, well!" said mother. "Why, Timothy Titus!"

Just at that minute Caroline came running out in her nightgown. She gave one look, and then she snatched Timothy Titus up in her arms.

"Oh, oh!" she screamed, too full of joy to do anything else for a minute. "Oh, you darling cat! How did he get here, mother?"

"I am sure I can't tell," said mother.

Neither could any one else, unless it was the ferryman, who, when father questioned him, said he did think he remembered seeing a little black and white cat sitting under the seat the night before. But he wasn't sure of it, and so Caroline couldn't be.

"Well, Timothy Titus has come back," she said, "and he is going to stay, isn't he, mother? We can give Mr. Davis back his apples."

But Mr. Davis said a trade was a trade, and he wasn't going to take back the apples. And Timothy Titus stayed!

*THE TOP AND THE BALL

A Top and a Ball lay together in a drawer with some other toys. The Top said to the Ball: "Why should we not be the very best of friends, and play together, as we are lying here in the same drawer?"

But the Ball, who was covered with Morocco leather, and thought she was very fine, would not reply.

The next day the little boy to whom the Top belonged painted it in red and yellow, and drove a brass nail into the head. This looked really beautiful when the Top spun around.

"Just look at me," he said to the Ball. "Am I not pretty, too? Let us be companions. We should be very happy, for you jump and I dance, and there would be no happier playmates than we two."

"Do you think so?" said the Ball. "Perhaps you do not know that I am made of Morocco, and have a cork in my body!"

"Yes; but I am made of mahogany," said the Top. "The Mayor himself turned me, for he has a turning-lathe of his own. He enjoys making tops to please the children."

"Is that really so?" asked the Ball.

"Just as true as that I can spin," said the Top.

The Ball looked at the pleasant, happy little Top and said: "But I want to be the swallow's playmate. Whenever I fly up into the air, he calls from the tree-top: 'Will you, will you?' and I have said 'Yes,' but I will always remember you, Top."

"Oh, very well," said the Top, "but you can't play with the swallow, and you can come with me; still, do as you wish."

*Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen by Miss C. W. Mingins.
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The next day the Ball was taken out of the drawer, and the Top saw her flying high up in the air—she seemed almost like a bird. Whenever she returned to the earth, she gave a little jump just as she touched the ground. Perhaps that was because she wanted to fly again, or because she had a cork in her body.

But one time, when she was sent flying in the air, she did not come back; and, although the little boy hunted and hunted, she could not be found—she was lost.

“I know where she is,” thought the Top. “She has gone to the swallow’s nest; she has gone to stay with the swallow.”

The Top was very lonely. He thought and thought about the Ball, and, although he spun around and hummed his pretty song, he was always wanting her. Many days and weeks passed by, and the Top was growing old. His red and yellow paint had worn off, and the little boy did not play with him as much as he used to. One day the Top was gilded all over. He looked like a gold top. The little boy thought him more beautiful than ever before. The Top spun and hummed and jumped about, but all at once he went too high, and was lost. They searched everywhere, but no one could find the gold Top. Where had he gone?

He had jumped into the dust bin, where all sorts of dust and rubbish had fallen from the roof.

“Well, well,” said the Top; “this is a queer place! All my gilding will be spoiled, and I cannot even spin down here in the dark. And the little boy will be lonely.”

Just then he saw something round and dirty, like a withered apple—but the round thing began to talk!

"Oh, dear," it said; "I have been lying here in this dirty place for weeks, with no one good enough for me to play with. I wanted to live with the swallow, but I fell in here, and I am very beautiful, for I am made of Morocco and I have a cork in my body."

Then the Top knew it was the Ball, lost so long ago. Just then came a maid to clear out the dust bin. The first thing she saw was the Top. She took it to the little boy again, and both the Top and the little boy were happy. But the Ball was thrown away. The Top never spoke of the Ball. He thought her a silly little Ball, after all—for it is better always to think of others, and not of yourself.

*THE LONG PROCESSION

DID you ever happen to think, when dark

Lights up the lamps outside the pane,
And you look through the glass on that wonderland,
Where the witches are making their tea in the rain,
Of the great procession that says its prayers
All the world over, and climbs the stairs,
And goes to a wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems?

All the world over, at eight o'clock,

Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay,
These with their eyes as bright as dawn,
Those almost asleep on the way;
This one capering—that one cross,
Plaited tresses or curling floss,
Slowly the long procession streams
Up to the wonderland of dreams.

*From "The Great Procession," Harriet Prescott Spofford. Copyright by Richard Badger.

THE HOME

*HOW THE HOME WAS BUILT

ONCE there was a dear family—Father, Mother, big Brother Tom, little Sister Polly, and the baby, who had a very long name, Gustavus Adolphus—and every one of the family wanted a home more than anything else in the world.

They lived in a house, of course, but that was rented; and they wanted a home of their very own, with a sunny room for Mother and Father and Baby, with a wee room close by for the little sister; a big, airy room for Brother Tom; a cozy room for the cooking and eating; and, best of all, a room that Grandmother might call her own when she came to see them.

A box which Tom had made always stood on mother's mantel, and they called it the "Home Bank," because every penny that could be spared was dropped in there for the building of the home.

This box had been full once, but it had been emptied to buy a little piece of ground where the home could be built when the box was full again.

The box filled very slowly, though, and Gustavus Adolphus was nearly three years old when, one day,

*Maud Lindsay, in "Mother Stories." Copyright 1900 by the Milton Bradley Co.

the father came in with a beaming face and called the family to him.

Mother left her baking, and Tom came in from his work; and after Polly had brought the baby, the father asked them very solemnly: "Now, what do we all want more than anything else in the world?"

"A home!" said mother and Brother Tom.

"A home!" said little Sister Polly.

"Home!" said the baby, Gustavus Adolphus, because his mother had said it.

"Well," said the father; "I think we shall have our home, if each one of us will help. I must go away to the forest, where the trees grow so tall and fine. All winter long I must chop the trees down, and then I shall be paid in lumber, which will help in the building of the home. While I am away, mother will have to fill my place and her own, too, for she will have to go to market, buy the coal, keep the pantry full, and pay the bills, as well as wash and cook, and sew, and take care of the children, and keep a brave heart until I come back again."

The mother was willing to do all this and more, too, for the dear home; and Brother Tom asked, eagerly: "What can I do?—what can I do?" for he wanted to begin work right then, without waiting a minute.

"I have found you a place in the carpenter's shop where I work," answered the father. "And you will work for him, and all the while be learning to saw and hammer and plane, so that you will be ready in the spring to help build the home."

Now, this pleased Tom so much that he threw his cap in the air, and hurrabed, which made the baby laugh; but little Polly did not laugh, because she was

afraid she was too small to help. But, after a while, the father said: "I shall be away in the great forest cutting down the trees; mother will be washing and sewing and baking; Tom will be at work in the carpenter's shop; and who will take care of the baby?"

"I will, I will," cried Polly, running to kiss the baby, "and the baby can be good and sweet."

So it was all arranged that they would have their dear little home, which should belong to every one, because each one should help; and the father made haste to prepare for the winter. He stored away the firewood, and put up the stoves; and when the wood-choppers went to the forest he was ready to go with them.

Out in the forest the trees were waiting. Nobody knew how many years they had been growing there, every year becoming stronger and more beautiful for the work they had to do. Every one of them had grown from a baby tree to a giant; and when the choppers came, there stood the giant trees so bare and still in the wintry air that the sound of the axes rang from one end of the woods to the other. From sunrise to sunset the men worked; and, although it was lonely in the woods with the white snow on the ground and the chill wind blowing, the father kept his heart cheery.

Nobody's ax was sharper than his or felled so many trees, and nobody was gladder than he when spring came and the logs were hauled down the river.

The river had been waiting, too, under its shield of ice, but, now that the snows were melting, and all the little mountain streams were tumbling down to help, the river grew very wide and strong, and dashed

along, snatching the logs when the men pushed them in, and carrying them on with a rush and a roar.

So they went on their way to the sawmills, where they were sawed into lumber to build houses; and then father hurried home.

When he came there, he found that the mother had baked, and washed, and sewed, and taken care of the children, as only such a precious mother could have done. Brother Tom had worked so hard in the carpenter's shop that he knew how to hammer and plane and saw. Sister Polly had taken such good care of the baby that he looked as sweet and clean and happy as a rose in the garden; and the baby had been so good that he was a joy to the whole family.

"I must get this dear family into their home," said the father; and he and Brother Tom went to work with a will. And the home was built, with a sunny room for Father and Mother and Baby; a wee little room close by for good Sister Polly; a big, airy room for Brother Tom; a cozy room for the cooking and eating; and, best of all, a room for the dear Grandmother, who came to live with them all the time.

"WHAT KEPT THE NEW CHIMNEY WAITING

A NEW chimney was going to be built on Grandpa's house, and the boys were in a state of high glee. They were always excited when something was going on, and this would be splendid, Wayne said.

"Mike's coming, you know, to mix the mortar and

*Annie H. Donnell. Copyright by "The Outlook."

carry it up the ladder to the mason. He'll tell us stories in the noonings!"

"Yes," said Casper; "and I say, Wayne, let's go get his hod and play we're hod carriers, with mud for mortar, you know. Come on!"

"Come on!" shouted Wayne. "It's leaning up against the barn where he left it when he brought the things over."

On the way to the barn they saw Grandpa harnessing Old Molly to the big, blue cart. That meant a beautiful, jolty ride down to the orchard, and the boys forgot all about playing hod carrier. They climbed in, and jolted away.

"Mike's coming to-morrow, you know, Grandpa, and the mason," said Casper, his voice quiver-quavering over the jolts. But dear old Grandpa shook his white head.

"Not to-morrow, boys; you'll have to wait a bit longer. I sent word to the mason and Mike last night that they couldn't come for a few weeks longer. I've decided to put the chimney off."

Both dear little voices were shrill with disappointment. Both little brown faces fell. Grandpa did not speak again at once—he was driving Old Molly carefully out at the side of the cart road. The boys saw a little crippled butterfly fluttering along in the wheel track—that was why Grandpa had turned out. Grandpa's big heart had room enough in it for every live thing. Back in the track again, further on, Grandpa said: "When we get home, boys, I will show you why we had to wait for the new chimney. You'll agree with me, I know. It is a case of necessity." And Grandpa's eyes twinkled under his shaggy brows.

"A little bird told me," he said, and that was all

they found out until they got home. Then the same little bird told them, too. Grandpa took them up to the attic with a great air of mystery. The old chimney had been partly torn down, half-way to the attic floor. Grandpa tiptoed up to it, and lifted them, one at a time, to peer into it.

"Sh!" he whispered, softly. "Look sharp!"

And there, on a little nest of mud, lined with thistle-down and straws, that rested lightly on the projecting bricks, sat the little bird! She blinked her bright eyes at the kind faces peering down, as if to say:

"Oh, dear no; I'm not afraid of you! Isn't this a beautiful nest? So exclusive and safe! There are four speckly, freckly eggs under me. When I've hatched them and brought up my family in the way well educated little chimney swallows should go, then you may build your chimney, but not before."

And that was why Grandpa's new chimney had to wait.

*THE STONE BABY

THE stone baby was lonesome. He had looked forth over the city from his little round window on the side of the great building where the architect said he must forever stay, and had seen the homes of the other little ones.

Then he said to himself: "When it was summer I could see the children at their windows and in the street, but now they keep well inside. From here I cannot see the big boys and the girls skate and coast, even."

*L. J. Bridgman in "The Youth's Companion."

"I'd like to see the green grass in the square and the boys sailing boats on the pond.

"Dear me, I believe it's snowing. I don't mind a cold nose and snow-powdered hair, but I can't see even the children's houses if it gets very thick."

Just then there was a "chirp, chirp" in the air, and something flew right under the stone baby's chin. It was a little sparrow coming for refuge from the storm. "Chirp, chirp," and another came, and another.

"Thank you, baby, for a little corner from the storm," said the sparrows.

"Oh, you're very welcome," said the stone child.

They nestled closer and closer.

"Isn't it pleasant to be of some use in the world!" said the stone baby—for stone babies are so much more serious than flesh and blood children, "and they wouldn't do this for a real, walking and running child."

*THE TALE OF THE LITTLEST MOUSE

THE littlest mouse lived with his father and mother and little brothers in a small round nest in a field. He was very happy, playing in the field all day, and going to sleep—snug and warm at night—in his grassy bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Field Mouse had seen the world, and knew how to bring up their children. They taught them never to go into the streets, where there were cats and dogs and great horses and carts going by, and all sorts of danger.

One day there came to visit them a big, sleek, fat,

*Anne Guilbert Mahon in "Kindergarten Review."

gray mouse—a cousin who lived in a house on a street. The little Field Mice were overawed by his fine ways.

“You would never be contented here if you could once see my house,” he said to them. “Such feasts as we have! There is always cheese in the dresser. The maids are careless, and they leave everything around. There is really too much to eat.”

The little Field Mice opened their eyes. Very often in their home there was not enough to go around. They knew what it was to go hungry to bed. The idea of any one having too much to eat filled them with envy.

After the cousin had gone, the little mice said to the father and mother: “Why can’t we live in a house, and have more than we want to eat? Why can’t we be fat, and have a fine gray coat like cousin’s?”

But the wise parents said: “Don’t be carried away by such tales. Your cousin is proud and makes the most of his good things. He didn’t tell you about the cat that lives in the house and has eaten up three of his family. He didn’t tell you of the big steel traps lying about nor how his brother got caught in one of the dreadful things. You may not have such good things to eat, nor wear such a fine coat, but it is better to be safe and happy in a small, humble home than to be always afraid in a big, handsome one.”

The littlest mouse thought differently. They did not understand, he thought; he wanted to find out for himself. So, that night, after they had been snugly tucked in bed and his father and mother had gone to sleep, he stole softly out across the dark field and into the street to his cousin’s house. Trembling with excitement, he gnawed his way into the cellar.

Never had he seen such a place before—so big and

so dark. He heard something move near him, and he jumped in fright, but to his joy he saw that it was only his fat, sleek cousin. The littlest mouse explained how he had run away, and that he wanted to see the life his cousin had told him about.

"Well," said the big, gray mouse, "come with me, and I'll show you around, but look out for the cat!"

They started on their journey through the big house, and the littlest mouse opened his eyes in wonder, and said so many times that he wished he, too, might live there.

"You're happier where you are," said the cousin, and the littlest mouse wondered what he meant. At last they reached the dining-room. There had been a fine supper that night, and the careless maids had let it stand until morning. Here was a feast, indeed! There were a pie and cake and crackers and cheese. Five other mice were there enjoying the good things—all of them as sleek and fat as the cousin. The littlest mouse followed their example, and began enjoying himself, too. But just as their fun was at its height, there was a scuffle, a squeal, and a scampering; for a big, gray cat bounded into the room and caught the mouse that was nearest the door.

Wild with fright, the other mice scampered away from the room. They ran to their holes, the big, gray cousin making room for the littlest mouse with him; and there they stayed, not daring to breathe, even, for a long time. At last they ventured out again into the kitchen, and, while the cousin nosed around, the littlest mouse spied a big bit of cheese in a beautiful, shiny box. He made a dive for the tempting bit.

Snap! Click! The littlest mouse was fast. He knew now what a trap was.

"Help! help!" he cried.

The cousin ran to the rescue.

"Oh, you silly mouse!" he cried; "you will never get out. They'll come in the morning and give you to the cat. Oh, it was just so with your cousin who was caught in the trap last week! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

The littlest mouse was wild with fright. He struggled and he wriggled. Something sharp cut his foot, but he hardly felt the pain. If he could only get loose and back to his own home! Would he ever see it again? He twisted in and out. Harder and harder he wriggled until—slowly, inch by inch—he worked himself out and was free again.

"That's because you are such a little fellow," said his cousin. "I never could have got out."

With a hurried good-bye, the little mouse ran as fast as his bruised leg would carry him out of the house and across the fields to his old home. His mother had awakened and missed him. How glad she was to see him! She cared for the poor sore foot; then wrapped him snugly in his little grass bed, where he went to sleep—happy and safe—and determined never to leave home again.

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

THIS is the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

THIS is the rat

That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

*THE SHEEP AND THE PIG

ONE morning, bright and early, a sheep and a curly-tailed pig started out through the world to find a home. For the thing they both wanted more than anything was a house of their own.

"We will build us a house," said the sheep and the curly-tailed pig, "and there we will live together."

So they traveled a long, long way, over the fields, and down the lanes, and past the orchards, and

*C. S. B. Adapted from a Scandinavian folk-tale.

through the woods, until they came, all at once, upon a rabbit.

"Where are you going?" asked the rabbit of the two.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep and the pig.

"May I live with you?" asked the rabbit.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep and the pig.

The rabbit scratched his leg with his left hind foot for a minute, and then he said: "I can gnaw pegs with my sharp teeth; I can put them in with my paws."

"Good!" said the sheep and the pig; "you may come with us."

So the three went on a long, long way farther, and they came, all at once, upon a gray goose.

"Where are you going?" asked the gray goose of the three.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep, the pig and the rabbit.

"May I live with you?" asked the gray goose.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep, the pig and the rabbit.

The gray goose tucked one leg under her wing for a minute, and then she said: "I can pull moss, and stuff it in the cracks with my broad bill."

"Good!" said the sheep, the pig and the rabbit; "you may come with us."

So the four went on a long, long way, and, all at once, they came upon a barnyard cock.

"Where are you going?" asked the cock of the four.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep, the pig, the rabbit and the goose.

"May I live with you?" asked the barnyard cock.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep, the pig, the rabbit and the goose.

The cock preened his feathers and strutted about for a minute, and then he said: "I can crow very early in the morning; I can awaken you all."

"Good!" said the sheep, the pig, the rabbit and the goose; "you may come with us."

So the five went on a long, long way until they found a good place for a house. Then the sheep hewed logs and drew them; the pig made bricks for the cellar; the rabbit gnawed pegs with his sharp teeth, and hammered them in with his paws; the goose pulled moss, and stuffed it in the cracks with her bill; the cock crowed early every morning to tell them that it was time to rise, and they all lived happily together in their little house.

FOOD-STUFFS

*THE TOMATO STORY

"HAVE another tomato, Johnny," said Grandma, as she saw the last red slice disappear from Johnny's plate; "I think you like tomatoes."

"I do," said Johnny; "I like them raw, and stewed, and baked, and 'most any way."

"Didn't you like tomatoes when you were little, Grandma?" Johnny asked, as he saw Grandma looking down at her plate with a smile in her eyes.

"No," Grandma said, "but that was because I was a big girl before I ever tasted one. I never saw any until I was thirteen years old."

"I can remember it so well. A peddler who came by our farm once a month, bringing buttons and thread and such little things to sell, brought the seed to mother.

"He used to carry seeds and cuttings of plants from one farmer's wife to the next, and they liked to see him come. He could tell all the news, too, from up the road and down.

"One spring morning he came, and after mother had bought all she needed from his big, red wagon, and he had fed his horse and was sitting by the kitchen fire waiting for his dinner, he began fumbling about

*"Youth's Companion."

in his pockets in search of something. Finally he drew out a very small package, and handed it to mother.

"‘I’ve brought you some love-apple seeds,’ he said. ‘I got them in the city, and I gave my sister half and brought half to you.’

"‘Thank you, kindly,’ mother said, as she looked at the little yellow seeds. ‘I’m right glad to get them. What kind of a plant is the love-apple?’

"‘Well,’ said the peddler, ‘the man who gave the seeds to me had his plants last year in a sunny fence corner. The flowers are small, but the fruit is bright red, and is very pretty among the dark-green leaves. You can’t eat the fruit, though—it’s poisonous. It’s something new—the man who gave me the seeds got them from a captain of a ship from South America. They grow wild there.’

"So mother planted her love-apple seeds in a warm fence corner, and they grew, and the little yellow blossoms came, and after them the pretty red fruit. We children would go out and look at it, and talk about it, and wonder if it would hurt us if we just tasted it.

"One day mother heard us talking about it, and she called us away, and told us if we could not be satisfied with the pretty red fruit just to look at, without wanting to eat it, she would have to pull up the love-apple vines and throw them away, for the peddler had said it was poisonous.

"We knew she would hate to do that, for no one else about had them, so we kept away from the fence corner, and the vine grew and blossomed, and the red showed in new places every day. The birds did not seem to be at all afraid of the poison fruit, but ate all they wanted of it.

"One day, in the early fall, my uncle came from New York to make us a visit. When he went out in the garden he stopped in surprise. 'Why, Mary,' he said, 'what fine tomato vines you have! Where did you get them?'"

" 'We call them love-apples,' mother said, and then she told him how the peddler brought the seed. But when my uncle found that we were afraid to eat them he had a hearty laugh, and then he showed mother how to get some ready for supper. And that was my first taste of tomato, Johnny," Grandma said, "and you shall have some for supper fixed the same way—with cream and sugar."

LITTLE King Brogan has built a fine hall,
Pie crust and pastry crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black currants and white,
And slated with pancakes. You ne'er saw the like.

*THE TWO LITTLE COOKS

THERE was once a little He-Cook, the prettiest little He-Cook that ever was seen. His eyes were as dark as black currants, and his cheeks were as pink as the cochineal he put in his best frosting, and his skin was as white as the finest pastry flour. As for his hair, it was exactly the color of barley sugar, and I hope you know what a pleasant color that is. He wore a snowy cap and apron, and always had a long, wooden spoon

*Laura E. Richards. Copyrighted 1903, by Dana, Estes & Co.

hanging from his girdle. He was the very best cook that ever lived, for he never cooked anything that was not good. Jam, all kinds, and little round plum cakes with pink and white frosting, and kisses, and lemon pie, and floating island, and wine jelly, and strawberry cream, and dear little three-cornered raspberry tarts, and oranges cut into baskets and filled with whipped cream—oh, there was no end to the good things this little He-Cook used to make!

He made doughnuts, too; and what do you think? One day when he was making doughnuts he happened to look out of the window, and he saw, walking by, a little She-Cook, as pretty as a pink rose, and with a cap and apron just exactly like his! So the little He-Cook ran to the door, and said:

"Pretty little She-Cook, won't you come in?" And the pretty little She-Cook said:

"Thank you, kindly, sir." So she came in, and he made her sit down on the dresser, and then he brought her some mulligatawny soup in a little china bowl with a cover all painted with butterflies; three oyster patties, the best you ever saw; a fat little quail on toast, with mashed potatoes and gravy; a mince turnover, and a lemon tart; a glass of orange jelly; a saucer of ice-cream; and a lot of macaroons!

And when the little She-Cook had eaten all these things, the little He-Cook said to her:

"Can you cook as well as that?"

"Just as well, but no better," answered the little She-Cook.

"Was there anything that could have been better done?" he asked.

"Yes; the piece of toast under the quail was darker on one side than the other."



"He brought her some mulligatawny soup."

"You are right," said the little He-Cook, "none but a first-class cook would have observed it. Will you marry me? We will cook together, and I feel sure we shall be happy."

"That will I, with all my heart," said the little She-Cook, "but who will marry us?"

Just at that minute who should come in but a fat priest to buy a three-cornered raspberry tart.

"If you will marry me to this little She-Cook," said the little He-Cook, "you shall have the tart for nothing."

"That will I, with all my heart," said the fat priest, "but where is the ring to marry you with?"

Then the little He-Cook turned round and round and round three times, thinking what he should do, for he had no ring. After the third turn, his eye fell upon the doughnuts that he had been making, and then he knew what to do. He made a little ball of dough, and then he patted it flat, and then he took the little She-Cook's finger and poked it right through the middle of the doughnut, and then he dropped the doughnut into the frying-pan.

And when it was all done it was the most beautiful gold-brown color that ever was seen. As soon as it was cool, the little He-Cook put it on the little She-Cook's finger, which, of course, it fitted perfectly, and the fat priest married the two. And they filled his hat with doughnuts, and his pockets with buns and cocoanut cakes, and that was a very good day for the fat priest. And the little He-Cook and the little She-cook lived together in perfect happiness ever afterward, both stirring the soup at once, and never quarreling; and they always made holes in their dough-

nuts in remembrance of their wedding-day, and so every one else has made them ever since.

SMILING girls and rosy boys,
Come and buy my pretty toys;
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Make me a cake as quick as you can;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

*THE BIG RED APPLE

BOBBY was a little boy, and he had a grandpa.

One day Bobby's grandpa sat by the fire while Bobby lay on the hearth rug, looking at a picture-book.

"Ho, ho!" yawned grandpa, "I wish I had a big red apple! I could show you how to roast it, Bobby."

Bobby jumped up as quick as a flash. "I'll get you one," he said; and he picked up his hat and ran out of the house as fast as he could go. He knew where he had seen an apple tree away down the road—a tree all bright with big red apples.

Bobby ran on by the side of the road, through the drifts of fallen leaves, all red and yellow and brown.

*Kate Whiting Patch in "Kindergarten Review."

The leaves made a pleasant noise under his feet. At last he came to the big apple tree, but though Bobby looked and looked there was not an apple to be seen—not an apple on the tree, nor an apple on the ground!

“Oh,” cried Bobby, “where have they all gone?”

Then he heard a rustling through the dry leaves on the branches of the tree:

“I haven’t an apple left, my dear.

You’ll have to wait till another year.”

Bobby was surprised. “But where have they all gone?” he asked again. The apple tree only sighed. So the little boy turned away and started home across the fields.

Pretty soon he met a pussy-cat. “Oh, pussy,” he cried; “do you know what they have done with the big red apples?”

Pussy looked up at him, and then began rubbing against his legs, saying:

“Mew, mew, me-ew!

I haven’t a big red apple for you.”

So Bobby went on, and at last he met a friendly doggie. The doggie stopped and wagged his tail, so the little boy said to him:

“Oh, doggie, can you tell me what they have done with the big red apples?”

The doggie kept on wagging his tail, and barked:

“Bow, wow, wow!

If I knew, I’d surely tell you now.”

So the little boy went on until he came to a kind old cow who stood looking over the fence.

"Oh, mooly cow," said Bobby, "will you tell me what has become of the big red apples?"

Mooly cow rubbed her nose against him, and said:

"Moo! moo-o-o!"

I'd like a big red apple, too."

The little boy laughed, and he walked on till he came to the edge of the wood, and there was a big, gray squirrel.

"Hullo, gray squirrel," said Bobby, "can you tell me what has become of the big red apples?"

The squirrel whisked about and looked at Bobby.

"The farmer has hidden them all away,
To eat on a pleasant winter's day,"

he chattered. Then the squirrel ran to the foot of a chestnut tree and began to fill his little pockets with shiny nuts to carry to his own storehouse; but Bobby said: "Oh, thank you," and ran up the hill to the farmer's house as fast as he could go. The farmer was standing by the door, and he smiled when he saw Bobby.

"Good morning, good morning, my little man," he said; "and what can I do for you to-day?"

"Please," said Bobby, "I want a big red apple."

The farmer laughed. "Come with me," he said, "and you shall pick one out for yourself."

So Bobby and the farmer walked out to the great barn, and there Bobby saw a lot of barrels standing in a row, and every barrel was full of big red apples!

"Oh, what a lot!" said Bobby. "Why did you pick them all?"

"We didn't want to leave them for Jack Frost, did we?" said the farmer.

"Does Jack Frost like apples?" asked Bobby.

"He likes to pinch them," said the farmer, "but we like to eat them; so we gather them in for the winter."

Bobby began to look about the barn. Near the barrels of red apples was another row of barrels all filled with green apples, and further on was a great pile of golden pumpkins; and near that was a heap of green and yellow squashes, and another of turnips, and then piles of yellow corn.

"Are you keeping all those things for winter?" asked Bobby.

"Yes," said the farmer, "we've been gathering in the harvest—all the good things that the summer has given us."

"And do the squirrels gather in a harvest, too?" asked Bobby.

"I reckon they do," said the farmer.

"Then that was how he knew," thought Bobby.

Soon the little boy's eyes began to shine. "Won't you have lots of good things for Thanksgiving!" he said. "Pumpkin pie, and apple pie—and everything!"

"Well," said the good farmer, "I guess there's plenty to be thankful for right here. Did you say you wanted a red apple, sonny?"

Bobby walked up to the barrel and picked out the biggest red apple he could find.

"Thank you, Mr. Farmer," he said; and then he ran home to give the apple to his grandpa.

"Why, why," said grandpa, "wherever did you find it?"

"Oh," said Bobby, "I went to the apple tree, but it didn't have any. Then I asked the cat where the big red apples were, but she didn't know. I asked the dog,

and he didn't know, and then I asked the cow and she didn't know; but then I met the squirrel, and he knew, because he gathers in a harvest himself. So he told me to go to the farmer. And I went to the farmer and asked him for a red apple, and he gave me this great big one!"

"Well, well," said grandpa, when Bobby stopped, out of breath. "Now find me a bit of string."

Bobby found the string, and grandpa tied one end of it to the stem of the apple. He fastened the other end of the string to the mantel shelf; and there the apple hung over the fire.

It turned and twisted, and twisted and turned, while grandpa and Bobby watched it; and the juice sizzled out, and the apple grew softer and softer, and, by and by, it was all roasted.

Then Bobby fetched a plate and two spoons, and he and grandpa sat before the fire and ate the big red apple.

*THE WONDERFUL PORRIDGE POT

THERE was once a little girl who lived all alone with her mother, and they were so poor that they had nothing to eat. So the child went out in the world to try and find some food for her mother. As she went along, she met a very old woman, and the old woman gave her a little, iron porridge pot which she had been carrying under her apron.

*C. S. B. Adapted from Grimm.

"You must say to it: 'Little pot, boil,'" said the old woman, "and it will boil sweet porridge for you, and when you say to it: 'Little pot, stop,' then it will stop boiling."

So the child took the pot home to her mother, and she set it on the table, and said to it: "Little pot, boil." It set about boiling at once, and they had all the food they needed for a great many days. But one day, when the little girl was gone out, the mother thought she would say: "Little pot, boil."

Well the porridge pot boiled and bubbled away until it was quite full, and then the mother wished it to stop boiling—but she had forgotten what to say. So the little porridge pot just kept right on boiling and bubbling and boiling, and spilling over, until the kitchen table was covered with porridge, and then the kitchen was full, and, next, the whole house was full.

The mother had to pick up her skirts and run for her life, and the porridge poured out the door, and down the road, and into other people's kitchens, enough to feed the whole town. And still no one was able to stop it.

At last there was only one house left in the whole town that was not full of porridge, and that was the house where the little girl had gone. When she saw the stream of porridge coming, and all the people running, she called out, loudly: "Little pot, stop!" And, of course, the little pot stopped boiling porridge at once; but all the people had to *eat* their way back to their houses again!

*THE GINGERBREAD BOY

THERE were once a little old woman and a little old man, who lived in a little old house in the woods. They had a cook-stove, with a little black kettle always singing away on it. They should have been a happy old couple but for one thing—they wanted a little child of their own, and they had none.

One morning when the little old woman was making gingerbread, she cut a cake in the shape of a little boy; she dropped it into the pan, and put the pan in the oven. Presently she opened the oven door to see if he were baked, but out jumped the gingerbread boy, and away he ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

The little old woman called her husband, and they both ran after him, but they could not catch him. And the gingerbread boy ran on until he came to a barn full of threshers. As he went by the door, he called to them:

“I’ve run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
And I can run away from you, I can.”

Then the barnful of threshers set out to run after him. Though they ran very fast, they could not catch him. And he hurried on until he came to a field full of mowers. He called out to them:

“I’ve run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,

*C. S. B. Adapted from two old folk-tales.

A little old pan,
A barn full of threshers,
And I can run away from you, I can."

Then the fieldful of mowers set out to run after him, but they could not catch him. And the gingerbread boy ran on and on, until he came to a cow. He called out to the cow:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
And I can run away from you, I can."

So the cow ran, but she couldn't catch the gingerbread boy who ran on and on, until he met a fox; and to the fox he called out:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
A cow,
And I can run away from you, I can."

Now, a fox can run very fast. On and on ran the fox after the gingerbread boy until they came to a river and the fox was close behind.

"Should you like to go across?" asked the sly old fox. "Jump on my tail."

So the gingerbread boy jumped up on the fox's tail, and the fox began swimming across the river. But he

had gone only a few strokes when he called back to the gingerbread boy: "The water is deep, and we may drown! Jump on my back!"

So the gingerbread boy jumped up on the fox's back. The fox swam a few more strokes, and then he called out: "The water grows deeper still. Jump on my nose!"

So the gingerbread boy jumped up on the fox's nose. But just then they reached the other bank. The sly old fox opened his mouth wide, and in went the gingerbread boy!

"Dear me!" he said, after a minute. "Here I am a quarter gone." And then he said: "Now, I'm half gone!" And then, "I'm three-quarters gone!" But at last he said: "Oh, dear; I'm all gone!" and he never spoke again.

*THE GINGERBREAD MAN

HUMPTY, dumpty, dickery dan,
Sing hey, sing ho! for the gingerbread man!
With his smile so sweet, and his form so neat,
And his gingerbread shoes on his gingerbread feet.

His eyes are two currants, so round and black;
He's baked in a pan, lying flat on his back;
He comes from the oven so glossy and brown,
The loveliest gingerbread man in town!

And why is his gingerbread smile so sweet?
And why is his gingerbread form so neat?
And why has he shoes on his gingerbread feet?
Because—he is made for my Teddy to eat.

*Eva Rowland. Copyright by "The Outlook."

THE FARMER

*DO WHAT YOU CAN

THERE was once a farmer who had a large field of corn. He harrowed it and weeded it with the greatest care, for he wanted to sell the corn and buy good things for his family with the money. But after he had worked hard, he saw the corn wither and droop, for no rain fell, and he began to fear that he was to have no crop. He felt very sad, and every morning he went out to the field and looked at the thirsty stalks and wished for the rain to fall.

One day, as he stood looking up at the sky, two little raindrops saw him, and one said to the other: "Look at that farmer. I feel very sorry for him. He took such pains with his field of corn, and now it is drying up. I wish I might help him."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little rain-drop. What can you do? You can't wet even one hill."

"Well," said the first, "I know, to be sure, I cannot do much; but perhaps I can cheer the farmer a little, and I am going to do my best. I'll go to the field to show my good will, if I can't do anything more. Here I go!"

The first raindrop had no sooner started for the field than the second one said:

*Anonymous.

"Well, if you really insist upon going, I think I will go, too. Here I come!" And down went the raindrops. One came—pat—on the farmer's nose, and one fell on a thirsty stalk of corn.

"Dear me," said the farmer, "what's that? A rain-drop! Where did it come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

By this time a great many raindrops had come together to see what all the commotion was about. When they saw the two kind little drops going down to cheer the farmer, and water his corn, one said:

"If you two are going on such a good errand, I'll go, too!" And down he came. "And I!" said another. "And I!" And so said they all, until a whole shower came and the corn was watered. Then the corn grew and ripened—all because one little raindrop tried to do what it could.

*THE STOLEN CORN

THERE was once a steward who took care of a rich man's fields, but every evening he took home a pocket full of corn which he had stolen from his master's fields during the day. In this way, he gathered enough corn to sow an acre of land, when sowing time came. The corn grew, and looked well—better, indeed, than any other crop on his farm.

At harvest time the corn was full in the ear and quite ripe. So the wicked steward engaged his reapers, thinking how the corn had cost him nothing, and how much it would bring him when he sold it.

The evening before the reapers went to work he

went out to view his field and see the corn, as it waved backward and forward in the summer wind, bathed in the silvery moonlight. But suddenly, as he watched, the moon became dark and the steward saw a great flock of crows hovering over his cornfield in great numbers. He shouted loud and long, but the crows would not be scared away. Down they flew, one at a time, to the corn, and then flew off, each with a stalk in his beak.

The steward was greatly vexed. "But," he thought, "let the hungry crows do their worst, I shall still have a good harvest, for by to-morrow night it will be all cut down and safely harvested."

But the steward had made a mistake. In the morning, when the reapers came with their scythes and sickles to the field, not a stalk of corn was left; every one had been taken across the river by the crows during the night and carefully put in the bin of the farmer from whom the wicked steward had stolen the corn.

Some people say that while the crows worked in the cornfield they were heard singing:

"Is it right that a man should rob his master?

Let us hurry along, then, faster and faster!"

And the steward never dared to steal again, seeing that no good ever comes of what is stolen.

*MAKING THE BEST OF IT

"WHAT a dreary day this is!" said the old gray goose to the brown hen, as they stood at the hen-

house window and watched the falling snow which covered every nook and corner of the farmyard.

"Yes, indeed," said the brown hen; "I would be almost willing to be made into chicken pie on such a day."

She had scarcely stopped talking, when the Pekin duck said, fretfully: "I am dreadfully hungry," and a little flock of speckled chickens all huddled together wailed in sad chorus: "And we're so thirsty!"

In fact, the feathered folks in the hen-house were very much inclined to be cross and discontented. Since the farmer's boy fed them, early in the morning, they had been given nothing to eat or drink, and, as hour after hour went by, and the cold winter wind howled around their house, it is no wonder they felt deserted.

The handsome white rooster, however, appeared quite as happy as usual, and that is saying a great deal, for a jollier, better-natured old fellow than he never graced a farmyard. Sunshine, rain, or snow were all the same to him, and he crowed quite as lustily in stormy, as fair, weather.

"Well," he said, laughing heartily, as his bright eyes glanced about the hen-house, "you all seem to be having a fit of the dumps."

Nobody answered the white rooster, but a faint cluck or two came from some hens who immediately put their heads back under their wings, as if ashamed of having spoken at all.

This was quite too much for the white rooster, who, standing first on one yellow foot and then on the other, turning his head from side to side, said: "Well, we are a lively set! Any one would think, to look in here, that we were surrounded by a band of hungry foxes."

Just then a daring little white bantam rooster hopped down from his perch, and, strutting pompously over to the big rooster, created quite a stir among the feathered folk by saying:

"We're all lively enough when our crops are full, but when we're starving the wonder is that we can hold our heads up at all. If I ever see that farmer's boy again, I'll—I'll peck his foot!"

"You won't see him until he feeds us," said the white rooster, "and then I guess you will peck his corn."

"Oh, oh!" moaned the brown hen, "don't mention a peck of corn."

"Madam," remarked the white rooster, bowing politely, "your trouble is my own—that is, I'm hungry, too. But we might be worse off; we might be on our way to market in a box. Then, too, suppose we haven't had enough to eat to-day, at least we have room enough to stretch our wings."

"Why, that is a fact," answered the brown hen; and all the feathered family—the smallest chickens included—stretched their wings, preened their feathers and looked a trifle more animated.

"Now, then," went on the rooster, "suppose we have a little music to cheer us and help pass the hours until roosting time. We will all crow—there, I beg your pardon, ladies; I am sorry you can't crow—we will sing a merry song. Will you be kind enough to start a lively tune, Mrs. Brown Hen?"

The brown hen shook herself proudly, tossed her head back, and began: "Cut-cut-cut-ca-dak-cut," and in less than two minutes every one in the hen-house had joined her.

Now the horses, cows, and sheep were not far away,

and, hearing the happy voices in the hen-house, they, too, joined in the grand chorus, while the pigs did their best to sing louder than all the rest. Higher and higher, stronger and stronger, rose the chorus; louder and louder quacked the ducks, and shriller and shriller squeaked the pigs.

They were all so happy that they quite forgot their hunger until the door of the hen-house burst open, and in came three chubby children, each carrying a dish full of steaming chicken food.

"Don't stop your music, Mr. Rooster," said the little girl, who was so snugly bundled up that you could scarcely see her dear little face. "You see, we were so lonesome that we didn't know what to do; but when we heard all you folks singing out here in your house, we laughed and laughed until we pretty near cried. Then we went to tell Jack about you; he was lonesome, too—poor Jack's sick with a sore throat—and he said: 'Why, those poor hens; they haven't been fed since morning!'"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" said the white rooster. "This comes of making the best of things. Cock-a-doodle-doo!" and nobody asked him to stop his crowing.

*WHY THE BEAN WEARS A STRIPE DOWN ITS BACK

In a certain village there lived an old woman. One morning she gathered some beans from her garden to cook for her dinner. She had a good fire, but to make it burn more brightly she threw on a handful of straw.

*C. M. L. Adapted from Grimm.

As she tossed the beans into the pot to boil she did not see that one of them fell on the floor, not far from a wisp of straw which had fallen there also.

Suddenly a red-hot coal jumped out of the fire, and down beside the straw and the bean. They both started away and exclaimed: "Dear friend, don't come nearer until you are cooler! What brings you out here?"

"Oh," replied the coal, "I jumped out of the fire to save my life, for presently I should have been burned to ashes."

Then said the bean: "I, too, have just escaped, for if the old woman had put me into the pot, I should have been made into broth."

"And I, too, should have been burned," said the straw, "if I had not managed to slip through her fingers just as she was putting me in the fire."

"What shall we do now?" asked the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "that as long as we have been so fortunate as to escape, we may as well travel together to some more friendly country."

The three agreed to this, so they started on their journey.

Very soon they came to a brook, and, as there was no bridge, they did not know how to get to the other side. Then the straw said: "I will stretch myself across the brook, and you can walk over me, as if I were a bridge."

So the straw stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the coal walked out very boldly upon the newly built bridge. All went well, at first, but when he reached the middle of the stream and heard the water rushing under him he stood still and dared not move a step.

Then a sad thing happened! The straw began to bend from the weight of the coal, and fell into the brook. And, with a loud splash, the coal slid into the water, too!

The bean had stayed behind, on the shore, and when she saw what had happened she laughed so heartily that she burst!

Now, she would have been worse off than her comrades had not a tailor, who was traveling by, stopped to rest by the brook. He noticed the bean, and, taking pity on her, took a needle out of his pocket and sewed her together. She thanked him for his kindness; but, ah! he had only black thread with which to sew her up. Ever since that day some of the beans have worn black stripes down their backs.

*THE LITTLE FIELD MICE

It was summertime, and in the field were many mice. They were happy, indeed, for here, where they ran back and forth, between the herbs and high stalks, were ripe peas, and wheat, and corn. They bit off the ears, and carried them to their holes, and ate to the full without care or trouble.

Then came autumn. The reapers whetted their scythes, and one morning the wheat stalks fell, so the mice had to run from the cats and the birds. They scurried into their holes, and only came out stealthily to fetch a couple of peas or an ear of wheat.

*From the German of Thekla Naveau. Translated by Bertha Johnston in "Kindergarten Magazine."

But the grain was taken up, bound into sheaves and carried into the village, and food became scarce in the field. Soon, too, came the plough, which broke up the ground, and tore up the little mice's holes. The mice said: "Things are going very badly with us; let us move back into the carrot field." So they did.

They liked the carrot field very much. The earth was loose, and the carrots tasted sweet, but along came the farmer to whom the field belonged, and he dug up all the carrots.

"The mice have been at them," he said, as he saw the prints of their teeth.

Now, the poor mice must go still farther, and they scampered off to a potato field; but here, also, the potatoes were dug up, and the mice were driven away. They complained of the hard times, and sadly took refuge in a clover field, and dug their holes. They intended to stay here all winter, but the times grew even worse, the fields gave them no food, and the little mice were often obliged to run about a great deal to find a pair of forlorn cherry stones, or a hedge plum. At last it grew cold, and heavy rains fell, and some of the mice found their holes full of water. These were really very bad times.

The little mice hurried off to the cities and villages and sought refuge, here, in a barn; there, in a cellar; but still they were chased. The farmer shut his cat in the barn, and the mistress set her trap. Poor little mice!

But, at last, came spring and sunshine, and fresh food gladdened the fields once more. The mice went back, dug new holes, and were again glad to be alive.

*THE UGLY DUCKLING

It was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the haystacks in the meadows looked beautiful. On a sunny slope stood a pleasant old farmhouse, and close by, under some burdock leaves on a river bank, sat a mother duck on her nest, waiting for her eggs to hatch.

At length, one shell cracked and then another, and from each egg came a little duck, crying: "Peep! peep!"

"Quack, quack!" said the mother duck, and they all quacked as well as they could, and looked about at the large, green leaves.

"How big the world is!" said the young ducks.

"Do you imagine this is the whole world?" asked the mother. "Wait till you see the garden! Are you all out?" she continued, rising. "No; I declare the biggest egg is here still," and she seated herself again upon her nest.

"How are you getting on?" asked an old duck who paid her a visit. "Let me see the egg that will not hatch. I have no doubt it is a turkey's egg. I hatched some, once, and the young ones would not go into the water. Take my advice and leave the egg where it is."

"I think I will sit upon it a little longer," said the mother duck.

"Please yourself," said the old duck.

At last the large egg was hatched, and a young one crept out, crying: "Peep, peep!" It was very large and ugly — quite different from the rest. The duck

*Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen by Charles Eliot Norton.
"Heart of Oak," Book III. D. C. Heath & Co.

stared at it. "I wonder if it is a turkey," she said. "It shall go in the water, if I have to push it in."

The next day the sun shone brightly on the burdock leaves, and the mother duck took her brood to the water and jumped in. The little ducks swam about her quite prettily, and the ugly duckling swam by himself.

"He is not a turkey," said the mother duck. "How well he uses his legs! Quack, quack! Come to the barnyard with me."

The little ducks did as they were bid, and they soon got to feel at home in the barnyard, but the poor ugly duckling grew, each day, more awkward. He was bitten and pushed and made fun of by the big ducks and all the poultry. "He is too big," they said. The turkey cock, who fancied himself an emperor, because of his spurs, flew at him, quite red in the head with rage. Even his brothers and sisters drove him about; the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. His mother told him she wished he had never been hatched; so, one day, he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as he flew over.

"They are afraid of me because I am so ugly," he said, as he flew farther and came out on a large moor where the wild ducks lived.

"What sort of duck are you?" asked the wild ducks, coming round him.

The ugly duckling bowed as politely as he could, but he felt very sad, and he did not reply.

"You are exceedingly ugly," said the wild ducks; "but that will not matter if you do not marry into our family."

After a day or so, some men came to the moor to

shoot the birds there. Oh, how terrified the poor duckling was! He hid himself and lay quite still; then, looking carefully about him, he ran over field and meadow away from the moor. A storm arose, but, toward night, he reached a poor little cottage. He was too tired to go any farther, and he slipped through a hole under the door, and found a shelter for the night.

A woman, a tom-cat, and a hen lived in the cottage. The tom-cat could raise his back, and purr, and throw out sparks when he was stroked the wrong way. The hen, who was called Chickie Shortlegs, could lay very good eggs. In the morning the duckling was discovered, and the tom-cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

"What a prize!" said the old woman. "Now we shall have some duck-eggs." So they allowed him to remain for three days on trial, but there were no eggs.

"Can you not lay eggs?" asked the hen. "Because if you can't, have the goodness to hold your tongue."

"Can you raise your back, and purr, and throw out sparks?" asked the tom-cat. "No? Then don't talk when sensible people are speaking."

So the duckling sat in the corner, feeling very low-spirited, till the sunshine and the fresh air came into the room through the open door, and he began to have such a great longing to swim that he had to tell the hen. "I believe I must go out into the world again," said the duckling.

"Do go!" said the hen. So the duckling left the cottage, and found a place where he could swim and dive; but no other creature came near him, because he was so ugly.

Autumn came, and the leaves turned red and gold.

Winter approached, and the clouds hung low in the sky—full of snowflakes; the raven stood in the ferns, crying: “Croak, croak.” All this was very sad for the poor little duckling. One evening, just as the sun set, a flock of beautiful birds flew out of the bushes. They were swans, and they gave a strange cry as they spread their glorious wings, and flew toward the warm countries across the sea.

The little ugly duckling uttered a strange cry, too, as he saw them. Could he ever be as lovely as they? When they were out of sight, he dived under the water in excitement; but the weather grew colder and colder, and at last he was not able to paddle with his legs. He froze fast in the ice.

A peasant found him one morning and broke the ice, and took the duckling home to his wife. The warmth revived him, but the children wished to play with him, which frightened him. He started up in terror, fluttered into the milkpan, and splashed the milk all over the floor. He flew into the butter cask and into the meal tub, and out again. What a condition he was in! The children tried to catch him, the woman chased him with the fire-tongs, but he slipped out through the open door and laid himself down in the newly fallen snow.

So, all winter, he was cold and hungry, and sad; but one morning he knew that it was spring, for the warm sun was shining upon him, and he lay in the moor among the rushes.

The lark was singing, and the duckling felt that his wings were strong; so he flapped them against his sides and flew high into the air. He flew to a large garden, where the elder trees bent their green branches down to a stream which wound about the

lawn. From a thicket came three beautiful swans. The duckling remembered them.

"I will fly to those royal birds," he said. "They will kill me for being so ugly, but that will not matter."

Then he flew toward the beautiful swans. As soon as they saw him they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me!" said the poor duckling; but what did he see reflected in the water, as he bent his head? His own image—not a dark, gray bird, ugly to see—but a graceful swan; and the great swans swam round him, and stroked his neck with their beaks for a welcome!

Some little children came into the garden. "See!" they cried, clapping their hands. "A new swan has come, and he is more beautiful than any of the others!" And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed and hid his head under his wing, thinking how he had once been so ugly. But the elder tree bent its boughs into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. So he rustled his feathers, and curved his slender neck, and thought how wonderful it all was—that a poor little ugly duckling could be changed into a beautiful swan.

*THE RICH GOOSE

ONCE there was a rich goose going along with a bag of corn—more than he could eat in all his lifetime. As he walked along, so proud and happy, he met a crow.

*Leora Robinson. Copyright by "The Outlook."

The crow said: "Hello, Mr. Goose! You have a nice lot of corn there—too much for you to carry. Let me help you. I'll take some of your load."

"Oh, no," said the goose, dolefully; "riches are a great burden, to be sure, but still I'm not going to give you any of my bag of corn."

"Oh, well," said the crow, "I just made a friendly offer. I suppose you wouldn't mind having more corn. I can tell you a scheme to make your corn pile grow bigger and bigger every minute."

"Tell me quick!" said Mr. Goose, setting down his corn bag in the road.

"First," said the crow, "you must spread all your corn out on the ground, so we can count it."

The goose spread all his corn out, and the crow said: "Now, you count on that side, while I count on this."

So the goose began counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six——" And the crow began counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six——" and as fast as he counted he gobbled it up!

At last the goose looked up and said: "Where's my corn, Mr. Crow?"

And Mr. Crow flew off, laughing a loud "Caw-caw-caw" as he went, while Mr. Goose picked up his corn and shouldered the bag, which was not so heavy now.

Well, Mr. Goose went on, and he met a ~~top-knot~~ pigeon; and the ~~top-knot~~ pigeon said: "Mr. Goose, you've got a big lot of corn. Let me help you carry it."

"No," said Mr. Goose, "I don't want any help."

"Well," said Mr. Pigeon, "I know a little game you can play, and make your corn into more. I will show you how to play it."

"Well," said Mr. Goose, "I ought to have a little fun as I go along."

"Spread your corn in a circle," said the pigeon. "Begin on the outside to count, and I'll go behind you and count after you."

"Why don't you let me come last?" asked Mr. Goose.

"Because that's not the game," said Mr. Pigeon.

So Mr. Goose spread out some of his corn in a circle, and began counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six——" And the pigeon followed behind, counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six——" and swallowing as fast as he counted. And when Mr. Goose got round to the starting point there wasn't any corn left.

"Where's my corn?" said Mr. Goose.

"That's the game—to find out where it went," said the pigeon, flying off. And Mr. Goose tied up his bag again, and thought how light it was.

He went on and on, and he met a crane. And the crane said: "Hello, Mr. Goose! What a fine lot of corn! Let me help you carry it."

"No, thank you," said the goose, "I don't need any help."

"If you'll swim around that big rock in the pond," said Mr. Crane, "you will see pearls and diamonds and gold fishes!"

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Goose.

So Mr. Goose swam out into the pond to see the sights, and left Mr. Crane watching his bag of corn; but he saw no sights, and when he came back his bag was very light indeed.

"Where's my corn?" said Mr. Goose, and Mr. Crane just gave a loud screech and flew off to Canada.

So Mr. Goose went on and on, and he met Mrs. Brown Leghorn, with her ten little chicks trying to

keep up with her. And she said: "Don't you find your corn very heavy, Mr. Goose?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Goose. "No one knows the load we rich folks have to carry."

"Well, Mr. Goose," said Mrs. Brown Leghorn, "shan't I help you?"

"No, no," said Mr. Goose; "I'm used to it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Brown Leghorn; "I'll tell you what. Throw some corn out here on the ground and see what will happen."

"Your chickabiddies would eat it," said Mr. Goose.

"You must remember," said Mrs. Brown Leghorn, "that they are not common chickens—they're Brown Leghorns."

"Well," said Mr. Goose, "I will throw a little of my corn on the ground, and if those chickens don't eat it I will give you all the corn you wish for yourself."

So the goose threw down the corn, and the chickabiddies started for it, but Mrs. Brown Leghorn gave her hawk cry, and they all ran to the bushes to hide, and Mrs. Brown Leghorn ate ~~up~~ the corn.

"Where's my corn? Shame on you!" cried Mr. Goose, and he gathered up what was left, and went on until he met a bobtail horse.

"Let me help ~~you~~ carry that load for you, Mr. Goose; it is too heavy for you," said Mr. Bob Tail.

"No, no!" said Mr. Goose, and he was just hurrying on, but the horse said: "You ought to open that corn and let the air freshen it. I know the weevils are eating it up."

"The weevils! Are they?" asked Mr. Goose.

So the horse took the goose to a nice big box and poured out the corn. The goose said: "I can't find any weevils."

"Let me look," said the horse, and all the time he was looking he was munching, munching the corn.

So the goose drove Mr. Bob Tail away, and he put the little bit of corn that was left in the great big bag, and went on down the road, till he met a farmer's little boy.

And the boy said: "Mr. Goose, what is that little bit of stuff you have got in that great big bag?"

"It is all the corn I own in the world," said the goose, "and I'm afraid to eat it up, for then I shall have nothing."

"Put it in the ground," said the boy, "and it will make more corn."

"Wouldn't that be throwing it away?" said the goose, sadly.

"No," said the boy; "we farmers are always burying things in the ground, and they spring up and grow."

So the boy took a horse and ploughed and ploughed the land, and harrowed it, and laid it out in furrows, and planted the corn. When Mr. Goose saw the last of his yellow corn all covered up in the ground, he thought that he should never be happy again. But the boy said: "Cheer up, Mr. Goose! Here comes your corn."

And the corn grew and grew, until, at last, harvest time came. And for every grain the boy put into the ground there were hundreds of grains in the ears; so Mr. Goose gave half his corn to the farmer's boy, and what he had at first was nothing compared to his riches now.

CLOTHING

*THE FLAX

THE Flax was in blossom; it had pretty little blue flowers, even more delicate than the moth's wings. The sun shone on it, the raindrops fell on it and moistened it, and it grew prettier every day.

"The people say that I look unusually well," said the Flax, "and that I am fine and long, and will make a good piece of linen. How well off I am! How the sunshine gladdens, and the rain refreshes one! I am the happiest of all beings."

"Yes, yes," said the fence post, "but you don't know the world; I do." And then he creaked out sadly:

"Snip, snap, snurre,
Bassellurre!
The song is done."

"No; it is not done," said the Flax. "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will fall—it matters not to me. I feel that I am growing; I am sure that I am in blossom. I am the happiest of beings."

But one day some people came and roughly pulled up the Flax—pulled it up by the roots. Then it was laid in some water, as if they were going to drown it; and then they put it over the fire, as if they were

*C. M. L. Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

going to roast it. It was dreadful! "One cannot always have pleasant times. One must suffer some to know what life is," said the Flax.

But times grew worse. The Flax was moistened and roasted, and broken and hackled; and other things were done that it would not tell. Then it was put on the spinning-wheel — whirr! whirr! whirr! round and round, till it was quite dizzy.

"I have been very happy, even if I am not now," it thought, in all its pain. "One must be contented with the good one has enjoyed! Contented! Contented!" And it kept saying that until it was put into the loom and became a large, beautiful piece of linen. All the Flax, to the last stalk, was used in making one piece.

"How remarkable this is!" said the Flax. "I could not have believed it. The fence post was wrong when he said:

"The song is done."

"The song is not done by any means. Now it is beginning in earnest. If I have suffered, I have been made into something! How strong and fine I am, and how white! This is much better than being a plant. Now I am cared for; the maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath every evening from the watering pot. Even the clergyman's wife says I am the best piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot be happier."

One day the linen was taken into the house and put under the scissors. How it was cut and torn, and then pricked with needles! That was not pleasant; but twelve garments were made of it—a whole dozen!

"Just think," it said; "now something has really been made of me! I shall be of some use in the world!"

Years passed away, and now the garments were old and worn—they could not hold together any longer.

“It must be over, some day,” said one piece. “I would gladly have held together a little longer, but I know that we cannot last always.”

They were now torn into pieces. They thought they were to be thrown away, but they were ground into shreds, and softened and boiled; and even they, themselves, did not know all that was done to them. But at last they became beautiful white paper!

“Now, what a surprise this is!” said the paper. “I am even finer than before! How fortune favors me! I shall be taken to the printer.”

And really the most beautiful stories and verses were printed upon it. The people read what was on the paper, and became wiser and better.

“This is more than I ever imagined when I was bearing little blue flowers in the fields. How could I know that I should spread joy among men? Each time I have been promoted from one pleasure and honor to another. Each time, when I thought the song was done, it began again in a higher and better way.”

*THE CALICO'S STORY

ONCE I was very tiny and all covered over with a brown coat. I had many brothers and sisters; we lived in the sunny South, and were kept huddled close together in a strong bag.

One morning the people who lived in the house were up earlier than usual, and I heard the master say:

*“The Youth's Companion.”

"Tom, you may plant that cotton seed to-day." Cotton seed was my name, and I wondered if it were better to be planted than to be tied up in a bag. But while I was thinking, Tom picked me up with the others, and I was soon put into a little bed close to a rolling river.

I loved to listen to the water as it laughed on its journey to the sea. I wanted to see it, but my coat fitted so closely that there was no chance.

I began to feel larger, and larger, until one day my snug coat split, and I popped right out of the ground. Wasn't I happy, then? I had a green body and two green leaves. I stretched my head higher, and higher, and at last I had three beautiful blossoms. I think I must have been vain, for all my beautiful petals left me, to go with Mr. Wind. I mourned for them every day, but, to my surprise, the little bolls left by the blossoms burst, and I was covered with cotton as white as snow and as soft as silk!

I was as happy as a queen! The cool wind fanned me, the sunbeams came to warm me, and the dear old river lulled me to rest. I did not want any other friends, but I found that I had some, soon.

"Come, *chilern*," I heard Aunt Chloe call; "we must pick the cotton." And the *chilern* did come—a dozen woolly heads, and twice that number of shining eyes. One little fellow cried out: "Oh, did you ever see nicer cotton?" And in an instant all my white was held in his little black fingers. Next I was riding in a basket on top of Tom's head; then in a cart on my way to the "gin." I was sorry as I left the fields, and said: "Good-bye, old body and leaves. Good-bye, dear river."

When I got to the "gin," a machine took from my downy grasp many little fellows dressed in brown

coats. They looked just as I did before I went to sleep in Mother Earth.

My next trip was in a bale. I was loaded on a big ship which sailed on a great sea. I liked this bale and the ride. It made me think of the river where I used to live.

By and by, the ship stopped.

I was carried to a large house where I heard "buzz, buzz, buzz." So many strange things happened to me that I wondered what would be the end of it all. I was cleansed, and twisted, and spun, and woven, and bleached, and at last found that I had become white cloth.

One thing I enjoyed about this was that an old river rushed along and turned heavy wheels that made the spindles buzz and the shuttles fly.

My next journey was through a printing-machine. At first I was white, but this machine sent me under a roller which left little bunches of red cherries all over me. Then I went under another roller which put green stems on the cherries and left green leaves close to the stems. A third roller left brown twigs where all the stems and leaves ought to hang. Prettier bunches of fruit you never saw.

Now my white was almost gone, but what was left was made black by a fourth roller.

I went under these rollers so quickly—a mile an hour—that I could not see very much, but I know that cherries were cut into the first roller, and that they had red dye on them; the leaves and stems were cut into the second roller, and covered with green dye; the twigs were cut into the third with brown dye all over them.

I wondered if some of the leaves, twigs and stems

might not print themselves in the wrong place, but they never did.

After I left the black-dye roller, I was dried, folded, and sent to a shop in a noisy city where I lay on a shelf.

One day a little country girl came into the store with a basket of eggs. She wanted to look at me, and, just think, she gave the shopkeeper all of her eggs for eight yards of me. Then I was made up into a dress, with pretty ruffles at the neck and sleeves, and I gave much joy to the little girl, who always liked to wear dainty things.

On her way to and from school she used to sit upon a log to rest. Here I used to watch the plants which grew near, but they were very unlike my old self, because they did not grow in a warm country. What I enjoyed most of all was a river which flowed near and sang the same song as my old friend.

*THE NEW RED DRESS

A LONG time ago, when your grandfather and grandmother were children, there lived a little girl named Rachel. She had no playthings that came from the store, but, in place of a rocking-horse, her big brother, Joseph, had whittled for her a fine little trotting horse. She had a soft kitty to hold and a soft rag dolly with black eyes and red cheeks like her own. But none of her clothes came from the store, and her papa made all her stout shoes.

One Thanksgiving Day little Rachel was feeling very

*Cora E. Harris in "Kindergarten Review."

happy, because she had a new, warm red dress to put on. The weather had grown quite cold, and the brown cotton dress she wore in the summer had become thin and old. She was, first, to have her hair combed, and then to put on the new red dress, so that she would be ready when Uncle John and his family came to spend Thanksgiving.

"Oh, mother," said Rachel, "tell me the story about my new red dress—the one you told yesterday."

"Very well," said mother. So she began:

"Last spring, when it was warm and pleasant, a wise little fairy knew that cold winter would come after a while, and then a little girl's cotton dress would not be warm enough; so she said: 'Where can I find something to make Rachel a new dress?'

"'How would our leaves do?' said some bright red poppies that were growing in the garden.

"'Your color is just right,' said the fairy, 'but you will not last until winter.'

"'How would our feathers do?' sang robin red-breast.

"'It would take a great many to make a dress,' said the fairy, 'and you could not spare them. No; we must look farther still.'

"'Maa-a, maa-a!' said Nannie, the sheep. 'How I wish that I could lay off my coat. It is getting so warm, and I am sure that another would grow before cold weather comes.'

"'If the color of your coat can be changed,' said the fairy, 'I believe it will be the best thing in the world for Rachel's dress, but how am I to get it off?'

"'We will help you,' said some strong, sharp sheep shears; and—snip, snap they went, until Nannie's coat was all in a heap on the ground.

"'But the wool is so dirty,' said the fairy.

"'Swish, swosh, swish,' said some soap and water; 'see what we can do'; and, sure enough, the wool was soon washed and clean and hung drying in the sun, as white as snow.

"'How nice!' said the fairy, 'but that wool does not look very much like a dress yet. I wonder who will help me next.'

"'Here, here we are,' said some strong combs, which, queer as it seems, were called cards. Back and forth they went, until the wool was all combed out into long rolls, nearly two feet long and about as big around as one of Rachel's curls.

"The rolls were scarcely finished before 'z-z-z, z-z-z' was heard in the attic, and the spinning-wheel had begun to spin some of the rolls of wool into yarn. The wheel hummed and worked day after day until many skeins of soft, white yarn had been made and hung beside the kitchen fireplace.

"'S-s-s, s-s-s!' hissed the big brass kettle. 'Put the skeins in here and see what will happen to them!' In went the white skeins, and out came red ones as bright as the gay summer poppies.

"The fairy was just thinking what wonderful things had been done, when 'Slam, bang!' was heard in the chamber above.

"'See what my shuttle can do with the yarn,' said the great loom, and when the yarn had been placed in the frame back and forth flew the shuttle until, by the end of the next day, a long roll of cloth was lying on the back part of the loom.

"'That begins to look like a dress,' said the fairy. 'Now, who will finish it?'

"'Here we are,' sang out a pair of sharp scissors.

'Sister Needle and myself belong to the Steel family, and we are very bright and sharp. We can do wonderful work.' So they went to work at once, and they worked so fast that soon, in place of the cloth, there was a pretty, red dress with two sleeves, a waist and a skirt—all ready for Rachel to put on."

"What a lovely story!" said Rachel, when mother had finished. The hair was all combed and curled now; so Rachel put on the new red dress and went downstairs to open the door for Uncle John.

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them.
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Dragging their tails behind them.

"BAA, baa! black sheep, have you any wool?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir; three bags full.
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy who lives in the lane."

STORIES OF INDUSTRY

*THE STORY OF NEHEMIAH

THERE was once a beautiful city named Jerusalem, with gardens and fountains, and a high wall all about it. But enemies entered in, and destroyed the houses and gardens, broke the wall, and burned the gate—and only a few of the people were left within the city.

Now, there was a man of great skill in building—called Nehemiah—and word came to him that the beautiful city of Jerusalem lay waste and desolate. It grieved Nehemiah, for he remembered how he had been to Jerusalem when he was only a little boy; and he hastened to the king to ask if he might go a journey and rebuild the city.

When he came to the king he was sore afraid, for the king sat upon his throne and the queen beside him; but Nehemiah bowed low, and said:

“Let the king live forever. The city, the place of my fathers, lieth waste, and the gates are consumed with fire.”

Then the king said to Nehemiah: “For what dost thou make request?”

And Nehemiah answered: “If it please the king, I would go to Judah, to the city of my fathers, to build

*Bible.

it." And it pleased the king to send Nehemiah. So he set out.

Now the king gave him horsemen and captains of the army to protect him. He gave him a letter to Asaph, the keeper of the forest, that he might hew timber for the gates of the palace, the walls of the city, and the house where he should live. And Nehemiah came up to Jerusalem.

By night Nehemiah left his men and went out to see the gate of the city and the dragon well; and he found the beautiful walls all burned and broken down. He went to the gate of the fountain, and the king's pool, and farther on by the banks of a little brook where he could see the wall again; then back through the valley, and in the gate once more, very sad and sorrowful at all the desolation. But in the morning he called the people together, and he showed them the logs he had hewn, and he said that he had come to help them rebuild the city.

So, first, they built a new sheep gate and set up heavy doors for it, that the wolves might not come down from the mountains and enter in. Next they set up the fish gate, and laid the beams, and set up the doors and the locks and the bars. They built new gates to the city and fortified the walls—the goldsmiths hammering out beautiful ornaments for the gates. They built new fountains and a wall about the pool of Siloah in the king's garden.

But as they began working on the houses the enemy heard the sound of hammer and anvil, and they were angry that Jerusalem was being builded, and they would have entered the city. Then Nehemiah gave the people their swords, and their spears, and their bows; and he rose up and said to the people:

"Be not afraid. Remember the Lord which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, your daughters, your wives, and your houses."

So it came to pass that, of those within the city, half of them wrought, while the other half held the spears and bows. They which builded the walls, and they which carried stone and mortar, wrought with one hand, and carried a spear in the other. Every builder had a sword girded to his side. So they builded, and a trumpeter stood by Nehemiah to sound the alarm. So they worked, holding spears, from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared.

When the enemy heard what Nehemiah had done, they returned every man to his work. And the walls were built, the gates were hung, and Jerusalem was beautiful once more.

*THE STONE CUTTER

ONCE upon a time there lived a stone cutter who, every morning, hastened with his mallet and chisel to hew slabs of rock from the mountain side and polish them smooth for houses. He was so skilled a workman that there was always plenty for him to do, and he was happy and content.

But one day, when he carried a finely polished block of stone to the house of a rich man, he saw all sorts of beautiful things—such as he had never dreamed of. "Oh!" he cried, "I wish I were rich. I wish I might sleep in a bed as soft as down, with silk curtains and

*C. S. B. Adapted from a Japanese folk-tale.

gold tassels about my head." Then he picked up his tools and started home, but the mountain spirit had heard his wish. Instead of the poor little hut he had left in the morning, there stood a wonderful palace, as full of beautiful furniture as the rich man's house, and the stone cutter slept that night upon a bed as soft as down, with silk curtains and gold tassels about his head.

When it came daylight he decided not to work any more, and he peeped out of his window to see who might be going by. As he watched, a fine carriage whirled along, drawn by snow-white horses. There were servants running in front and behind, and a prince sat inside the carriage with a golden umbrella stretched over his head.

At once the stone cutter began to feel discontented again. "Oh!" he said, "I wish I were a prince. I want to ride in a carriage with a golden umbrella held over my head."

And no sooner had he wished it than it came to pass—he was a prince; he had servants dressed in scarlet and gold, and he drove through the streets with a golden umbrella held above him to keep off the sun. So, for a little while, he was happy; but, one day, he went out to his garden and he saw that the sun was drying the grass, in spite of all the water he had ordered to be put on it.

"The sun is mightier than I!" he cried. "I would be the sun."

Again the mountain spirit heard him—the stone cutter was changed to the sun, and he felt very proud and mighty; so large and yellow and high, up there in the sky. He burned the rice fields, he scorched the rich folks and the poor folks alike; but one day a

cloud covered his face, and he was once more filled with discontent. "The cloud is mightier than I!" he cried. "I would be the cloud."

So the mountain spirit changed him into a cloud, and he lay content for a while between the sun and the earth. He caught the sunbeams and would not let them go; he sent rain to the earth, and the leaves were once more green, and the flowers bloomed; but this was not enough for him. He began pouring down rain for days, until the rivers overflowed and the rice crops were spoiled. He washed away whole towns and villages in his wicked play, but one thing he could not move—the great rock on the mountainside.

"Is the mountain stronger than I?" he cried, angrily. "I will be the mountain!"

And at once the mountain spirit changed him to rock. For years he stood, proudly raising his head above the other cliffs, and he neither felt the hot sun nor was moved by the storms.

"This is better than anything else," he cried. "I am grander than them all!"

But, at last, he heard a sharp tap, tapping at his feet, and he saw a stone cutter there, working with his sharp tools and driving them into the mountain-side. He felt a strange quaking at his very heart, and off came a great slab of rock in the stone cutter's hand. "Who is stronger than I?" cried the mountain. "I would be that man!"

And a man he became once more—the same poor stone cutter he was at the beginning, who lived in a hut, and slept on a hard bed at night, and had neither golden umbrella nor great riches, but toiled from morning till night.

Yet he was the happiest of all, now, for he had

learned that, better than being the sun, or the cloud,
or the mountain, is it to work for one's daily bread.

*THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow,
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

*By permission of, and by special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

*THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all that he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his cares; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to heaven, and fell asleep.

In the morning, after he had said his prayers, he set himself down to his work, when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, already made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship;

*Adapted from Grimm by Charles Eliot Norton, "Heart of Oak Books," III., by special permission of D. C. Heath & Co.

there was not one false stitch in the whole job, and all was neat and true.

The same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he paid a very high price for them, and the poor shoemaker, with the money, bought leather enough to make two pairs more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early, that he might get up betimes in the morning to begin his work; but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was again all finished. Presently in came buyers who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pairs more. He cut out the work again overnight, and found it finished in the morning, as before; and so it went on for some time—what was got ready in the evening was always done by day-break, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

One evening, about Christmas-time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her: "I should like to sit up to-night and watch, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me."

So they left the light burning, and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched to see what would happen.

As soon as it was midnight, there came two little naked dwarfs; and they set themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers—stitching, and rapping, and tapping at such a rate that the shoemaker was all amazement, and could not take his eyes off for a minute. And on they went until the job was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use

on the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The day before Christmas the wife said to the shoemaker: "These little elves have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do something for them in return. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make them each a shirt, and a waistcoat, and a pair of trousers into the bargain; do you make them each a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the shoemaker very much; and, one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then they went and hid themselves, to watch what the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying there for them they were greatly delighted. They dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sang as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door over the green, and the shoemaker saw them no more; but everything went well with him from that time forward as long as he lived.

*THE STONE IN THE ROAD

THERE was once a very rich man who lived in a beautiful castle near a village. He loved the people who lived in the village, and he tried to help them.

He planted beautiful trees near their houses, and

*By permission of Sarah Arnold, and Silver, Burdett & Co.

made picnics for their children, and every Christmas he gave them a Christmas tree.

But the people did not love to work. They were very unhappy, because they, too, could not be rich—like their friend in the castle.

One day the rich man got up very early in the morning, and placed a large stone in the road which led past his house. Then he hid himself behind the hedge and waited to see what would happen.

By and by, a poor man came along driving a cow. He scolded because the stone lay in his path, but he walked around it, and went on his way.

Then a farmer came, on his way to the mill. He complained, too, because the stone was there; but he, too, drove around it, and went on his way.

So the day passed. Every one who came by scolded because the stone lay in the road, but no one touched it.

At last, just at nightfall, the miller's boy came past. He was a hard-working fellow, and was very tired, because he had been busy since early morning at the mill.

But he said to himself: "It is almost dark. Somebody may fall over this stone in the night, and perhaps be badly hurt. I will move it out of the way."

So he tugged at the heavy stone. It was hard to move, but he pulled, and pushed, and lifted until at last he moved it from its place. To his surprise he found a bag lying underneath.

He lifted the bag. It was heavy, for it was filled with gold. Upon it was written: "This gold belongs to the one who moves the stone!"

The miller's boy went home with a happy heart, and the rich man went back to his castle. He was glad, in-

deed, that he had found some one who was not afraid to do hard things.

*PIPPA PASSES

PIPPA lived in a great factory town. It was a beautiful old city with hills on either side and a broad, clear blue river winding and turning in and out through the place. The great mills were built on the banks of this river, that its power might turn the machinery in each. There were many of these mills, for here were manufactured great bolts of silk and hundreds of spools of silk every day.

The mills furnished work for thousands of people. Nearly every child who was old enough worked in the factories, and they were proud of their old town, proud of the wonderful silks, which were sent out to all parts of the world, and happy and contented in their work.

Little Pippa worked in one of the great mills every day. She loved the bright colors of the dyes, loved to guide the shining threads truly and firmly on the shuttle or spool. She was happy when she met a beautiful woman, clothed in wonderful silks, for she would whisper softly to herself: "How beautiful you are! I helped to make you look beautiful."

Every day but one, Pippa worked in the factory. One day in the year she had for her very own—one bright, perfect, wonderful day. Pippa called it "my own day!" She was glad when the Sabbath came, glad to go into the great, dim, wonderfully lighted church, and the Sabbath she called God's day; but this

*Adapted from Robert Browning's poem, "Pippa Passes," by Mrs. E. O. Periam. Copyright, 1905, by the Home Kindergarten School, Detroit, Mich.

one day was her own. From morning till night she could do what she pleased.

Her day always came in the summer, when the sun shone the longest, the flowers were the brightest, the birds sang their sweetest songs for her, and she was thankful, and happy, and glad, and full of joy.

One day, when she came home from work, she said: "To-morrow will be my own day." And before she went to sleep she looked out at the great starry heaven and whispered softly: "Please make my day a bright day." She slept soundly all night, as tired girlyies do, and when she first opened her eyes in the morning her first thought was: "Is it a sunny day?"

Jumping out of bed, she ran to the window and put her bright face out; and, oh, what a sunny world she looked on! It filled her heart with joy, and she sang her happiest, gladdest song:

"The year's at the spring;
And day's at the morn;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

She dressed quickly, ate her simple breakfast, and went out of doors, for she always spent her own day, if possible, in the woods. The woods were a long way from her house, but she loved to walk; and she ran, singing all the way, her little bare feet making funny marks in the sand. Little Pippa wore shoes only in the coldest weather.

As she went, singing all the way, she passed a house

where a blind woman lived. The blind woman was sitting on her porch—sad and still. She thought the world a dreary place to live in, very dark and lonely, but, as Pippa ran by her, she heard her glad little song:

“God’s in His heaven—
All’s right with the world.”

It made her day bright, and she said: “Why, it’s true; all’s well with my world. God’s in His heaven.”

Little Pippa ran, singing, along, and she passed the house of a great artist—a man who painted such wonderful pictures that they seemed to be really living. But, this morning, his paints did not work to please him, and he could not find a picture to paint, and he felt dissatisfied, and unhappy. But suddenly he heard Pippa’s clear voice caroling like a bird as she ran by. He hurried to the door and saw Pippa, her face raised to the sky she loved so dearly, her hat hanging by the strings around her neck, her hair shining like gold in the sun, and her little bare, white feet pattering along, as her voice rang out, clear and sweet:

“God’s in His heaven—
All’s right with the world.”

So the artist painted her picture, just as he saw her, and he called it “Joy.” It was a wonderful picture—the most beautiful picture he had ever painted.

Pippa ran on and on, until she came to a man sitting by the roadside who should have been doing his Master’s work, but he was discouraged, and did not feel brave enough, or good enough, or strong enough; but he heard Pippa’s song, and saw her flit by, and

suddenly he knew that he was strong, and brave, and good. So he rose and went about his Master's work.

Pippa ran on, and she found her woods. Never before did the birds sing more merrily, the river shine and ripple and gurgle more cheerily, or more perfect flowers grow for her pleasure. All the wonders of the woods came out to add to her joy, and she went home with her dress full of flowers.

Perhaps she was tired, but she was happy, and she whispered softly to the stars: "I did not find any one to help, so I just helped myself to be happy, and good, and full of joy. You understand, oh God, in Your heaven."

NATURE STORIES



FALL—PREPARATION FOR WINTER

*THE STORY OF PERSEPHONE

THERE was once a wonderful fairy called Ceres, who took care of all the harvests upon the earth. Not a kernel of corn nor a grain of wheat could ripen unless she touched it with her fingers. Not an orchard could blossom and bear fruit, not a flower could bloom in the fields, not a single, tiny blade of grass could sprout until Ceres rode by in her chariot and bade them grow. She wore a wreath of poppies upon her head, and she carried a torch in her hand to light the autumn fires; and, oh, she was very busy from morning till night, taking care of the crops.

Now Ceres had one little daughter, Persephone. Ceres was obliged to leave Persephone alone a great deal, and she always told her that she must not stray far from home. In those days, when fairies were in the world, there were also other strange creatures: the dryads who lived in the oak trees; the naiads who lifted their dripping bodies from the streams; the fauns with feet like a goat and little horns upon their heads, who gamboled about the woods, and the ugly old satyrs with horses' tails and monkey faces—so it

*C. S. B. Adapted from the Greek myth.

was not safe for a little fairy child to be far from home.

Usually Persephone remembered, but one day she forgot. She had been sitting for a long time upon the door-sill, making daisy chains, but she had picked all the daisies in the garden, and she thought she would just go a little way outside for more. On and on through the fields she went, until she saw—gleaming away off, at the end of a meadow—a great bush quite covered with bright red flowers.

“I must pick just one!” cried Persephone, running over to the bush and tugging with all her might at one of the blossoms. It was very hard to pick it, and, all at once, as Persephone tugged and pulled, there came a great crack in the earth at the roots of the strange bush. Wider and wider it grew, and there came a sound of horse’s hoofs and the rumbling of wheels up through the ground. Persephone gave one last tug, but, just as the flower came off in her hand, the hole in the earth grew larger and deeper and deeper. The sound of the wheels became louder, and up through the ground came a team of coal-black horses drawing a chariot of gold.

There was a man in the chariot, wearing rich garments and a crown of diamonds upon his head. Before Persephone could run away he had seized her and drawn her into the chariot, and was driving away with her, down through the bottomless hole in the earth and away from the fields and the daylight.

“Mother Ceres! Mother Ceres!” cried Persephone, and she struggled to pull herself away, but she could not succeed.

“Mother Ceres, come!” she called, but Ceres was a long way off and could not hear her.

"I am King Pluto," said the man in the chariot. "The gold, and the silver, and the diamonds, and all the precious things of the earth are mine. You shall have them all, Persephone, if you will only live with me in my palace. I am lonely, and I have wished for a little girl like you."

But Persephone only cried the louder, as she said: "Oh, no, no! I want my mother, and the flowers, and the sunshine!"

It grew very dark where they rode. They passed a still, black river, and King Pluto said: "Let us drink, Persephone. The waters will make you so happy that you will forget your mother and the flowers." But Persephone would not drink.

They reached King Pluto's palace, at last, which was really very beautiful, lighted with diamond lamps, and having the long halls encrusted with every sort of precious gem. King Pluto ordered a great feast to be spread—all sorts of sweets and preserves, and a golden goblet of the wonderful magic water—but Persephone would not eat or drink. From morning till night she wandered about the great palace—a lonely little girl who wanted her mother.

Now, some way or other, Mother Ceres had imagined that something was wrong. She hastened to finish her tasks, and she came home—to find the house empty, and Persephone gone! No one knew where the child was. Poor Ceres! She lighted her torch freshly and started out to look up and down the world for Persephone.

Ceres never stopped to rest. Her garments were wet with the night dews, and her wreath of poppies withered and faded. At every cottage she stopped to ask of the peasants, and at every forest to inquire of the

fairly folk if they had seen Persephone. One had heard a child crying, another had heard the sound of chariot wheels, but no one had seen Persephone. On and on traveled Ceres, and the earth was in a most terrible way, for she neglected all the crops.

The farmers ploughed and planted, but no grain came up. The flower beds were empty. The cows and sheep starved, because there was no grass for them to eat. And Ceres cried: "There shall nothing grow upon the earth until my little girl comes home again!"

At last King Pluto heard of the terrible blight upon the earth. He was not such a wicked old king, after all, so he called Persephone to him, and he said: "Should you like to go to your mother, child? You may go, if you wish, but you must eat with me, first. Here is a fresh pomegranate. Eat, Persephone!"

Persephone, although she had been with King Pluto for six long months, had not eaten a mouthful of anything, but she was so happy at the thought of seeing her mother that she took the pomegranate from King Pluto and ate a part of it. Then she rode with King Pluto up to the earth again and started over the fields to Ceres. And, as she went, all along the path where she stepped the brown fields that had seen no verdure for so many months blossomed into violets, and the waving grain arose, and the orchards bent low with fruit.

Poor Ceres was sitting on her doorstep holding her torch when, all at once, it flickered, and then went out altogether.

"What is this?" she cried. "My torch must not go out until I find Persephone!"

But just then Persephone ran straight into Mother Ceres' arms.

"My child, did you eat with King Pluto?" asked Ceres, after she had held Persephone close for a long time.

"Only just six pomegranate seeds, mother," said Persephone.

"Ah, Persephone," cried Ceres, "then, for each seed, you must spend one month of every year at King Pluto's palace, and I may have you only for the other six."

So, half the year, Persephone lived with her mother, and Ceres drove over the earth and bade the crops grow and flourish. For the other half, Persephone went to King Pluto's palace to make him happy; but Ceres mourned at home for her little girl, and the flowers died, and the fields lay brown and sere.

And that is how the first winter came upon the earth, because Persephone went away, and Ceres bade the earth sleep and mourn. But that is, too, how the first springtime came—because Persephone came home, and the violets blossomed wherever she stepped.

*THE SEED BABIES' BLANKET

"DEAR me," said Mother Nature, as she tucked the last of her seed-babies in bed, and spread over them a blanket of leaves, "King Winter will soon be here, and I am afraid this covering is not enough to keep my babies from his icy grasp. I must get them another blanket. What shall it be? Let me see. It should be something soft and light. And for babies, of course, it should be white."

So she went to Mr. North Wind, and said: "Oh, Mr. North Wind, please bring to me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies."

But Mr. North Wind said: "I cannot unless Jack Frost will give me some of his silvery powder."

So Mother Nature called to Jack Frost: "Oh, Jack Frost, please give Mr. North Wind some of your silvery powder, that he may make for me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies."

But Jack Frost said: "You must ask the clouds to give me some vapor, then."

So Mother Nature called to the clouds, and said: "Oh, kind Clouds, please give Jack Frost some of your vapor, that he may change it into silvery powder, and give it to Mr. North Wind, that he may make for me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies."

But the Clouds said: "We must wait until Old Ocean sends us more vapor." So Mother Nature said to the Ocean: "Please, Old Ocean, send more vapor to the little Clouds, that they may give some to Jack Frost, that he may change it into silvery powder and give it to Mr. North Wind, that he may make for me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies."

But the Ocean said: "The Sun must send us some heat fairies, first." So Mother Nature said to the Sun: "Dear old Father Sun, please send some of your heat fairies to Old Ocean, that he may send vapor to the Clouds, that they may give some to Jack Frost, that he may change it into silvery powder and give it to Mr. North Wind, that he may make for me

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
To wrap my little seed-babies."

And the Sun said: "Gladly!" and sent forth a host of little heat fairies that called the vapor from the Ocean to the Clouds, and the Clouds gave some to Jack Frost, and Jack Frost changed it into silvery powder, and gave it to Mr. North Wind, and Mr. North Wind made for Mother Nature:

A blanket pure and white,
Soft as down, and sparkling bright,
And covered her little seed-babies.

*THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE LEAF

THE big sky above the hard, frozen ground was dark. The little stars had hidden their winking, yellow eyes, and the round old moon had forgotten to

*Helen Preble, in the "Christian Register."

shine. Big, black clouds were hurrying past each other, back and forth, from east to west.

Up on the old oak tree, at the corner of the lane, a little leaf still clung. He was very tiny, very brown, and very much wrinkled; but still he kept a tight hold on the stiff old branch where he had lived all his life.

"Ugh!" he said, as he shivered, and clung still closer, "it's going to rain again. I'm sure I felt a drop just then."

But it was not a drop of rain, but a soft, cold something else, which nestled down among the brown wrinkles. The leaf stirred, and then shivered again.

"What is the matter?" queried a sweet voice.

"I'm very cold," said the leaf.

"Are you? What makes you cold?" asked the voice.

"I think it is—you," said the leaf, slowly; for he did not want to hurt any one's feelings.

"Oh, no; I'm sure it's not I, because I'm not cold; and if I made you cold I would be cold, too, wouldn't I?"

"I suppose you would," said the leaf, thoughtfully. "But, anyway, I'm not as warm as I am in the summertime. I'm lonesome, too, up here alone—that is, I am when you are not here," he added, politely.

"What is summer?" asked the snowflake. "I never heard about it."

"It is a very nice time," said the leaf, hugging the old tree, and drawing his tight edges closer. "It's the time when you are green and soft—and warm," he added, with a sigh.

"I don't believe we have it, then, up where I live," said the snowflake; "for I never remember being green."

"It is very pleasant in summer," went on the leaf. "The birds perch upon the branches here, and sing so sweetly. Once a robin built a beautiful nest just here, where we are now. It was a large nest made of hay and threads, woven nicely together. One day, after the nest was built, and the mother bird had been staying there nearly all the time, I saw four tiny birds, with great big mouths, wide open. It seemed to me that they were always calling to be fed, and the mother and father were busy from morning till night fetching worms for those hungry little ones. But before long they learned to fly, and, one by one, they left the nest and flew out into the world.

"I am never alone in the summer, for the tree is full of leaves, but they have all fallen off until only I am left. Every time the wind blows, I expect to go, too."

"Where will you go?" asked the snowflake, with much interest.

"Oh, I shall drop to the ground below, and grow smaller and smaller. Then I shall sink down underneath, where the new grass is getting ready to sprout in the spring and the violets are waiting for the sun to bid them unfold their buds."

"Is it nice down there, in the dark?" asked the snowflake.

"Oh, yes," said the leaf. "It is very warm and sweet, and not a bit lonely, for the worms and bugs and roots and seeds are all busy, getting ready for the spring."

Just then a heavy gust of wind shook the old oak tree, and down fell the little brown leaf and the snowflake, too. The snowflake melted at once, but the little leaf waited happily there until he should reach the busy little world under the ground.

THE little robin grieves when the snow is on the
ground,
For the trees have no leaves, and no berries can be
found.

THE air is cold, the worms are hid,
For robin, here, what can be done?
Let us strew around some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live until snow be gone.

*THE ANXIOUS LEAF

ONCE upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh
and cry, as leaves often do when the wind is about.
And the twig said: "What is the matter, little leaf?"

And the little leaf said: "The wind just told me
that one day it would pull me off and throw me to
die on the ground!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and
the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree
heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the
leaf: "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall
not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on nes-
tling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself
and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook them-
selves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little
leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could
ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till
October.

*Henry Ward Beecher, in "Norwood." Reprinted through the
courtesy of Mr. W. C. Beecher.

And when the bright days of autumn came the little leaf saw all the other leaves around it becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant; and the tree said: "All the leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they are putting on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color it saw that the branches of the tree had no color at all in them, and so the leaf said: "Oh, branches, why are you lead color and we golden?"

And the branches said: "We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, for your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking, and the wind took it up, and whirled it over and over, and tossed it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of other leaves; and it fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

*THE ELDER BROTHER

HE was one of a big, big family living on a hilly road near a white house.

The people in this house, who wore funny pink dresses and pink sunbonnets and thick shoes, called his mother "That Beautiful Oak"; and his mother smiled at the name, for she liked the pink sunbonnets and knew that they were friends.

*H. G. Duryee. Copyright by the "Christian Register."

Near by were the children of a plump neighbor whom the pink sunbonnets called "Our Maple"; and, for companions, the sunshine that came and went, and the rain that splashed over them; and, above all, there was the family itself. So big a household could never be lonely, and at almost any hour of the day or night one who listened could hear a soft murmur, which meant that most of the children were trying to talk at once.

All the time they talked and laughed they were growing up, with many stretchings and twistings, into bigger and bigger children; and one day this especial Elder Brother—for they were all Elder Brothers, when you stop to think—felt something pressing against his foot. He knew just what it was and what was coming, so he stopped his talk and listened.

Presently he heard a wee, wee voice.

"Elder Brother, Elder Brother," it called, "you are standing on my head."

"I know it," said Elder Brother, "and it's good for your head."

"But I want to get out."

"You can't; it isn't time."

"But I want to see the world."

"You will when you are old enough."

"When will that be?"

"Oh, by and by, when you've grown more and we have changed our dresses."

"Will you tell me when it is time?"

"Yes, Little Brother; now go to sleep and grow."

So Little Brother cuddled down into quiet, and the weeks went by. Then, when he had had a nice long nap, he called out:

"Elder Brother, Elder Brother, is it time?"

And Elder Brother answered cheerily: "Not yet. The birds haven't gone and the nights are warm, and our dresses are still green. Sleep some more."

So Little Brother cuddled down again and more weeks went by. And then he roused once more.

"Elder Brother, Elder Brother," he called, "is it time?"

And Elder Brother answered cheerily: "Not quite yet. The apples are red, and the winds are sharp at night, and some of us have begun to change our dresses, but I haven't. Just a little longer."

Again Little Brother cuddled down and slept, and this time it was Elder Brother who spoke first.

"Little Brother, Little Brother," he called, "wake up! It is time. My dress is all scarlet and yellow, and the wind is calling me. Wake up!"

Little Brother roused. "Is it really time to go?"

"Yes; I am going to leave you."

"Oh," said Little Brother, "is that the way?"

"Yes," said Elder Brother, "that's the way."

"But I shall miss you," said Little Brother.

"No, you won't, for there is so much to see; and, besides, you will be an Elder Brother yourself. But, before I go, let me tell you something. You must only peep out at the world for a long time yet, remember that. After many months there will come a soft wind telling you it is spring, and no doubt a sunbeam will try to persuade you, but be careful. Sometimes they don't know, and while they are talking wet snow will scurry around. Be patient and wait until you feel all warm inside and your brothers and sisters look fat and pink, and the snow is all gone from the shady hollows; then it will be time to put on your first dress.

Good-bye, and good luck to you, Little Brother. I'm off to try my fortune."

Little Brother felt something stretch and lift about his head, and in another moment the light was shining down upon him, and he knew he was out in the world at last. He laughed aloud with pleasure.

"Elder Brother, Elder Brother," he called, "it is good to grow, and I am very happy. Are you happy?"

"Yes," came from far down the road, where Elder Brother was dancing and romping along. Several grown people, who saw him as he went, said: "What a beautiful oak leaf!" But one of the wearers of the pink sunbonnet picked him up. She knew that he was an Elder Brother; and, looking at the base of the slender stem, she found, sure enough, a tiny hollow, round as a cap, in which Little Brother had snuggled as he grew.

WINTER—THE SKY, ICE AND SNOW

*WINTER

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak,
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare.
The little brook heard it, and built him a roof
'Neath which he could house himself, winter-proof;
All night, by the white stars' frosty gleams,
He groined his arches, and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers, out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes a roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;

*From Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal;" by permission of, and
by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice.

*SILVERCAP, KING OF THE FROST FAIRIES

SILVERCAP lived far up among the white, fleecy clouds of the north. All his life he had played with his brothers and sisters in the kingdom of his father, King Winter. But now he was grown, and he looked with disdain upon childish sports, and he longed for something great to do. So he was very happy, one day, to have a message from his father commanding him to come at once to the council chamber of the palace to discuss plans for a trip to Earthland.

Silvercap did not waste a minute, but rushed into the palace, where he found his father sitting upon a beautiful crystal throne, with all his servants about him. As soon as Silvercap had taken his place, the king rose and said:

"I have called you together, my dear subjects, because my son, West Wind, has just returned from a flying trip to the Earth. He says that Prince Autumn

*Alice J. Patterson in "The Outlook."

is staying longer than usual this year, so we must hasten to send him off.

“North Wind, you must start at once. Attack the trees, and scatter the leaves far and wide, for some of Autumn’s fairies are still at work painting them. Hurry to the gardens and the fields; snip off the heads of the goldenrod and aster. You understand your work—see that you do it well!

“Prince Snow, fill your bags with flakes from the mountains. Have them ready to-night, so that you may fly down early in the morning and scatter the crystals before the sun peeps out.”

When King Winter had given orders to Prince West Wind, Prince Ice, and all the rest, he turned to Silvercap.

“My son,” he said, “you are to be King of the Frost Fairies. They have been idle long enough. Just what they can do I leave to you; make your own plans, but never forget that you are a prince, and the son of King Winter.”

Silvercap made a low bow to King Winter and left the council chamber. All the rest of the day, he thought. All night he thought, but in the morning he called the Frost Fairies together and said:

“My father has made me your king. West Wind has just returned telling of the wonders he has wrought. He has pulled the painted leaves from the trees, he has killed the flowers, and driven the birds away. I am sure he has made the little Earth-children unhappy. Let us gather the feathery leaves from our trees and our dainty crystal blossoms. Let us fill our chariots with building materials. Perhaps we may be able to make the children happy again.”

The Frost Fairies set up a shout for Silvercap. All

day they worked filling their chariots, and when it came twilight they started out for Earthland. They flew to the trees and decked every bough with leaves of lace. They covered every plant in the garden, even the weeds and grasses, with their wonderful feathery blossoms.

"I don't believe their own twigs and blossoms could look more beautiful," said Silvercap, as the last twig was finished.

"Now for the castles," said the Frost Fairies.

"Let us build them on the windows of the rooms where the children are sleeping," said Silvercap.

So into the rooms, through chinks and crevices, the tiny fairies crept. Silently they began to build, not only grand castles, but high hills covered with silvery trees and rushing waterfalls, fields filled with rare ferns and flowers, and flocks of birds flying everywhere.

Just as the sun began to show in the eastern sky the last chariot was emptied. "Into your chariots!" shouted Silvercap. "We must be gone!" And away flew the Frost Fairies just as the little Earth-children woke up, crying:

"O, the beautiful trees! O, the wonderful silver castles! O, the kind, loving Frost Fairies!"

And King Winter was so pleased with their work that he made Silvercap King of Frostland. Every winter since, he and his fairies come and work night after night to make the world beautiful for the little Earth-children.

*WHAT BROKE THE CHINA PITCHER

It was a winter night—still, bright, and cold. The wagon wheels and footsteps creaked loudly as they ground into the crisp snow, and even the great, solemn moon looked frosty and cold.

Katrina stood by the sitting-room window, looking out.

"It is going to be a dreadful night," said father, stirring the fire; "it is growing colder every minute."

"Is it?" said mother. "Then, Katrina, you must run upstairs and empty the china pitcher in the spare room."

"Yes," said Katrina, but she did not go, for she was looking out at the moonlight, and mother was rocking baby to sleep.

Fifteen minutes passed. Baby was going to "By-low Land" fast, and mother spoke again:

"Come, Katrina, go and see to the pitcher. It was grandma's Christmas present, and we shouldn't like to have it broken."

"Yes, mother," said Katrina. "I will go in a minute."

"Well, dear, be sure and remember," said mother, and she went off to put baby into her crib. At that moment in came Jamie with a pair of shining new skates, and Katrina forgot all about the pitcher as soon as she saw them. Just outside the window stood the Cold, listening and watching; and now he chuckled and snapped his icy fingers.

"That little girl will never empty the pitcher," he said to himself; "she's one of the careless kind. Oh,

*From "Cat-Tails, and Other Tales," by Mary Howliston, by permission of A. Flanagan Co.

I know them. Let me see—the spare room—that's for company. I'll go and spend the night in it. Where is it, I wonder? I will hunt it up."

He knew better than to try to get into the cozy sitting-room, with its bright fire, so he slipped softly around the house and peeped in through the kitchen window. Inside was a large stove glowing with coal, and a tea-kettle sending out a cloud of steam.

He shook his head and muttered: "That is no place for me; the heat in there would kill me in a minute; I must look farther."

He went on, peeping in one window after another, until he saw a room with no fire. "Ah," he whispered, "this must be the place. Yes; that is the very pitcher I am going to break; and, if here isn't a fine crack to let me in!" So in he went.

"It is a pretty room," he said, "and it seems a pity to spoil such a handsome pitcher; but Katrina should not have left the water in it."

He stole noiselessly along, chilling everything he touched, until he reached the wash stand. Up the stand he went, near and nearer to the pitcher, until he could look into it. "Not much water," he whispered, "but I can make it do"; and he spread his icy fingers over it.

The water shivered and drew back, but the icy fingers pressed harder. "Oh," cried the water, "I am so cold!" And it shrank more and more.

'Very soon it called out: "If you don't go away, Cold, I shall certainly freeze!"

"Good," laughed the Cold, "that is just what I want you to do."

All at once the air was filled with many little voices

that seemed to come from the pitcher—sharp and clear like tinkling sleighbells in Fairyland.

“Hurrah!” they cried; “the Cold is making us into beautiful crystals. Oh, won’t it be jolly, jolly!”

At that, the Cold pushed his finger straight into the water and it began to freeze. Then such a wonderful thing happened. The drops began arranging themselves in rows and lines that everywhere crossed each other; but they pushed so hard that the pitcher cried out:

“Please stop pushing me so hard; I am afraid I shall break.”

“We can’t stop,” said the drops. “We are freezing, and we must have more room”; and they kept on spreading and arranging themselves.

The poor pitcher groaned, and called again: “Don’t, don’t. I can’t stand it.” But it did no good. The drops kept on saying: “We must have more room.” And they pushed steadily and so hard that, at last, with a loud cry, the poor pitcher cracked.

The Cold looked around to see if there was any more mischief he could do. When he found there was none, he stole softly away through the crack in the window.

Just outside was Jack Frost, looking for a good place to hang his pictures. The Cold told him about the pitcher, and away they went together, laughing as if it were a good joke.

Upstairs in her snug little bed Katrina lay, and dreamed that grandma’s pitcher was dancing on the counterpane, in brother Jamie’s new skates.

*THE LEGEND OF THE DIPPER

THERE was once a little girl who had a dear mother, and they lived, quite alone, in a little house in the woods. They were always very happy, but one day the mother grew so ill that it seemed as if she could never be strong and well again.

"I must have a drink of clear, cold water," she cried, as she lay in bed, so weak and suffering from thirst.

It was dark night, and there was no one near to ask for water, so the little girl took her tin dipper and started out alone to the spring to bring her mother a drink. She went a long way through the woods, and she ran so that she grew very tired, being such a tiny girl; but she filled her tin dipper at the spring and started home.

Sometimes the water spilled, because it was not easy to carry, and sometimes the little girl stumbled over the stones in the dark road. All at once she felt a warm touch upon her hand, and she stopped. It was a little dog who had been following her, for he, too, was nearly dying of thirst, and he had touched her hand with his hot tongue.

The little girl looked at her dipper. There was only a very little water in it, but she poured a few drops into her hand, and let the thirsty dog lap them. He seemed as refreshed as if he had been to the river to drink. And a wonderful thing happened to the tin dipper—although the little girl did not see. It was changed to a silver dipper, with more water in it than before.

The little girl started on again, hurrying very fast,

*C. S. B. Adapted from an old legend.

for she remembered how much her mother needed her, but she had not gone very far when she met a stranger in the road. He was tall, and wore shining garments, and his eyes looked down with a wonderful smile into the little girl's face. He reached out his hand for the dipper, and he begged for a drink of the clear, cold water.

Now, the little girl thought how her mother had told her that she should be always kind to a stranger, so she held the water up to his lips. And very suddenly, as the stranger drank, the silver dipper was changed to a gold dipper—full to the brim with sparkling water.

The little girl hurried on, but the road was so very long, and she was so tired, that it seemed as if she could never reach home again. She was weak and faint, and she longed to drink just a few drops of the water; but, no, her mother would need all that was left. Had she not given some to the thirsty dog and to the stranger? So she never took a drink herself, but hastened home and carried it to the dear mother. And then came the greatest wonder of all! As soon as the dear mother drank she became quite well and strong once more; and the gold dipper, as it touched her lips, was changed to a diamond dipper—all shining and blazing with glittering gems!

And the diamond dipper left her fingers to shine up in the sky, over the house and the woods. There it shines every night to tell all little children how, once, a child was brave and unselfish and kind.

*THE SNOW MAN

THE Snow Man stood very stiff and straight in the garden. He had two triangular pieces of tile in his head instead of eyes. His mouth was made of an old rake, so he had some very fine teeth. He had been born amid the happy shouts of little boys, and welcomed by the merry sound of sleighbells and the snap of whips.

"It is so wonderfully cold that my whole body crackles," said the Snow Man. "This is the kind of weather to blow life into one. How the gleaming one, up yonder, is staring at me!"

(It was the sun he meant, which was just about to set.)

"He shall not make me wink. I shall manage to keep the pieces."

The sun went down and the moon rose clear and beautiful in the blue sky.

"If I only knew how to move from this place I should like so much to go," sighed the Snow Man. "If I could, I would slide along on the ice with the boys; but I don't understand sliding—I don't know how to run."

"Bow, wow," barked the Yard Dog, "the sun will teach you to run. It will come some morning, and it will make you run down into the ditch by the wall. We shall soon have a change in the weather. I feel it in my bones."

The weather really changed a little. Toward morning there was a thick fog over all the garden. Then came an icy wind, and when the sun rose—oh, was it

*C. S. B. Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

not beautiful? The branches were covered with hoar frost, and they glistened like diamonds. Where the sun shone it looked as if big diamonds had been dropped upon the snowy carpet of earth.

"Bow, wow," barked the Yard Dog, creeping out of his kennel; "a fine morning."

"The cold is charming," said the Snow Man. "Tell me, did you always lie out here in the cold, fastened to a chain?"

"Bow, wow; no, indeed," barked the Yard Dog. "I used to lie in a chair covered with velvet up in master's house. From where you are standing you can see into the room. I had my own cushion, and there was a stove there—the finest thing in the world in cold weather. I went under the stove, and I could lie beneath it. Oh, I still sometimes dream of that stove. Bow, wow!"

"Does a stove look anything like me?" asked the Snow Man.

"It's quite different," said the Dog. "It's black as a crow, with a long neck and a brazen drum. It eats firewood, and the fire spurts out of its mouth. You can see the stove through the window there."

And the Snow Man looked and saw a bright polished thing with a brazen drum and the fire gleaming from the lower part of it. The Snow Man felt strangely and his teeth chattered.

"Why did you leave her?" he asked, for he thought the stove must surely be a lady.

"I was obliged to go," said the Yard Dog. "I bit the youngest young master because he kicked my bone. That was the end of the matter. They chained me up out here. Bow, wow!"

But the Snow Man was looking in the window, and

he did not hear the Yard Dog. He was looking at the stove standing there on its four iron legs.

"I want to go in and lean against her," he said, "if I have to break the window!"

"You'll never get in there," said the Yard Dog. "If you go near her, you'll break up."

"I'm nearly gone now," said the Snow Man.

The whole day the Snow Man stood peering in through the window. Toward night the stove looked pleasanter than ever, for it had been given some wood to eat. The red light shone out of the window and straight into the Snow Man's face.

"Oh," he said, "how beautiful she looks when she stretches out her tongue!"

Before long, though, the windows were covered with frost. There were the most wonderful snow flowers any snow man could want, but the Snow Man was unhappy. He could no longer see the stove.

In the morning the weather had changed a great deal. It began to thaw, and the warmer it grew the smaller grew the Snow Man. At last he broke down; and, behold! where he had stood there was something like a broomstick standing up in the ground. It was the pole about which the boys had built him.

"I wonder why he liked the stove so much," said the Yard Dog, looing at the pool of water which lay where the Snow Man had stood; but he saw directly. There was a coal shovel fastened to the broomstick, and that had been the Snow Man's head. The Snow Man had a stove rake in his body, too.

"I see," said the Yard Dog. "Bow, wow!"

And nobody thought any more about the Snow Man.

*GRANDFATHER'S PENNY

ONCE upon a time, when it was so long ago that there were no trolley cars or telephones, Grandfather was a little, little boy named John.

He lived in a wee, red farmhouse set in the middle of wide fields, and there were woods all about, and only a cow path to walk in across the meadows until you came to the stage road.

In the summer Grandfather used to have just the best time, for he knew the places where the biggest blackberries hid, and he could find the patches of checker-berries in the woods, and he knew where the brook ran swiftest to sail his boats, and he could climb the tallest apple tree that ever grew.

But in the winter it was quite different. Then Grandfather wore a little cap made of coonskin, and a bright-green tippet, and a home-spun suit, and a pair of hide boots. It was always so very cold in the country in the winter time, and Grandfather had to walk two miles to the schoolhouse, with his little tin dinner pail hung over his arm. When school was let out, he must hurry home to help with the chores, for there were kindlings to split, and the cows to fodder, and paths to dig. At night he was a tired little John, and he tumbled upstairs to bed in the attic, where the walls were all hung with strings of dried apples, and the spinning-wheel in the corner pointed its long finger at him, till he pulled the patchwork quilt high up over his cold little nose and went fast asleep.

One morning when Grandfather woke up, and jumped into his clothes, and hurried down to the

*C. S. B.

kitchen, he found that a dreadful thing had happened. The fire in the fireplace had gone out over-night, and nobody could set it going again, for they had no matches in those days, and the tinder box was lost. The water in the tea-kettle was all ice. There could be no breakfast until the fire burned once more.

"You'll have to take the lantern, John," said Great Grandmother, "and go to Mr. Stone's for a light. I'm sorry, little lad. Pull your cap down tight over your ears, and hurry."

So Grandfather took the big brass lantern and hurried off in the early morning, across the snowy fields, for a light. It was so biting cold that not even the wood rabbits were out, and Grandfather's toes ached, and he had to blow on his fingers to keep them from freezing—and it was a mile to Mr. Stone's! But he got there at last, lighted his lantern at Mr. Stone's fireplace, and carried it home very carefully, lest the flame go out. Then Great Grandmother started the fire, and boiled the water in the tea-kettle, and they had breakfast.

When the kitchen was warm, and breakfast was over, Great Grandmother went to the blue china mug on the chimney-piece and took out of it a big copper penny as large as a silver dollar.

"This is for you, John," she said. "You had a long walk this morning. You may buy yourself a peppermint stick."

Oh, how Grandfather's eyes danced! Pennies were scarce in the little red farmhouse, and didn't he know just how beautifully red and twisted the peppermint sticks looked in the glass jar at the store; and hadn't he wished for one all winter?

So he started out early for school—the store was

such a long way off the road—skipping along, with his penny held fast in his little red mitten, thinking how good the peppermint stick was going to taste.

The snow was deep, and Grandfather had to wade through the drifts, and climb the fences; and one snow bank was so high that it came up to his waist, but he didn't mind. There was the store at the crossroads, and Grandfather opened his little red fist to look at the penny—but where was it? The penny was not there at all; it was quite gone. Grandfather had dropped his penny in the high snow bank!

Poor little boy! All the morning, as he sat on the hard bench in the schoolhouse, saying his A B, AB's, and doing pothooks in his copy book, he had to squeeze back the tears. And when he went home Great Grandmother said she was sorry, but there were no more pennies in the blue china mug. She didn't know when he could have another. So Grandfather took his shovel and dug all around in the snow bank, but he could not find his penny.

Well, the winter was very long; but, one day, the red-winged blackbirds came back to sing in the south pasture, and the song-sparrows twittered in the swamp. The blue flag blossomed, and it was spring. Grandfather laid away his coon-skin cap, and began making willow whistles, and forgot all about his penny.

One morning he took a basket of eggs to the store, to change them for sugar and tea, and he went the same way that he had gone that other morning; and he was just as happy as he skipped along down the road.

"Here's the place where the big snow bank was,"

he said, "right in this fence corner, but it's all melted now. Why-ee, here's my penny!"

Yes; there it was—sticking up out of the mud, not bright and shining any more, but a good copper penny just the same. All winter it had been waiting there for Grandfather to take it to the store and buy a peppermint stick.

And this is the true story of how Grandfather bought his peppermint stick, after all. And this is the reason why Grandfather gives you so many pennies, dear—because he remembers how he was a little boy once, with only just one.

SPRING—LIGHT, WATER, BIRDS, TREES

*THE SLEEPING PRINCESS

LONG, long ago, there lived a king and queen who had a great deal to make them happy—waiting servants, and lands, and gold, and a fine castle—but they had no little child, which was what they both wanted most of all. At last there came to them a baby girl, and the king ordered a fine party the day she was christened. Not only did he invite all his relations and friends, but the fairies, also, who would be able to give the little princess good gifts.

Now, there were thirteen fairies, and the king had just twelve gold plates—fairies always use gold plates when they dine, you know—so the thirteenth fairy was not asked to the party; and, oh, she was very angry! When the party was nearly over, and all the relatives and friends had piled a table with silver spoons, and gold rings, and jeweled robes, and diamond mugs for the baby princess, the twelve fairies stood in a magic circle about her cradle to wish her good wishes.

“She shall be good,” said the first fairy.

“She shall be rich,” said the second fairy.

*C. S. B. A tale that has been told in varying forms by nearly every race to typify the sleep of nature during the winter, and its awakening to life and bloom at the touch of spring.

"She shall be very beautiful," said the third fairy; and so they went on to the eleventh fairy, when—slam, bang—the castle door burst open, and in came the angry thirteenth fairy, who had changed herself to an old woman, in a long, red cloak. She never stopped until she reached the princess' cradle, and she said, in a terrible voice: "On the day she is ten years old the princess shall prick her finger with a spindle, and die."

Then every one was frightened, but the twelfth fairy, who had not wished her wish yet, stepped up and said, in a soft voice: "The princess shall not die. She shall fall asleep for a hundred years."

Well, the baby princess grew to be a sweet little girl-princess, who was good, and kind, and very beautiful. The king ordered all the spindles in the kingdom burned; and, after a while, no one remembered the wicked fairy's wish. But the day she was ten years old the little princess wandered off by herself until she came to a high tower in the castle, where she had never been before. She climbed the dusty stairs, and she came to a little door. In the lock was a rusty key, and as she turned it the door sprang open, and there in the room sat an old woman spinning flax.

"Good day, old woman," said the princess. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning flax, your highness," said the old woman.

"Oh, may I try, please?" said the princess. "This is my birthday, you know, and you must not say 'no' to me."

So the princess took the spindle from the old woman's hand and started spinning, but before the wheel had turned twice she pricked her finger and the wicked fairy's wish came true.

The little princess fell upon the floor, and her blue eyes closed tight. The king and queen slept upon their thrones below. The horses in the stable, the stable boys, the maids, even the flies on the wall slept. The pigeons in the courtyard tucked their heads under their wings and closed their eyes. The fire in the kitchen flickered, and then went out. The winds in the trees were still, not a leaf moved, and a thick hedge of thorns grew up higher and higher, until you could not see the castle at all.

So they slept for years and years. The young people in the kingdom grew old, and only the very oldest grandfathers remembered about the little sleeping princess.

But one morning there came a prince through the woods. His great-great-grandfather had told him about the strange castle where every one was asleep, and he wanted to find it. Other princes had tried, and had failed; but the morning this prince started out it was the last day of an hundred years, and the hedge of thorns opened wide for him, like a gate with flowers growing on either side.

It was all very old and still in the courtyard. The watchdogs were asleep with the weeds and grasses growing away up over their heads. The pigeons still sat on the roof with their heads tucked under their wings. Softly the prince went through the kitchen, where the cook stood sleeping with a roast of meat in his hand; through the throne room; and he wandered about until he came to the tower where the little princess slept.

She lay just as she had fallen asleep a hundred years before. Her cheeks were warm and pink; her long, golden hair had grown until it covered her like a yel-

low cloak; her little hands were folded. She looked so sweet that the prince stooped and kissed her—and the little princess opened her eyes and smiled! The prince had broken the wicked fairy's enchantment, and he took the little princess by the hand and they went down the stairs together. The king and queen awoke, and rubbed their eyes. The dogs began to bark. The pigeons flew—cooing—here and there. The fire crackled merrily again, and the whole castle was awake once more.

IN April's sweet month,
When the leaves 'gin to spring,
Little lambs skip like fairies,
And birds build and sing.

*THE OLD STREET LAMP

THERE was once a very honest old Street Lamp that had done its work for many, many years; but now it hung for the last time to its post, and gave light to the street. To-morrow it was to appear in the council house, and the Mayor and all his council were to inspect it, and say if it were worn out or not.

And the lamp was afraid. Perhaps it would be melted down in a factory. Oh, it would be sorry to go away from the old watchman who had always tended it, and cleaned it, and fed it oil, and who had come along every night with his ladder to light it!

*C. S. B. Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

On the bridge of the gutter stood three persons who wished to speak to the old lamp, for they thought they might be set up there on the post in his place. One was a herring's head. He thought it would be a great saving of oil if they put him up on the post, for he knew how to glimmer in the dark quite alone. One was a piece of rotten wood, which also glimmers in the dark. The third person was a glow-worm; but the herring's head and the rotten wood said the glow-worm would never do for a street light, for she only shone at certain times.

At that moment the Wind came careering around the street corner and blew through the broken panes of the old Street Lamp.

"What's this I hear?" asked the Wind. "So you're going away to-morrow? I must make you a present before you go. I will blow in your brain-box, and make you *remember*, and *see*, like a real person."

"Thank you, heartily," said the old Street Lamp. "I only hope I shall not be melted down."

"I am very sure you will not be," said the Wind, and then he blew; and at that moment the Moon stepped forth from behind the clouds.

"What will *you* give the old Street Lamp?" asked the Wind of the Moon.

"I'll give nothing," said the Moon. "I am on the wane, and the lamps never lighted me." Then the Moon hurried off and hid herself behind the clouds.

Just then a bright shooting star fell down, forming a long bright stripe.

"What was that?" asked the herring's head. "Did not a star fall? I really think it went into the lamp! Certainly we had best say good night and go home."

And so they did—all three. But the old lamp shed a marvelously strong light around.

"That was a glorious present," it said. "The bright stars which have always shone as I never could shine have noticed me and given me a present."

"I hope you may sometime shine with a wax light," said the Wind. "But I will go down now." And he went down.

"Wax lights!" exclaimed the lamp. "I shall never have one of them. Oh, I hope I may not be melted down!"

The next morning the Lamp sat in a grandfather's chair! And guess where? In the old watchman's house. The watchman had asked the Mayor if he might keep the faithful old Street Lamp; so it was not melted down, but went home with him. It leaned over toward the warm stove. It felt very big, sitting in a chair all alone.

It was only a cellar where the old watchman and his wife lived, but it was clean and neat. There were curtains round the bed and the little windows. On the window-sill stood two curious flower-pots, made of clay in the shape of two elephants. The backs of the elephants were cut off, and from the inside of one there bloomed chives—that was the kitchen garden; and from the other a red geranium—that was the flower garden. Yes; the old Street Lamp could see it all quite well.

So it sat and looked about, and then, after supper, the old watchman seated himself beside it and spoke of how they had gone through the rain and fog together in the short, bright summer nights, and then the winter nights, when the snow beat down upon them. Yes; it was as the Wind had said it would be

—the old Street Lamp could remember everything quite well.

So the Lamp lived in the cellar, and was kept neat and clean, and stood, all shining, in a corner. Strangers thought it a bit of old rubbish, but the old people did not care for that; they loved the Lamp.

One day—it was the watchman's birthday—the old woman smiled to herself and said: "I'll make a light to-day."

The Lamp rattled its cover. "Now I shall have a wax light inside of me," it said; but only some oil was brought, and the Lamp burned merrily with that all through the evening, in honor of the watchman's birthday.

And when the old man had gone to bed, the Lamp had a dream — about being put into a furnace and melted into an iron candlestick, as fair a candlestick as you would wish, one to hold wax lights. The candlestick was set in a beautiful room which was all hung with pictures of forests, and meadows where the storks strutted about, and the blue sky with all the stars.

"How very wonderful!" said the Street Lamp, as it awoke. "It was not so bad to be melted. I held a wax light, and yet here I am in the old watchman's cellar once more, all cleaned and full of oil, which is quite as fine."

And the honest old Street Lamp was very happy, as it well deserved to be.

*THE CANDLES

THERE was a great Wax Candle that knew well enough what it was.

"I am born in wax," it said. "I give more light and burn longer than any other light. My place is in a silver candlestick."

"That must be a charming life," said the little Tallow Candle. "I am only a tallow dip; but then, I comfort myself it is better than to be a mere taper that is dipped only two times. I am dipped eight times to get a decent thickness. I am satisfied. It would have been finer to be born in wax, and be put in a glass candlestick. I live in the kitchen, but that is a good place, too; they get up all the dishes in the house there."

"There is a party this evening," said the Wax Candle. "I shall soon be sent for."

Just then the Wax Candle was sent for—but the Tallow Candle, too. The mistress took it in her delicate hand and took it out to the kitchen. There stood a little boy with a basket full of potatoes and a few apples in it, too. The mistress had given all these to the poor little boy.

"Here is a tallow candle for you, too," she said. "Your mother sits up and works far into the night—and she can use it."

The mistress' little girl stood near, and she said, eagerly: "And I'm going to sit up till night, too! We're going to have a party, and I'm to wear big, red bows for it."

How her eyes shone! No wax candle could shine like the child's eyes.

*C. S. B. Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

"That is a blessed thing to see," thought the Tallow Candle. "I shall never forget it."

So the Tallow Candle was laid in the basket under the cover, and the boy took it away. And so the candle came to the poor people—a mother with three children—in a little, low house right over opposite the rich house.

"God bless the good lady for what she gave," said the mother. "It is a splendid candle, and it will burn far into the night."

And the candle was lighted. Across the street the wax lights were lighted. The carriages rumbled up to the rich house with the guests for the party dressed so finely. The band struck up.

"Now, they're beginning," thought the Tallow Candle, and remembered the little rich girl's bright face, which was brighter than all the wax lights. "That sight I shall never see any more."

Then the smallest of the children in the poor house came—she was a very little girl—and she put her arms around her brother's and sister's necks. She had a secret to whisper to them.

"We're going to have this evening—just think—we're going to have warm potatoes!" And her face shone with happiness. The Tallow Candle shone right in her eyes and saw that she was as happy as the other child who said: "We are going to have a party this evening, and I shall wear some big, red bows."

"Is it such a fine thing to get warm potatoes?" thought the Tallow Candle, and it sputtered to think of it, and more than that no candle can do.

The table was spread, the potatoes eaten. Such a feast as it was! And each child had an apple besides, and the smallest child sang a little song:

"Now thanks, dear Lord, I give to Thee,
That Thou again hast filled me."

And the children went to bed, gave the mother a good-night kiss, and fell asleep right away; but the mother sat and sewed and sewed away into the night to earn a living for them; while from the rich house the music sounded and the lights shone. The stars twinkled over both houses—the rich and the poor one—just as clearly and just as kindly.

"This has been a fine evening," said the Tallow Candle. "I should like to know, before I am burned out, if the Wax Candle, in his silver candlestick, has had any better time?"

And it remembered the faces of the two happy little girls; one lighted by a wax candle and the other by a tallow dip.

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat, in a white petticoat
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

JACK be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.

*THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD! A giant am I,
Aloft here in my tower;
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, on the threshing floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And, whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands,
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

*By permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

*LITTLE HALF CHICK

A LONG, long time ago there was a handsome black hen who had a large brood of chickens. They were all plump little birds, except the youngest, and he was quite different from all the rest. He was such a queer-looking little fellow that when he first clipped his shell the hen could scarcely believe her eyes. The other twelve were fluffy, downy little chicks, but this one had only one leg, and one wing, and one eye, and one ear, and half of a bill, and half of a tail! His mother shook her head when she looked at him.

"You're only a Little Half Chick," she said; "and you'll never be able to rule a poultry yard."

But Little Half Chick thought differently. In spite of having only one leg, he loved to run away. When the family went out to walk, he would hide in the maize, and when his good mother called him he pretended not to hear, because he had only one ear. One day, when he had been away for longer than usual, he strutted up to his mother in the barnyard, hoppity-kick, and he said:

"Mother, I'm tired of this dull farm; I'm going off to Madrid to see the king."

"To Madrid!" said his mother. "Why, you silly chick,

*C. S. B. Adapted from a Spanish folk-tale.

it is too long a way. Stay at home, and some day, when you are bigger, I'll take you a journey."

But, no; Little Half Chick had made up his mind. Without saying "good-bye" even, off he stumped along the highroad that led to Madrid. As he went along he took a short cut which led through a field and he came to a brook. Now, the brook was so choked with weeds that it could not flow.

"Oh, Little Half Chick, help me!" it cried. "Pull out my weeds!" it called, as Little Half Chick stumped along the bank.

"Help you, indeed!" cried Little Half Chick, shaking the feathers in his little half tail; "help yourself. I'm off to Madrid to see the king." And, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Little Half Chick. But before he had gone very far he came to a fire in the woods. Now, the fire was going out because it had no sticks.

"Oh, Little Half Chick," it cried in a weak, wavering voice, "help me! Fetch me some sticks and dry leaves!"

"Help you, indeed!" cried Little Half Chick; "help yourself. I'm off to Madrid to see the king." And, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Little Half Chick.

The next morning, as he was coming near Madrid, he passed a large chestnut tree, and he heard a great moaning and sighing in its branches, for the wind was all caught and entangled there.

"Oh, Little Half Chick," cried the wind, "do help me. Hop up here and pull me out of the branches?"

"Help you, indeed!" cried Little Half Chick; "help yourself. I'm off to Madrid to see the king." And, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Little Half

Chick in great glee, for now he saw the roofs and steeples of Madrid just ahead. When he entered the town he saw a splendid castle with soldiers before the gates. "This must be the king's house," said Little Half Chick, "and I have come to rule the king's poultry yard." But alas! So soon as the king's cook saw Little Half Chick stumping through the gates, he said:

"The very thing I wanted for the king's dinner," and he straightway caught Little Half Chick and popped him into the broth pot. Now, it was wet and uncomfortable in the broth pot.

"Water, water," cried Little Half Chick, "do not wet me so!"

"Ah!" cried the water, "when I was in trouble you would not help me." And the water bubbled and boiled around Little Half Chick.

"Fire, fire, do not cook me," cried Little Half Chick.

"Ah!" cried the fire, "when I was in trouble you would not help me." And the fire went on cooking Little Half Chick.

Just then the wind came hurrying along to see what all the noise in the king's kitchen was about, and Little Half Chick called to it:

"Wind, wind, come and help me!"

"Ah!" cried the wind, "when I was in trouble you would not help me; but come."

Then the wind lifted Little Half Chick out of the broth pot and blew him out of the window. Up and down the highways and over the roofs the wind whirled him, until Little Half Chick could scarcely breathe. On and on they went, until they came to the highest steeple in all Madrid. There the wind left Little Half Chick—on the tip-top of the steeple—stand-

ing on his one leg and looking off over the world with his one eye.

And there he stands to-day. Whichever way the wind blows that way must Little Half Chick turn. He can never step down, for this is the story of the first weather-cock.

*THE WIND AND THE SUN

THE Wind and the Sun had a dispute one day as to which of the two was the stronger.

They told of the wonderful things they could do.

"I," cried the Sun, "am able to bring the summer, to ripen the fruits and grains, and cover the earth with flowers."

"And I," cried the Wind, "can break the trees, and move the ships, and bring the winter."

So they quarreled, and each ended where he had begun, thinking that he had the greater power.

Just then they saw a traveler coming, and they agreed that whichever should make the traveler take off his coat should be counted the stronger.

The Wind was the first to try, so the Sun went behind a cloud while the Wind began to blow as hard as he could upon the traveler. But the harder he blew the more closely did the traveler wrap his coat about him, until at last the Wind gave up in despair.

Then came the Sun and sent his warmest rays right down upon the traveler's head. The traveler quickly threw open his coat, turned it back, and at last took it off altogether.

Kindness effects more than severity.

*C. M. L. From the fables of Æsop.

*THE STORY OF PHAETON

THERE was once a proud boy named Phaeton, who thought he was able to do quite everything. But one day his schoolmates laughed at him for being so proud, and Phaeton ran home to his sisters and his mother—the beautiful nymph, Clymene—crying: “Mother, mother, am I not able to do everything?”

Clymene stroked his head sadly. She feared her boy would meet with trouble, because he was so proud, but she said: “Your father was Apollo. You should be as great and strong as he. Go and ask the king of the sun if you are able to do everything.”

So Phaeton was happy once more, and he set out on a long journey to the land of the sunrise. He traveled for many days, until at last he found, at the top of a steep mountain, the wonderful palace of the sun. Oh, but it was beautiful!—all built and carved by the skilled workman, Vulcan. It stood high, upon golden columns, and it glittered with emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts. The doors were made of silver, and the ceilings were all of carved ivory. On the walls Vulcan had set marvelous pictures of the earth, the sea, and the sky. There were the woods, the rivers, and the towns; the sea fairies riding on the fishes, or sitting on the rocks to dry their sea-green hair. Last of all, Vulcan had painted the sky and all the shining stars.

When Phaeton entered the great throne room the light was so bright that it blinded him, for there was Phoebus, the king of the sun, all dressed in purple and sitting upon a throne which shone with diamonds.

*C. S. B. Adapted from the Greek myth.

Near him stood his servants ready to do his bidding—the Days, the Months, and the Years. Spring was there with a wreath of flowers on her head. Summer stood near, with a great sheaf of ripened grain in her arms. Autumn's feet were stained with grape juice, and Winter wore a mantle of ice and snow.

But in spite of all this splendor Phoebus reached out his hand kindly to Phaeton. "What do you wish, my son?" he asked.

"My father was Apollo," said Phaeton. "Am I not able to do everything?"

"You may attempt mighty deeds," said Phoebus. "Whatever you ask of me, that will I let you do."

Phaeton thought for a minute, and then he said: "For one day I will drive the chariot of the sun!"

Then Phoebus was sorry that he had promised so much to Phaeton. "My boy," he said, "none but myself may drive the sun; not even Jupiter who hurls the thunderbolts. The first part of the way is steep to climb, and the middle part is so high to travel that I, myself, cannot look down at the earth and seas beneath. The last part of the journey is down so rapid a descent that you would fall headlong. From morning till night the heaven is turning around, and the stars twist about my head. You must pass the Great Bear and the Small Bear; the horns of the Bull; the Archer, who will shoot at you; the Lion; and the Crab, who has such sharp claws. My horses breathe fire, and they are so headstrong that you could not drive them. Choose more wisely, my son, than to ask me this."

But Phaeton was now bursting with pride. "*I will drive the sun,*" he said. So Phoebus led him out to the chariot of the sun. Vulcan had built the chariot,

also, with its axles of gold, and gold wheels with silver spokes. All about the edge were chrysolites and diamonds that dazzled and shone.

Phoebus led the horses from their stalls, and harnessed them. Then he bathed Phaeton's face with sweet oils that the sun might not burn him, and he fastened the rays about Phaeton's head.

"My son, hold fast to the reins, and spare the whip," he said. "Follow the wheel tracks which you will see in your path."

So Phaeton jumped into the chariot, and took the reins in his hand. But the horses knew at once that it was not their own master, Phoebus, who was driving them. They stamped, and snorted, and breathed fire from their nostrils. The chariot was light with only Phaeton in it, so they jumped the bars of the Day, and they rushed headlong through the clouds and away from the old road they had always traveled.

Phaeton was frightened, indeed, but he could not stop the horses. On and on they went! They scorched the paws of the Great Bear and the Small Bear. Old Bootes, who was quietly ploughing the skies, dropped his plough and ran as far away as the north pole, in order to keep cool. At last, right in his path, Phaeton saw the Crab with his sharp claws spread out, and he was so frightened that he forgot the names of his horses, even, and he dropped the reins.

Then the horses dashed off wherever they liked. They ran into the moon; they set the clouds to burning. Down on the earth the mountains smoked, the forests burst into flame, and the seas boiled. The rivers began drying up; the crops were scorched black. I do not know what would have happened in the end, had not the mighty Jupiter just then thrust his light-

ning sword through the clouds and hurled a great thunderbolt at Phaeton. It stopped the horses at once, who turned and went slowly back to the palace of the sun; but poor Phaeton! Down, down he fell, like a shooting star, with his hair and clothing all on fire—down—until he dropped in a deep river, and that was the end of him!

For a long time his sisters and his mother, Clymene, waited for him. At last his sisters changed to poplar trees, which stood on the river bank and dropped tears of amber into the water where Phaeton fell. And his mother said, sadly:

“Phaeton was full of pride, but he failed in a great undertaking.”

*THE SUN'S SISTERS

THERE was once a little prince, and he had for a playmate a little peasant boy named Lars. One morning the prince and Lars were shooting with their bows and arrows, and wherever Lars aimed there did his arrow go, straight—but the prince's arrow fell short of the mark every time. This made the little prince very cross.

“I can hit the sun,” he said, at last.

“Very well, then; so can I,” said Lars. So the two boys pointed their arrows and, whiz, off they went. One arrow fell directly, and that was the prince's, but the other went on and on. It must have hit the sun, for it went out of sight and came back at last with a bright gold hen's feather stuck to the end and a tiny

*C. S. B. Adapted from a Lapland myth.

red drop in the grass where it fell. "It is mine," cried the prince.

"No; it is mine," cried Lars; and it really was his you know; but they went on quarreling, until the king came out to see what was the matter.

Now, the king did not like to think that a little peasant boy could shoot an arrow farther than his own little prince, so he said very sternly to Lars:

"Go at once and find the hen from whom this feather came. You are not to come back until you bring her to me."

Poor little Lars! He went sorrowfully to the king's kitchen, where the cook gave him a bag with a dozen loaves of bread and a leg of mutton for his journey; and then he started off to find the golden hen.

For many days he traveled, looking in all the poultry yards, but there were red hens, and speckled hens, and white hens—no golden hens. He grew so tired that one day he lay down under a tree and fell fast asleep, and when he awoke there sat an old fox looking down at him.

"Where are you going?" asked the fox.

"I am not going anywhere just now," said Lars.

"Well," said the fox; "when you get up, where are you bound for then?"

"Oh, dear," said Lars, "to find the golden hen who lost this feather, and I don't know which way to go."

The fox smelled of the feather, and then said in a whisper: "I know every poultry yard in the world. The golden hen belongs to the Sun's Sisters. Come, I'll show you the way."

So Lars and the fox went on and on for days, and then up a steep mountain, until they came to the pal-

ace of the Sun. It glittered and shone from top to bottom, and Lars and the fox crept softly up to the palace gate.

"You must go straight in, looking neither to the right nor the left," said the fox to Lars, "until you come to the poultry yard. Snatch the golden hen, and run back again as fast as you can. I will wait outside."

Lars went in through the gate very softly, looking straight ahead, past the beautiful gardens, and nearly to the poultry yard, when he happened to spy a window which was open. He forgot all that the fox had told him, and he went over and peeped in the window. It was the prettiest room inside that Lars had ever seen—all pink and gold, like the sky in the early morning. And on a gold bed lay a little girl fast asleep. She was such a pretty little girl that Lars couldn't help climbing over the window-sill and tip-toeing across to look at her. Her golden hair quite covered the pillow, and her cheeks were rosy. It was the Princess Sunrise, and Lars kissed her softly.

She never awoke, so Lars climbed out of the window again, and went on to the poultry yard. There was a crowd of ducks, and geese, and turkeys, and cocks, and one little golden hen, but the minute they saw Lars they all set up such a cackling, and crowing, and quacking that it awoke the Princess Sunrise, and she came to the window.

"What do you want, boy?" she called out to Lars.

"I was just trying to catch your golden hen," said Lars.

"Oh, you mustn't do that; that would be stealing," said the Princess; but when she saw how sorrowful Lars looked, she said: "If you can bring me my sister,

Sunset, whom the trollds took away, I will give you my golden hen."

So Lars went back to the fox and told him what had happened.

"You've made a fine mess of it," said the fox; "but, come, we must find the trollds."

So Lars and the fox went on and on, and up another steep mountain, until they came to the great, black castle where the trollds lived.

"You stay outside this time," said the fox. "I will go in and fetch the princess."

The fox went up and rapped loudly at the trollds' front door. The trollds were all at tea, and they had their candles lighted. They called out: "Who's there?"

"It is I," said the fox, "come to dance with you."

The trollds loved to dance more than anything else, so they called out at once: "Come in!" And the fox went inside.

There was the Princess Sunset, as pretty as her sister; only her hair was dark, and her eyes shone like two stars, and her cheeks were red instead of pink.

"You may dance with her, first, if you like," said the trollds, who were really very good-natured little men.

So the fox put his paws around the princess' waist, and they began dancing. Round and round they whirled, and whenever they came near a candle the fox blew it out, until it was so dark the trollds could not see. Out of the door they danced, and on to Lars.

"Take the princess home quick!" said the fox to Lars. Then he called to the trollds: "This way, this way." He led them a long chase over hill and dale, until he left them sticking fast in a muddy marsh, and then he went home.

But Lars took the Princess Sunset home to the palace of the Sun. The Princess Sunrise gave him her golden hen, and Lars carried the hen to the king. But he decided that he would not play any more with the cross little prince, so he went back, after a while, to stay with the Princess Sunrise always, and help her to make the new days.

*TOM, THE WATER BABY

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town in the North Country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. Tom could not read, nor write; and he never washed himself. He cried half the time when he climbed the dark flues, and the soot got in his eyes, and his master beat him, and he had not enough to eat; he laughed the other half, when he was playing with the boys, or jumping over the posts at leap-frog.

One day a smart little groom drove into the court where Tom lived, and he said that Mr. Grimes, Tom's master, was to come up the next morning to a big house where the chimneys needed sweeping. Then he rode away again.

I dare say you never got up at three o'clock of a midsummer morning. But it is the pleasantest time of the twenty-four hours, and that was the time Tom and his master set out for the big house. Mr. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom with the brushes

*C. S. B. Adapted from Chas. Kingsl  y's "Water Babies."

walked behind, out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window shutters, past the roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn.

On and on they went, and Tom looked and looked, for he had never been so far in the country before. And now they had gone three miles or more, and they came to the lodge gates before the big house.

Grimes rang at the gate, and out came the keeper and opened it. Then the keeper went with them, around the back way, and into a little back door. In a passage the housekeeper met them, and she gave Grimes solemn orders about the chimneys. And Grimes listened, and said, under his breath, to Tom: "Mind that, you little beggar!"

Then they came to a big room and, after a whimper, and a kick or two from his master, into the grate went Tom with his brushes, and up the chimney.

I don't know how many chimneys he swept, but he got quite tired and puzzled, too. They were crooked chimneys, and, somehow, Tom lost his way in them. At last, what did he do but come down the wrong one, and found himself standing in a room—the like he had never seen before.

The room was all dressed in white—white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls were hung with pictures. He saw a washing-stand, with soap, and brushes, and towels; all for washing. "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom.

Then, looking toward the bed, he saw the "dirty lady." Under a snow-white coverlet, upon a snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were as white as the pil-

low, and her hair, like threads of gold, was spread all over the bed. Tom wondered if she could be one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops; but, no—she could breathe.

“Are all people like that when they are washed?” wondered Tom.

He looked at his hands, and tried to rub off the soot. Then he saw, standing close to him, a little, ragged, ugly, black dwarf. It was himself, reflected in a mirror; and Tom found out that he was dirty!

He burst into tears, and tried to climb up the chimney again, but the fender upset with a terrible noise. Up jumped the little lady, and, seeing Tom, began screaming. In ran her nurse from the next room, and Tom jumped out of the window and down to the garden below. The gardener, and the groom, and the dairy-maid, and Mr. Grimes all ran after Tom, but he made for the woods, and they could not catch him.

But when he got into the woods, the boughs laid hold of his legs, and poked into his face, and scratched him. Still, he pushed bravely on through it all. On and on he went—over a great moor, where there were huge spiders, and green lizards, and little foxes; higher and higher, up a hill and then down the other side, until he was a long way off from Mr. Grimes.

He was tired and hungry, for the sun was high now, but on he went like the brave little man he was—a mile off, and a thousand feet down. Of course, he dirtied everything as he went. There has been a black smudge all down the crag ever since; and there have been more black beetles, for Tom dirtied the papa of them all.

On and on! He was so thirsty and footsore! But, at last, he came to a neat, pretty little cottage, with

clipped yew hedges all around the garden, and yews inside, too, cut into peacocks, and trumpets, and tea-pots, and all sorts of queer shapes. He came slowly up to the open door; and then peeped in, half afraid.

And there, by the fireplace, sat the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat, and short dimity gown, and clean white cap, with a black silk handkerchief over it, tied under her chin. At her feet sat the grandfather of all the cats.

"What art thou, and what dost thou want?" she cried, as she saw Tom. "A dirty chimney sweep! Away with thee!"

"Water!" said poor little Tom, quite faint.

The old woman looked at him through her spectacles. "The bairn's ill," she said. So she gave Tom a cup of milk and a bit of bread, and put him in an out-house on sweet, soft hay, and bade him sleep. Then she went in again, but Tom did not fall asleep.

He turned and tossed. He seemed to hear the little lady crying to him: "Oh, you're so dirty!" And he kept saying, though he was half asleep: "I must be clean. I must be clean."

All of a sudden he found himself, not in the out-house upon the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, with a stream of water just before him. He had come there on his own legs, between sleep and awake, and he was not a bit surprised. He lay down in the grass and looked at the clear, clear water. He dipped his hands in and found it cool, so cool!

"I will be a fish," he said. "I will swim in the water. I must be clean!"

So he pulled off his poor, ragged clothes, and he put his little hot, sore feet in the water, and then his legs—and he suddenly saw a beautiful fairy rising up out

of the water and reaching her hands to him. Green water weeds floated around her sides, and white water lilies around her head. The fairies of the stream came up from the bottom and circled around her, for she was their queen; and she said to them, as she took Tom in her strong arms: "I have brought you a new little brother!"

Then Tom fell asleep—the sunniest, coziest, quietest sleep that ever he had in his life, because the fairies had taken him. And now comes the most wonderful part of the story. When Tom awoke he was swimming about in the stream, as white, and clean, and happy as possible. He was not a poor little chimney sweep any longer. The fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

*LATONA AND THE RUSTICS

THIS is the story of the first frogs.

There was once a beautiful goddess named Latona. Now, Latona had two little babies, and there was no room for them in the palace of the gods on Mount Olympus, so Latona came down to earth, and wandered here and there to find a place to stay. The babies were very heavy to carry, and Latona grew tired and parched with thirst. At last she came to a pond of clear, cool water, in a field; so she laid her babies in the grass and stooped down to drink and bathe the dust from her face.

There were some country people working in the field, gathering willow branches and weaving them into baskets, and they began telling Latona to go away

*C. S. B. Adapted from the Greek myth.

from their pond. At first Latona thought they could not mean what they said, and the babies cooed and stretched out their little arms to be taken and played with. But the country people again told Latona to leave their pond, and they stepped in the water, stirring up the mud at the bottom with their feet, so she could not drink nor bathe. Then they called to Latona: "Come and drink, come and drink."

Latona was very angry. "You shall never leave the pond, wicked rustics," she cried. She spread her beautiful hands over them, and the strangest thing happened! The voices of the country people became harsh and shrill; their throats were bloated. Their mouths stretched as far as their ears. Their necks shrank until they had none at all, and their skin became green and spotted. They could not raise their feet, nor walk. They were able only to hop about, and just the tops of their heads showed above the water.

Latona had turned the selfish country people into frogs, and you may hear them in the pond, now, croaking: "Come and drink, come and drink," for that is all they are able to say.

*HOW WE FIRST CAME TO HAVE UMBRELLAS

THIS is how we first came to have umbrellas.

One sunny morning in April a wee brownie started out for a walk. He wore a brown jerkin, and brown breeches, and brown pointed shoes, and a little brown pointed cap, as all brownies should, quite new and quite fresh. He carried his basket over his arm, for

*C. S. B.

he had a bit of marketing to do by the way; and he skipped along, dodging the beetles, and peeping in the doors of the ant hills, as merry as any brownie could be on a sunny morning in April.

He bought him a jar of butter at a buttercup shop, and a jar of honey from a wandering bee. He stopped a green measuring worm to see if he had grown tall in the night, but he had not a bit. He was just going home again, when—"Bless me! What's that?" said the brownie. The sunny April day had changed to a showery April day, and it was raining!

It is quite bad enough to be a child and out of doors when it rains, but think of being a tiny, wee little mite of a brownie, with fresh new clothes, and every raindrop as full as a bucket, because you are so tiny! He ran so fast that the jar of honey and the pot of butter rattled like a pair of kettledrums. He crept under the tallest blades of grass, and tried to cover himself with a plantain leaf; but it was of no use—the raindrops fell thicker and faster, and he grew more drenched every minute.

At last he saw, just a little way ahead, a fine, broad toadstool. That would make a good roof! He ran as fast as his little legs would carry him, nearly dropping his basket in his haste to get under the friendly toadstool.

But, ah! some one else needed shelter from the weather, too. The brownie ran straight into a huge, fat, gray dormouse, who lay safe and dry under the toadstool, winking and blinking at the drops trickling through the grass.

Poor little brownie! He trembled with fright. The dormouse looked, to him, as large as a bear, and he was so afraid. But it was warm and dry under the

toadstool, and very wet outside. The dormouse did not see him, and he kept on the other side of the stalk, just peeping out now and then.

He began tugging a bit at the toadstool. It was very heavy; but never mind. Tug, tug—up it came, and off scampered the brownie with the toadstool over his head, and the dormouse left out in the rain.

“See the brownie!” cried the crickets, and the beetles, and the grasshoppers, and the ants; “see the brownie with a toadstool over his head to keep off the rain!”

By and by, a large, grown-up person, with very sharp eyes, saw the brownie, too. And the grown-up person went off at once and made himself a larger toadstool from iron and wood and cloth to hold over his head when it rained. So that is how we first came to have umbrellas.

*“WHO LIKES THE RAIN?”

“I,” SAID the duck, “I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on.
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud; quack, quack!”

“I,” cried the dandelion, “I.
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry.”
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

“I hope ’twill pour; I hope ’twill pour,”
Croaked the tree toad from his gray bark door.

*Anonymous.



"Off scampered the brownie with the toad stool over his head."

"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I'm always safely waterproof."

Sang the brook: "I welcome every drop.
Come down, dear raindrops; never stop
Until a broad river you make of me,
And then I will carry you to the sea."

*THE ORIOLE'S JOURNEY

FAR away in the Southland, two orioles had built their nest in an orange tree. The nest was a beautiful little gray basket hung far out on a forked bough, where the warm winds rocked it gently to and fro. It was just the place for a home, there among the sweet orange blossoms and the gay oranges. The people in the house nearby said that the orioles and the oranges must have been made to go together—because they matched so well.

Mr. and Mrs. Oriole led a very happy life, with never a care or a worry; and they chirped and sang to each other until it made one happy just to be near them. But one day Mrs. Oriole was quiet and sad. She did not sing so gayly, or seem so happy in the nest. Every little while she would fly to the top branch of the tree and look far away. At last Mr. Oriole said: "What is it, my dear? Why do you seem so sad?"

"I can't quite tell," said Mrs. Oriole, "but I think I want to fly away. Do you remember the place where we built our first nest?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," chirped Mr. Oriole. "It was in the

*Frances Bliss Gillespy, in "Kindergarten Review."

Northland, and we built it in the apple tree close by the orchard gate."

"Yes," said Mrs. Oriole; "and do you remember how happy we all were that year? The brook under the tree sang to us, and the bees and butterflies called on us—oh, the dear old orchard! Shall we ever have such a home again?"

So they chirped and twittered until the sun went to bed, and then they tucked their heads under their wings and went to bed, too.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Oriole were astir early, and out for a little flight. "Listen," said Mrs. Oriole, "the children in the house are singing: 'The orchard, the dear old orchard,' and I heard the mother saying that to-morrow they were to start North. It makes me want to go, too."

"Why should we not?" said Mr. Oriole. "I, too, long for our old home. Let us go, too, back to the North."

"When?" said Mrs. Oriole. "To-day?"

"Why not at once?" said Mr. Oriole. "We must get an early start. There's nothing like being on time."

"Tweet, tweet," chirped Mrs. Oriole. "You are right. Let us start at once, after we have said good-bye to our winter home."

Back to the nest they flew, and around and around the tree, calling good-bye to all their friends. Then they spread their wings and started on their long journey to the North. They flew fast, but the sun was down before they caught a glimpse of the dear old orchard. There were plenty of trees on the way, though, and they flew into one and spent the night with their heads tucked under their wings.

As soon as the sun peeped over the hills, they were up and away. It was a merry journey. Every now and

then they would light on a swaying bough and sing the song of home.

"Do you know our orchard?" they sang to the broad river they passed, and the river said: "When I was only a little brook I ran through it."

"Do you know our orchard?" they called down to a spotted toad. The toad only blinked at them in the sunshine, and croaked: "I know my stone, and the meadow grass. Stay here and I'll show you how to be comfortable."

But they thanked him and hurried on. "Do you know our meadow?" they asked of a wandering breeze.

"Hush, hush; listen, listen," sang the breeze. "I stole through there two days ago, and I whispered to the buds on the apple trees that it was time to awake. It is a beautiful place, but far from here."

"Then we must fly the faster," said the orioles, and on they sped. Several days passed, and still they journeyed on, asking news of the orchard of all they met. At last, one evening, as the sun was dropping to rest in a soft cloud, Mrs. Oriole twittered: "I see the orchard, the dear old orchard."

And as the gray twilight was creeping down, two happy orioles flew back to the apple tree by the orchard gate.

*THE TONGUE-CUT SPARROW

ONCE upon a time, in the Land of the Lotus, there lived two children — little Taro and little O-Kaku. Now, little Taro was a good boy. He never caught butterflies, he never teased the lady-bugs, and he never

*C. S. B. Adapted from the Japanese.

followed Kami-Kudzu, the rag man, or called him names. But little O-Kaku, who was as pretty as the pink chrysanthemums for which she was named, was a naughty little girl. She would not beat millet, she would not watch the melon patch, she would not carry father his saké. Her mother often said to her:

“We keep a dog to guard the house,
A cow is useful, too;
We keep a cat to spy a mouse,
But what can mother do
With a naughty girl like you?”

One day there came hopping along to the house a poor, stray sparrow. Mother opened the screen, and let him in; Taro took him to the fire to dry off his feathers. They gave him rice to eat, and the sparrow decided to live in that house. He grew to be a useful sparrow, for he sang all day long and helped the housework along. Each morning he watched for the pink light on the mountain, and called:

“The day has come,
I hear the cock.
Now rise and dress,
'Tis six o'clock.”

But O-Kaku did not love the sparrow in the least. Perhaps it was because he was so good and industrious a little bird. One day, when mother had made her starch the cotton clothes, the sparrow came and perched himself on the ironing-board. He began to sing a sweet little song; but, all in a minute, O-Kaku seized him by the wings; she cut his poor little tongue.

Oh, it was a cruel thing to do, for the little sparrow could never sing again. So out of the window flew the poor little tongue-cut sparrow, and down the street, and over the meadows—far, far away.

Taro was very angry with O-Kaku when he found what she had done. He cried, too, for he felt so sorry for the poor little bird, out in the world, and not able to sing a note. One morning when no one was looking he tied some red bean cakes in a bit of his mother's obi, and away he started in search of the tongue-cut sparrow.

He traveled far and wide, over the rice fields, and up the hill sides. When it came night he slept under a pine tree, and when the morning dawned he ate one of his cakes and started on again. Wherever he went and whatever creature he met—the wild hare, the badger, or the field mouse—he asked: "Have you seen a tongue-cut sparrow, a poor little tongue-cut sparrow?"

At last one day he came upon a large black cricket who sat at the top of a hemp stalk sunning herself.

"Oh, cricket," cried Taro, "have you seen a tongue-cut sparrow?"

The black cricket said not a word, but stretched her legs a little. Taro was about to go on again, when the cricket came slowly down the stalk and started up the mountain in the path just ahead of Taro.

"I may as well follow her," thought Taro to himself. Up and up, and still higher went the cricket, until she came to the tip-top of the mountain. Then she stopped and began dining off a bit of millet by the side of the road; but, what do you suppose Taro saw?

On the top of the mountain lay a beautiful garden, with a pond in the center full of lotus blossoms, and

all about the pond were trees—peach trees, cherry trees, plum trees—all in blossom and the air fragrant with the perfume. In a nice little thatched house in the pinkest of the peach trees was the little tongue-cut sparrow and all his family.

He was not sorrowful, but very happy and overjoyed to see little Taro again. He invited Taro up into his nest, and they all dined off sugar cakes and saké. When the feast was over, the sparrow brought out two baskets—one quite large, and the other small.

"I want to make you a present, Taro," said the sparrow. "Which of these baskets should you like?"

Taro was a polite little boy, so he chose the smaller of the two baskets, and, thanking the sparrow for his pleasant call, started home down the mountain side again. The basket grew heavier and heavier all the way. When at last Taro reached home and peeped under the cover, it was like the feast of lanterns to see what was inside. There were toys, red kites, and singing tops, and gay balls, and rice monkeys; there were rolls of bright silk and bags of gold. Was there ever so marvelous a basket? and all for Taro!

Little O-Kaku grew very curious.

"Where does the sparrow live, Taro?" she asked. "I am sorry I cut his tongue."

So Taro told her the way to go; and she, too, started up the mountain; nor did she stop until she came to the garden and the house of the tongue-cut sparrow. The sparrow invited O-Kaku to dine, also, and when she had finished he offered her two baskets, as well. Of course little O-Kaku chose the heavy one, and forgetting to say "thank you" even, she started home again.

But, oh, when she came to the house and opened her

basket!—it was not full of toys. Ah, no; but out jumped a swarm of little black elves, and they pulled O-Kaku's hair, and scratched her, and screamed in her ears, and at last they picked her up and flew off with her through the window.

No one knew where the little black elves took O-Kaku. After a while they brought her home to her mother and Taro again, but that was after she had learned to be good and kind to every one—even a little sparrow.

*THE LEGEND OF THE WOODPECKER

THERE WAS once a little old woman who lived all alone at the top of a hill. She was the tiniest, neatest little old woman you ever saw, and she always wore a shiny black dress, and a gay little red bonnet on her head, and a big white apron with a floppy white bow tied behind.

But because she lived alone, and thought of no one but herself, this little old woman had grown very selfish. She never invited any one to drink a cup of tea with her, and she never gave presents to anybody.

One day, when the little old woman was baking round cakes with plums in them, a tired, hungry man came up the hill and rapped at her door.

"May I have a cake?" he asked. "I am hungry, and I have no money to pay you, but whatever you wish for, that shall you have."

The little old woman looked at her cakes, and she decided that they were too large and plump to give away. So she broke off a wee little bit of dough, and

*C. S. B. Adapted from Phœbe Cary's poem.

put it in the oven to bake. It puffed and swelled; and when it was done she decided that this cake, also, was too nice and brown for the hungry man. She broke off a tinier bit of dough, and then one smaller still, but each came out of the oven as fat and brown a cake as the first, and she set them all on a high cupboard shelf, because she thought they were too good to be given away. Then, at last, she took a bit of dough as wee as the head of a pin, and put it in the oven to bake, but this, too, came out a fine, large, crisp cake; so the old woman hid it in the cupboard with the others, and brought out a dry crust of bread for the hungry man.

The poor man just looked at the crust, and then he was gone, before you could wink your eye. But the little old woman began to feel sorry to think how unkind and selfish she had been.

"I wish I were a bird!" she said. "Then I could fly to that hungry man with the largest cake on the shelf."

And, all at once, the little old woman began to grow smaller and smaller. Her nose changed to a beak, her arms stretched out until they were wings, and her feet became claws. She was really the bird she had wished to be, and the wind whisked her up the chimney and over the hill to the woods.

If you look, you may see her to-day. She still wears her shiny black dress, her white apron, and the gay little red bonnet upon her head; but all day long she must run up and down the trunks of the trees, pecking her food from the hard bark. Listen, and you will hear her tap, tap, tapping away; the selfish little old woman who was changed to the red-headed woodpecker.

*HOW THE ROBIN'S BREAST BECAME RED

LONG ago, in the far Northland, where it is very cold, there was, once upon a time, a great, blazing fire. All day and all night a hunter and his little boy took care of it and kept it burning brightly. There was no other fire in the whole world, and the squirrels and the rabbits, and the chipmunks crept near to warm their toes before they hurried away for their winter stores, and all the Indians came for coals, that they might cook their food.

But one day the hunter became very ill, and he was obliged to leave his son quite alone tending the fire. For days and days, and nights and nights, the little boy bravely kept it burning, running off to the woods for twigs, and hastening back to toss them upon the blaze. But at last he was too tired to keep his eyes open any longer; so his head began nodding, and he fell fast asleep on the ground.

In the deep woods of the Northland lived a wicked old white bear. With his bright eyes he had been peering out from behind the pine trees, and watching the fire. He hated all warm things, and he wished to put the fire out, but he was afraid of the hunter's sharp-pointed arrows. When the little boy closed his eyes, the bear laughed to himself and began to step softly nearer, and nearer, and nearer the fire.

"Now is my chance!" he said. "We will have no fire in the Northland."

Then he jumped with his big, wet feet upon the logs, and trod on the coals, and tramped back and forth, until he could not see a spark. Then he went

*Adapted from Cook's "Nature Myths."

back to his cave in the woods again, for he thought the fire was quite dead.

But up in a hemlock tree sat the little gray robin who lives in the Northland, and she felt very sorry when she saw what the white bear had done. She fluttered down to the ground, and over to the place where the fire had been, and she found—what do you think?—one tiny spark of flame that was still burning, and one little red coal! Then the gray robin began hopping about, and flapping her little, gray wings, and fanning the tiny spark to make it burn brighter. And the red coal began to crackle, and the flames to burn higher and higher, until they scorched the poor robin's breast; but she never minded at all, she was so happy that the fire was beginning to blaze again.

When it was burning away cheerily once more, as if nothing had happened, the little boy awoke, and the robin flew back to the hemlock tree, but the old white bear just growled and growled, to think that the fire was safe. And the robin, who had always been only a gray color all over, looked down where the flames had burned her breast, and it had turned a beautiful golden red. After that every gray robin had a pretty red breast, too, for the bird who kept the fire was the grandmother of them all.

The people in the Northland love the robin very much indeed, and this is the story they tell of how she came to have her red breast.

*HOW THE APPLE BLOSSOM CAME BACK

ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, there stood in a large orchard a beautiful Apple Tree. All through

the long winter it had held out bare branches. The March sun had whispered to it that spring had come. But the cold March winds were not a bit polite, and would answer: "No, it hasn't."

At last, however, Apple Tree began to feel so nice and warm that she thought the March sun was right, and she began to think about getting a new spring gown. The warm April rains helped her, and her buds opened and grew; first into tiny leaves, and then into larger ones, until Apple Tree was wearing a beautiful green dress. All through April she wore it, and was very happy. Then, as the trees about her put on bright colors, and she saw Peach and Pear Tree in pink and white, something seemed to tell her to try what she could do.

So, with the showers, the gentle winds, and the warm sun as dressmakers, Apple Tree's green dress was soon covered with lovely pink and white flowers. And the air all about seemed as sweet as if she carried a great many handkerchiefs with some lovely perfume on each. The Apple Tree felt very glad and proud, and very much pleased when every one who passed said: "Oh, how lovely!"

But, only a week or two later, a damp wind and cold rain came and beat down on her spring suit, until it was quite spoiled. Then Apple Tree was so sorry that she let her tear-drops fall with the rain. Her kind Mother Nature did not scold her at all, but only said: "Don't cry about the blossoms, dear; some time you will see them again."

So, all summer long, Apple Tree looked and waited, for she knew that Mother Nature always told the truth. Her arms grew full of apples, and sometimes they seemed too heavy to hold any longer. Always,

when she was very tired, came the whisper: "Wait a little while. Your time is coming. You will see your blossoms again."

And, at last, one sunny September day, one yellow apple after another slipped from her hold and lay in the grass beneath. While Apple Tree wondered what would happen, a lady and a little boy came through the orchard and stopped to pick and eat some apples.

"Robert," said the mother, "did you ever see the blossom in the apple?"

"Oh, no, mother. Please show it to me!"

Apple Tree bent her tall head so she could hear and see. Could it be that, now, she would find the blossoms that she had lost last spring? The lady carefully cut an apple all around, half-way between the blossom and the stem. And as she laid the halves before her little boy she pointed to the blossom, which showed plainly in both ends.

And Apple Tree held the rest of the fruit tightly in her arms—sure that in each one of her apples lay a blossom she had loved months before.

*APPLE-SEED JOHN

THERE was once a farmer who had worked in the fields all his life. Every year he had ploughed and planted and harvested, and no one else had raised such fine crops as he. It seemed as if he needed to only touch the corn to have it yellow and ripen upon the ear, or lay his hand upon the rough bark of a tree

*C. S. B. Adapted from the legends associated with John Chapman.

to be sure that the blossoms would show and the branches hang low with fruit.

But, after years and years, the farmer grew to be an old man. His hair and beard became as white as the blossoms on the pear trees, and his back was bent and crooked, because he had worked so hard. He could only sit in the sunshine and watch some one else ploughing and planting where he wanted so much to plough and plant. And he felt very unhappy, because he wished to do something great for other people, and he was not able, for he was poor.

But one morning he got down his stout cane from the chimney corner, and he slung an empty bag over his crooked old shoulders, and he started out into the world, because he had thought of a good deed that even an old man could do.

Over the meadows and through the lanes he traveled, stopping to speak to the little wild mice, or the crickets, or the chipmunks, who knew him—all of them—and were never afraid when he went by. At every farmhouse he rested and rapped at the door and asked for—what do you think?—just a few apples! And the farmers had so many apples that they were glad to give some of them away, and the old man's bag was soon full to the very brim.

On and on he went, until he left the houses far behind, and took his way through the deep woods. At night he slept upon a bed of moss out under the stars, with the prairie dogs barking in his ears, and the owls hooting in the tops of the trees; and in the morning he started on his way again.

When he was hungry he ate of the berries that grew in the woods, but not one of his apples—oh, no! Sometimes an Indian met him, and they walked along

together; and so, at last, the old man came to a place where there were wide fields, but no one to plant them, for there were no farms.

Then he sat down and took out his jack-knife, and began carefully cutting the core from every apple in his bag. With his stout cane he bored deep holes in the earth, and in every hole he dropped an apple core, to sleep there in the rain and the sun. And when his bag was emptied he hurried on to a town where he could ask for more apples.

Soon the farmers came to know him, and they called him old Apple-seed John. They gave him their very best apples for seed—the Pound Sweets, and the Sheep's Noses, and the Pippins, and the Seek-no-Farthers. They saved clippings from the pear trees, and the plum trees, and the peach trees for him; and they gave him the corner of the settle which was nearest the fire when he stopped with them for a night.

Such wonderful stories as he told the children of the things he had seen in his travels—the Indians with their gay blankets and feathers, the wolves who came out of the wood at night to look at him with their glaring eyes, the deer who ran across his path, and the shy little hares. And no one wished Apple-seed John to travel on the next morning, but he would never stay. With his bag over his shoulder, his clippings under his arm, and his trusty cane in his hand, he hurried on to plant young orchards by every river and in every lonely pasture.

And soon the apple seeds that had been asleep when Apple-seed John had dropped them into the earth awoke and arose, and sent out green shoots, and began to be trees. Higher and higher they grew, until, in the wind and the sun, they covered the ground with

blossoms, and then with ripe fruit, so that all the empty places in the country were full of orchards.

After a while old Apple-seed John went to live with the angels, but no one ever forgot him; and the children who knew him, when they had grown to be grandfathers themselves, would sit out under the trees, and say to each other: "This orchard was planted by Apple-seed John."

Up in a green orchard

There is a green tree,

The finest of pippins that ever you see.

The apples are ripe,

And ready to fall,

And Reuben and Robin will gather them all.

*THE OAK TREE AND THE LINDEN

THERE was once a good old couple who lived in a little cottage upon a hilltop. Baucis and Philemon were their names, and, although they were very poor, they tended their bees, and pruned their grape vine, and milked their one cow, and were happy from morning till night. For they loved each other dearly, and they were ready to share whatever they had with any one in need.

At the foot of the hill lay a beautiful village, with pleasant roads, and rich pasture lands all about it; but it was full of wicked, selfish people, who had no love in their hearts, and thought only of themselves.

*C. S. B. Adapted from the Greek myth.

One evening, as Baucis and Philemon sat in their cottage door, they saw two strangers coming slowly up the hill. There was a great noise of shouting, and the barking of dogs from the village, for the people were following the strangers, and jeering at them because they were footsore, and ragged, and weary.

"Let us go to meet them," cried old Baucis, "and ask them to share our supper, and stay with us for the night."

So Baucis and Philemon brought the strangers, who were quite faint for food, to their cottage, and they spread before them all that they had, which was very little—a half a loaf of brown bread, a tiny bit of honey from their own hives, and a pitcher of milk. The pitcher was only partly full, and when Philemon had filled two bowls for the strangers, there was but a drop left.

The strangers ate as if they had never tasted anything as good, although the supper was exceedingly small.

"More of this delicious milk, Philemon!" cried one of the strangers, and, as Philemon took the pitcher to drain the last drop into the bowl, a wonderful fountain of milk burst forth from the bottom of the pitcher, so that the more she poured the more there remained.

And it was so with the loaf, which stayed always the same size, although the two strangers cut slice after slice, praising Philemon for its sweetness and lightness. The honey grew the color of gold, and sweeter each minute; and the single, tiny bunch of grapes grew to a bunch of such size that the strangers were not able to eat it, and the grapes filled all the cottage with their wonderful fragrance.

"These are strange travelers!" whispered the old

couple to each other, "who are able to do such marvelous things."

That night Baucis and Philemon slept upon the floor, that the strangers might have their bed; and in the morning they went to the edge of the hill to see the strangers safely started on their homeward way.

"The villagers are thoughtless and rude," said Baucis. "I hope they may not torment you again, good sirs."

But the strangers smiled, and pointed to the foot of the hill. There was no village there. Where it had stood a blue lake rippled, covering, with its clear waters, the houses and the trees. Baucis and Philemon rubbed their eyes in wonder.

"People with no love in their hearts shall not live upon the earth," said the strangers. "As for you, my good people, we thank you; and whatever you wish for most, that shall be given you."

As they spoke, the strangers vanished from sight, like mist in the morning sky; and Baucis and Philemon turned to see that their tiny cottage had disappeared also, and in its place stood a tall, white marble palace, with a beautiful park all about.

So the old couple went in, and they lived in their palace a great, great while, taking good care of their wonderful pitcher. No one ever passed their door without having a drink from the bubbling fountain of milk, and Baucis and Philemon were so happy doing good deeds for others that they never thought of wishing for anything for themselves.

But, after years and years had passed they grew very old.

"I wish we might never die, but could always stay together!" said Baucis, one day, to Philemon.

The next morning, where the tall marble palace had stood, there was nothing save a few stones with the moss growing over them; Philemon and Baucis were gone; but there, on the hilltop, stood two beautiful trees—an oak tree and a linden—with their branches all twined and twisted together.

"I am old Baucis!" whispered the oak.

"I am Philemon!" sighed the linden—and there they stand to-day, quite close to each other, and always ready to spread their leafy shade over every tired stranger who chances to climb the hill.

*THE LITTLE PINE TREE WHO WISHED FOR NEW LEAVES

OUT in the woods there grew a little pine tree, and its leaves were long, slender, green needles.

But the little tree did not like its needles.

"I wish that I had beautiful leaves," it thought. "I wish that I might have leaves different from any of the other trees. If I could have my wish, I would have leaves all of shining gold."

After a while it came night, and the little tree went to sleep, and the Angel of the trees walked through the woods. In the morning the little tree had leaves of shining gold.

"How very beautiful I am!" it thought. "How my leaves sparkle in the sun! Now I shall always be happy!"

Foolish little pine tree! It was not happy for long. In the night a man came to the woods with a bag.

*Adapted from a German legend.

He picked off all the gold leaves, and took them home with him. Then the poor little tree had no leaves. "What shall I do?" it cried. "I will not wish for gold leaves again."

"How pretty glass leaves would look! They would sparkle in the sun, but the man would not take them. I wish that I could have leaves of glass."

That night the Angel of the trees walked through the woods again. In the morning, when the sun peeped over the hill it looked at the little pine tree. All the other trees looked at it, too.

How beautiful it was! It had glass leaves now, and they sparkled in the bright sunshine. The little tree was happy all the morning. But in the afternoon black clouds hid the sun, and the rain came down. The tree shivered in the wind.

When the shower was over, there were no glass leaves to sparkle in the sunshine. The wind had broken every one, and they lay on the ground under the bare branches.

"I will not wish again to be better than my neighbors," cried the pine tree.

"If I had big green leaves like them I should be happy." Then the tree went to sleep, and once more the Angel of the trees walked through the woods. When it was morning the pine looked just like the other trees, for it had fine, large green leaves.

But the big leaves looked so good and juicy that an old goat came along, and he ate every one for his dinner.

"Alas!" cried the little tree. "A man took my leaves of gold. The wind broke my leaves of glass. A goat ate my large green leaves.

"I wish that I had my long, green needles again!"

The Angel of the trees was listening to all that the little pine tree said. The next day the birds flew to the little tree, and they were happy to see that it was covered again with long needles.

"Now, we may build our nests here," they said.

"Yes," said the tree. "I will hide your nests with my needles, and in the winter I will keep you safe and warm.

"Gold leaves, glass leaves, and large green leaves were very fine; but nothing is so good for a little pine tree as its own long needles."

SUMMER—FLOWERS AND INSECTS

*THE LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS

IN the North Country there once lived an old, old man all alone in his wigwam among the pine trees. His hair and beard were so long and so white that they covered him like a mantle, and he wore a bear-skin to keep him warm. All about his wigwam it was winter. The little brooks were locked fast under their ice, the wind cried in the trees, and not a squirrel or a blue jay was to be seen. The old man crouched over his little bit of a fire and shivered because he was so cold.

But one day there came through the woods a beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were as pink as roses, her eyes were as soft and dark as the skies at twilight, and her hair was as brown as October's nuts. The most beautiful thing of all was this: wherever she stepped on the frozen ground with her white slippers made of lilies, the dew fell and the sweet grasses and ferns grew again.

So she came to the old man's wigwam. Her breath was as sweet as clover, and when she lifted the tent-flap it was not cold any more inside, but warm and fragrant—like a June day.

*C. S. B. Adapted from an Indian legend.

"Who are you, and why do you come?" asked the old man. "I have breathed on the woods, and it is winter."

"When I breathe," said the maiden, softly, "the violet and the wind-flower blossom."

"I shake my locks," said the old man, "and snow covers all the earth."

"I toss my curls," said the maiden, "and the warm rain falls."

"When I walk through the trees, the leaves fall, the squirrels and the beavers hide, and the blue jay and the wild geese fly south."

"When I come," said the maiden, "the branches break into leaves, the brooks sing, and the birds fly back again."

And, as the maiden spoke, the air in the wigwam grew warmer and warmer, and the old man lay down upon the ground, for his eyes were heavy with sleep. The maiden knelt down beside him and just rested her warm fingers on his forehead. And where the old man had lain there was, all at once, only a mass of green leaves with soft moss growing all about.

"I am stronger than the winter," said the maiden.

Then she took from her dress the loveliest pink and white flowers, and she hid them under the green leaves.

"I will give you my most precious flowers," she said, "and my sweetest breath, but whoever picks you, Arbutus, must kneel, as I do."

Then the maiden floated away over the woods, the hills, and the plains, and wherever she went the flowers sprang up, and summer came upon the earth.



"She took from her dress the loveliest pink and white flowers."

*THE DAISY

OUT in the country, close by the road, there was a little garden with flowers and a fence about it. Quite near it, by a ditch, in some beautiful green grass, grew a little Daisy. The sun shone as brightly on the Daisy as on the fine flowers in the garden, and so it grew from hour to hour. One day it stood in full bloom, a little yellow sun in the center, with white leaves like rays spreading all around it. It never minded that no one noticed it down in the grass. It was very merry, and looked up at the warm sun, and listened to the Lark that sang up in the sky.

"I can see and hear it," it thought. "The sun shines on me, and the wind kisses me. How much I have had given me!"

Within the garden grew many proud flowers. The less scent they had the more they strutted. The peonies blew themselves out to be greater than the rose, but it is not size which makes one great. The tulips had the gayest colors and they knew it very well. They never noticed the little Daisy outside, but she looked at them, and thought:

"How beautiful they look! Yes, the Lark flies across and visits them."

And just as it thought that—"keevit"—down flew the Lark, but not to the roses, and peonies, and tulips; oh, no; down in the grass to the lowly Daisy, which started so with joy that it did not know what to think.

The little bird hopped about and sang:

"Oh, what a sweet flower, with a gold heart and a silver dress!"

*C. S. B. Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

For the yellow point in the Daisy looked like gold, and the little leaves around it shone silvery white. Such a happy little Daisy! The Lark kissed it, and sang to it, and then flew away again.

The next morning, when the Daisy stretched her little arms up to the air and the light, she heard the Lark singing, but it was a sad song. Yes, the poor Lark had good reason to be sad: he had been caught, and he sat in a cage by an open window. He sang of free and happy roaming, the young corn in the green fields, and the journey he would like to make high up in the air; but there he sat, shut up in a cage.

The little Daisy wanted very much to help him. She quite forgot everything else. She could think only of the poor Lark that was shut up, and how she was not able to do anything for him. Just then two little boys came out to the garden. One of them had a knife in his hand. They went straight up to the little Daisy, who could not, at all, make out what they wanted.

"Here, we may cut a fine piece of turf for the Lark," said one of the boys, and he started cutting off a square patch about the Daisy, so that the flower remained standing on its piece of turf.

"Tear off the Daisy," cried one of the boys.

"No; let it stay," said the other. "It looks so nice." So it was left, and was put into the cage with the Lark.

The poor bird was beating its wings against the wires of its cage. "There is no water here," he cried.

The little Daisy could not speak, but she lifted her head as high as she could and remembered the dew she had gathered early in the morning. Then the Lark thrust his beak into the cool turf, and it refreshed him, and he drank the dew that lay at the

roots of the flower. His eyes fell upon the little Daisy and he nodded to it, and began to sing a happy song again.

"They have given you to me," he said, "with the little patch of earth on which you grew. Every little blade of grass shall be a great tree for me, and every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower."

So the little Daisy lifted her face higher and higher, and was very happy; for was she not comforting the Lark?

*THE LEGEND OF THE DANDELION

THE Angel of the flowers came down to earth once—long, long ago—and she wandered here and there, in field, and forest, and garden, to find the flower she loved the most. As she hurried on her search, she came upon a gay tulip, all orange and red, standing stiff and proud in a garden, and the Angel said to the tulip: "Where should you like most of all to live?"

"I should like to live on a castle lawn in the velvety grass," said the tulip, "where my colors would show against the gray castle walls. I should like to have the princess touch me, and tell me how beautiful I am."

But the Angel turned away with sad eyes from the proud tulip, and spoke to the rose.

"Where should you like most to stay?" she asked the rose.

"I should like to climb the castle walls," said the rose, "for I am fragile, and delicate, and not able to climb of myself. I need help and shelter."

The Angel of the flowers turned sadly away from

*C. S. B. Adapted from an old legend.

the rose, and hurried on until she came to the violet growing in the forest, and she said to the violet: "Where should you like most of all to live?"

"Here, in the woods, where I am hidden from every one," said the violet. "The brook cools my feet, and the trees keep the warm sun from spoiling my beautiful color." But the Angel turned away from the violet and went on until she came to the sturdy, yellow dandelion growing in the meadow grass.

"And where should you like most of all to live?" asked the Angel of the dandelion.

"Oh," cried the dandelion, "I want to live wherever the happy children may find me when they run by to school, or romp and play in the fields. I want to live by the roadside, and in the meadows, and push up between the stones in the city yards, and make every one glad because of my bright color."

"You are the flower I love the most," said the Angel of the flowers, as she laid her hand upon the dandelion's curly, yellow head. "You shall blossom everywhere from spring till fall, and be the children's flower."

That is why the dandelion comes so early and pushes her head up everywhere—by hedge, and field, and hut, and wall; and has such a long, sweet life.

*THE DANDELION

ONCE upon a time, in a tiny green camp by the roadside, lived a soldier all alone. He had traveled a long way, from a dark underground country, bent on see-

*"The Presbyterian."

ing the world. The first thing he saw was a broad field full of waving banners; and he thought: "What a beautiful place I have come to!" and he pitched his tent among the green grasses.

The rain drop elves saw how tired and dirty he was from his long journey northward, and they soothed him with stories, and refreshed him with a shower bath. Through the clouds came the sunbeam fairies, bringing him a handsome uniform of green and gold and a quiver of golden arrows. Then the soldier was very happy and smiled at the passers-by, cheering everybody with his sunny face.

By and by spring went away over the hilltops. The birds finished building their nests, and the butterflies and grasshoppers came to herald the summer. Then the soldier began to feel tired, and he knew that he was growing old. His gay uniform had faded, and his golden arrows had changed to silver, and the wind fairies shot them far away. So the soldier crept down among the green grasses, and his little camp was left empty.

But everywhere his arrows fell there blossomed bright, golden flowers, and the children called them "dandelions."

*THE STORY OF CLYTIE

ONCE, long ago, there was a little girl named Clytie who lived near a great, beautiful garden. Clytie had long, golden hair and brown eyes, and she was very sweet to look at; but, ah! she did not do always as her mother wished to have her.

*C. S. B. Adapted from a Greek myth.

One morning when Clytie was in the garden watching her pigeons fly high up to the sky, she caught a glimpse of the wonderful Apollo who rides in the chariot of the sun and drives his fiery steeds around the circle of the heavens. Apollo's crown was bright and shining, and his chariot wheels sparkled with darting sunbeams. Clytie stood and watched, and watched, and she did not heed when her mother called: "Clytie, Clytie, come in to your tasks!"

The next day, and the next, Clytie went out into the garden to watch for the chariot of the sun, and all the long morning she stood looking up at the sky, hoping that the great Apollo would see her.

"He is so beautiful," she cried, "I cannot stop to do my tasks. I must watch him."

One morning Apollo saw Clytie. He was busy always about his own work, and he thought every one else should be busy, too, but he heard the little girl's mother calling: "Clytie, Clytie, come in and do your sewing!" And he saw the idle little Clytie standing in the garden.

"An earth-child should obey her mother," thought the great Apollo. He drew rein for a moment and looked down from the clouds straight into Clytie's face. Then a strange thing happened. Clytie's eyes grew darker and larger and larger, until she seemed to have one great eye which covered her whole face. Her yellow curls became quite straight, and they stood out about her head like a crown. Her green dress changed to stiff, round leaves growing up and down a stalk, and her little toes began to sink down into the ground, where they clung like roots.

Clytie was not a little girl any longer. She had been changed to the first sunflower. And that is why—all

the summer long—the sunflower stands so straight and stiff in the garden, looking up at the sunshine with its big, brown eye.

*THE GOLDENROD AND ASTER

THERE were once two little girls who lived at the foot of a great hill; and one had such long, yellow hair that she was called Golden Hair, and the other had eyes as deep and blue as the sky, so every one called her Blue Eyes. And up at the top of the hill lived a wise old woman who could turn people into anything she wished.

It was a long way to the top of the hill, and the old woman was so dark and stern to look at that not every one cared to climb the path to the top; but one day the little girls began to wish that they might do something to make other people happy.

“Let us climb the hill,” they cried, “and ask the old woman to tell us what we may do.”

So Golden Hair took Blue Eyes’ hand, and they started up the mountain side. It was a warm day, and they were obliged to stop many times to rest under the great oak trees which grew on either side of the path. They made baskets of leaves and filled them with berries as a gift for the old woman. They chased the squirrels and watched the gay little fishes darting about in the brook. On and on they walked in the rocky path, until the sun went down and the birds forgot to sing and the squirrels went to bed. Before long the stars peeped out and the moon shone down

*Adapted from Cook’s “Nature Myths.”

on them, and they were a long way from home—but they kept on climbing and climbing.

At last they came to the top of the hill, and there, at her gate, stood the old woman looking so stern that the two little girls were frightened, but Golden Hair said, bravely: "We came to ask you what we might do to make every one happy." And Blue Eyes said: "We want to stay together, please."

Then the old woman opened her gate wide for the two little girls to go inside, and she smiled a queer smile, as if she were thinking of magic things; and no one ever saw Golden Hair or Blue Eyes again. But in the morning the green grass on the hillside was full of waving, yellow goldenrod, and close by it grew nodding purple aster.

They say the old woman of the hill walks through the grass every moonlight night touching the goldenrod and aster—and she could tell, if she would, how it was she changed Golden Hair and Blue Eyes into flowers.

*THE LITTLE BROWN BOWL

ONCE there was a little brown bowl that stayed always in a great closet among other bowls.

There were big bowls and little bowls, bowls with beautiful gold bands, and bowls over whose sides clambered rosebuds so beautifully painted that they looked as if they were growing. There was a bowl that wore violets all around its brim—like a little girl wearing violets on her hat. And there was one broad,

*Phila Butler Bowman, in "The Churchman." Copyright, 1904, by The Churchman Company, and republished by permission of The Churchman Company.

shallow bowl tinted with such colors as are in the sky when the sun is going down, and on this bowl was the prettiest little shepherdess! She wore a broad hat and a blue dress, and her blue eyes always smiled.

So they were all beautiful bowls except the little brown bowl, which could never be anything but a plain, thick little brown bowl without even a daisy to wear. She was so shy among the others that she did not often speak, but one day, when the maid who took care of the china set a pretty little pitcher so close to her that it touched, she gathered courage to ask why the shepherdess always smiled, and why all the other bowls were taken out of the closet at times and then brought back again, but she was always left.

The little pitcher told the little brown bowl that the shepherdess smiled because she was happy; for every morning she was carried to the sunny breakfast-room where Clarita ate her bread and milk from the shepherdess bowl.

Then the little brown bowl grew bolder, and said, so loudly that everybody heard: "And why don't they come and get me sometimes, as they get the shepherdess bowl, and the violet bowl, and all the rest?"

And the little pitcher answered—for the little pitcher was always kind—"They have not needed you yet. Perhaps, some day, you may be needed. Then the maid will come and get you."

"And shall I see Clarita, then?" cried the little brown bowl, in great happiness. But before the little pitcher could answer, such a laugh arose from the mouths of all the other bowls that they rattled on the closet shelves and the maid cried: "How the wind blows!"

"Ah!" cried the rosebud bowl, "you will always stay

on the closet shelf! You are too ugly ever to be needed. Do you see the rosebuds on my sides? Clarita loves them. Once I sat for an hour on a little table and held bonbons for her."

"And I," cried the gold-banded bowl, "have been near her at dinner and held water where she dipped her rosy fingers." And the gold-banded bowl laughed scornfully. "She loves the beautiful things; she would never look at you."

"No, indeed," said the violet bowl. "I wonder that you were ever put here. Once, long ago, for an hour I was carried up to Clarita's own room and held violets for her."

"Yes, and you were upset," said the tall vase, "which shows that you were never meant to hold flowers."

But the little brown bowl sat quite still and very sad. She knew, at last, why for so long she had been kept in the closet—never taken out, and never needed. If only she, too, could have been beautiful! And she wished she might go away and never come back, since she could never be loved and never be of any use.

She must have wished it aloud, for the shepherdess bowl, to whom all the others listened, spoke to her quite gently: "Do not grieve, little brown bowl. Clarita loves beautiful things, but she loves useful things, too, and if she ever sees you she will love you. Only be patient and wait."

So the days came and went. Each morning the shepherdess bowl went away and came back looking brighter than before, and one by one the violet bowl and the rosebud bowl and the gold-banded bowl were taken out, and brought back—I am sorry to say—haughty and vain, and saying unkind things to the little brown bowl.

One morning the maid came in and hastily set the little pitcher down. And the little pitcher, who always heard what was going on, was quite breathless with eagerness.

It was Clarita's birthday, she said, and Clarita was six years old, and six beautiful hyacinths were lying by her place at the table; and Clarita, as soon as she saw them, would surely be looking for something to put them in.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the shepherdess bowl. "Perhaps if I were not so shallow she might take me. Think of the joy of holding Clarita's birthday flowers!"

"Are the hyacinths purple?" asked the violet bowl. "Indeed, with my lovely shape and color, I stand a good chance of being chosen."

"You, indeed!" cried the tall vase. "None of you is fit to hold flowers. One would as soon expect Clarita to choose that ugly, silent little brown bowl in the corner!"

But no one answered, for just then the door swung open and the little brown bowl saw a little girl with sunny hair, lovelier than she had dreamed. Her lips wore a smile happier than that of the shepherdess and her eyes were deep—like pools of quiet water.

She held her flowers lovingly and looked eagerly among the bowls, seeking something, touched the rosebud bowl, and then—the little brown bowl fairly trembled with joy, for Clarita was looking straight at her and saying: "Oh, here is the dearest little brown bowl, mamma, just right for my flowers. It is so deep, and so strong, and too heavy to upset. Why did I never find you before, little brown bowl? You shall hold flowers for me all summer!"

Long days afterward the little brown bowl, filled as

she always was now with flowers, stood on Clarita's breakfast-table, close to the shepherdess bowl.

"Dear shepherdess bowl," she whispered, "I love you, because you were kind to me when I thought no one wanted me."

And the shepherdess bowl whispered back softly: "Did I not tell you that it was better to be able to hold beautiful things than to be beautiful outside?"

And the shepherdess smiled more brightly than ever.

*THE STORY OF ARACHNE

THERE was once a beautiful little earth-child named Arachne, who was a wonderful weaver of tapestry. She lived with her father in a far-away forest and she set her loom out under the trees, that she might match the colors of the birds, the flowers and the sky.

As her fingers flew in and out among the bright threads, the fairies left their play under the trees to watch her. The cloth grew wide and long, and Arachne wove such beautiful pictures upon it that one could almost hear the rustling of the trees and smell the gay flowers.

"The goddess Minerva, the mother of all the weavers, must help her," cried all who watched Arachne; but Arachne was a proud child. She tossed her head. "No one helps me," she cried, "and no one can weave as well as I," she said scornfully.

One day an old woman in a long, dark cloak came through the forest and stopped by Arachne's loom.

*C. S. B. Adapted from the Greek myth.

"It is wonderful tapestry," she said, "but you must not expect to excel the gods, my child."

Proud Arachne laughed scornfully.

"If the goddess Minerva herself were here," she said, "I would show her that my work is the better."

In a second, the long, dark cloak fell from the old woman's shoulders, and there stood the beautiful goddess Minerva!

"We shall see," she said.

So Arachne and the goddess Minerva began weaving. Minerva wove the picture of a wonderful palace where every one was doing a kind deed for some one else, but through Arachne's cloth there ran a thread of pride and selfishness that tangled and knotted until it quite spoiled the picture.

Then Arachne threw herself upon her loom and hid her face in the cloth, and tried to choke herself with the threads because she was angry to see that any one could weave better than she. But the goddess Minerva touched her upon her forehead, and Arachne began to shrivel, and twist about the threads in her loom, until she changed to a spider—the mother of all the spiders, who must spin and spin from morning till night! And that is how the spider came to weave such a wonderful web.

*THE CRICKET AND THE POET

THERE was, once upon a time, a poet who was able to sing most wonderful songs and play most wonderful music upon his lyre. It seemed as if there were

*C. S. B. Adapted from the Epilogue to the "Two Poets of Croisic," by Robert Browning. By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

none other, in the whole land, able to make such sweet sounds. So, one day, the wisest judges met and sent for the poet to bring his lyre and sing and play before them, that they might know for themselves if he deserved a prize.

It was out of doors, near the fields and meadows, where he was to play for them, and there were a great many judges there to listen:

“Judges able, I should mention,
To detect the slightest sound
Sung, or played amiss: such ears
Had old judges, it appears!”

But the poet sang out boldly and played in time and tune. It seemed as if one were listening to the sound of bird-songs, and the wind in the trees, and the rippling of brooks, and the slow flowing of rivers. The judges shook their gray heads and leaned closer to listen, but they could hear no discords. They were ready to smile and say: “In vain one tries picking flaws out; take the prize!”

But, who would have guessed such ill-luck was in store? There were seven strings upon the lyre which the poet touched so gently to make his wonderful music, and, all at once, “one of those same seven strings snapped!”

“All was lost then! No! a cricket—
Some mad thing that left its thicket
For mere love of music—flew,
With its little heart on fire,
Lighted on the crippled lyre.”

And when the poet felt for the poor broken string and tried to play the note he wished, and could not—

“What does cricket else, but fling
Fiery heart forth, sound the note
Wanted by the throbbing throat?”

So the little cricket chirped on and on, to the very ending. And the music was more wonderful than any the poet had ever played or sung before. The cricket could sing of the wild, out-of-door things in the fields and the meadows; she knew the sound of the rain-drops pattering on the grass; the trill of the locust; she could chirp a little dance tune which made the jerboa come out of his hole to listen. All these things did the music tell, and more; and the cricket, “with her chirrup, low and sweet, saved the poet from defeat.”

“The prize shall be yours,” cried all the judges when the poet ceased his playing. “We thought your lyre was a harp.”

The cricket leaped down again to the bushes, and the judges’ eyes were too old for them to see, and their ears had been, after all, too dull for them to know how a little cricket had helped the poet. But the poet did not forget.

“Some record there must be,” he said, “of this cricket’s help to me.”

So he carved from beautiful white marble a statue of a poet standing as he had stood before the judges, and it was as large and as tall as a man. In its hand there was a lyre with one broken string, and upon the string perched the little cricket, “his partner in the prize.”

“Nevermore apart you found
Her he throned, from him she crowned.”

*CUPID AND PSYCHE

THERE was once a beautiful little earth-child named Psyche, and she was very lonely because she had no one to play with. The goddess Venus, who lived high above the clouds on the mountain called Olympus, saw Psyche, and she sent her own little son, Cupid, down to earth to play with Psyche. So Cupid and Psyche played together in the woods, and for a while they were as happy as the day was long. Psyche knew how to make beautiful wreaths of flowers, and Cupid had wings and could fly away to find the prettiest blossoms to bring back to Psyche. Cupid had a bow and arrows, too, and Psyche loved to watch him shoot high up in the air.

But one day, when they were playing hide and catch, Psyche hid herself where Cupid could not find her. Cupid was sure that he had lost his little playmate. He began to cry, and then naughty Psyche laughed at him.

When Venus saw what Psyche had done, she was very angry. She came down from the clouds and she took Psyche away from the earth, and up, up to the shining palace of the gods, high upon Mount Olympus.

"Wicked Psyche," she said, "to frighten my little son!"

Then she led Psyche away from the palace to the granary of the gods and she showed her a great pile of grain heaped in the middle of the granary floor. It reached nearly to the ceiling, and it was made up of all kinds of grain—wheat, and oats, and barley, and rye—all mixed together.

*C. S. B. Adapted from the Greek myth.

"You must sort all this pile of grain before you can see Cupid again," said Venus.

Poor little Psyche! Her fingers flew, but the pile grew no smaller. The sun began to lower, and still the grain nearly reached the ceiling. Psyche covered her face with her hands and began to cry, but just then something very strange happened. Through the granary door came hurrying a long procession of ants; the large black ants, the small red ants, the winged ants, and the white ants—all come to help poor Psyche.

Straight over to the pile of grain they went, and they began sorting it all out into smaller piles. The black ants took the wheat, the red ants took the oats, the winged ants took the barley, and the white ants took the rye. Psyche wiped her eyes and began sorting, too, and before sunset the grain was all sorted.

As the last kernel was put on the last pile, and the long procession of ants was going home again, Psyche heard a flutter and whirr of wings. In through the granary window flew Cupid, and he put his arms about Psyche, and he kissed her. Then he took from under his quiver of arrows a pair of the most beautiful, velvet butterfly wings and he fastened them to Psyche's shoulders.

Out of the window, and down through the air to the earth again flew Cupid and Psyche—two happy playmates once more. If you watch, you may see them some sunny day—two butterflies—flitting from flower to flower, sipping honey and playing together as happy as the day is long.

*THE BABY QUEEN

SHE was born, once on a time, in a palace swarming with busy folks—or, anyway, some of them were busy; though, I am sorry to say, a few were very lazy indeed and made the others do all the work.

She was such a queer little baby, lying very still in her little white dress! Her mother was altogether too busy to take care of her and the other babies, for, you see, the baby had a great many sisters and brothers.

If it hadn't been for their many kind nurses, I am afraid they would never have grown up at all. But the nurses watched over them very tenderly and carefully, and fed them on bread and milk all day long.

They never had to wait for something to eat. Their nurses fed them between meals, and at all times, so they grew ever so much faster than real babies do. Why, some of them doubled in size in only half a day! So, you see, their bread and milk agreed with them wonderfully.

I think the nurses must have loved this one special baby I am telling you about more than all the rest. Anyway, they soon began to give her better food than they gave the other babies. She had beautiful, rich "royal jelly" to eat, while the others had only coarse yellow "bread" mixed with a drop of honey.

After all, the queerest thing about this queer little queen was that the thing which made her a queen was the food she ate. It wasn't because she was first heir to the throne, but just and solely because she had "royal jelly" for dinner and the other babies didn't!

Who ever heard of any other queen who owed her crown to her dinner?

She had a tiny room all to herself—so did most of the babies, for that matter. It was a cozy little room with six walls, and the door was always open till the baby queen was about nine days old. Then the nurses shut the door tight and locked it, after they had given her a good big meal of “royal jelly.”

For twelve long days the baby lived all alone in her little, locked-up room. Nobody came to see her, or took any notice of her.

At first she seemed to enjoy being alone, and never thought of wondering why her nurses didn't bring her any dinner or supper. She was very busy growing and putting on a suit of beautiful new clothes. As the door was kept locked so tightly, nobody could look in to see how the new suit was made, or how the wee baby put it on all by herself.

By and by, when the dress was all donned, the royal baby—though she wasn't much of a baby then—concluded she did not care to live alone any longer, and, besides, she was very hungry.

So she began to turn slowly round and round, and cut a small round hole in her door with her strong little “teeth”—for she had cut all her teeth by that time. When the circle was nearly completed—pop!—the bit of a round door flew open like a lid to a coffee-pot! The little queen poked out her head and looked at things with a good deal of wonder.

What do you suppose she thought of it all—the long rows of six-walled rooms, the crowds of busy workers bustling about bringing in new supplies of food and piling them into the rooms, and the lazy loungers, here and there, doing nothing at all?

It must have surprised her, but she was too dignified to let any one know. Indeed, she was a very quiet little lady, and called out only something that sounded like "zeep, zeep, zeep" once in a while.

She popped her head down again and went back to her own little room to rest and think about it all, maybe. After that she peeped out of the door several times and finally boldly walked out. She was too hungry, just then, to wait for ceremony, so she walked about among the little food rooms helping herself.

Nobody objected at all. They all knew that she was a young queen, and a queen may do what she wishes. From that time she was perfectly at home in the busy palace, and began her ruling with quiet dignity.

Haven't you guessed who the little queen was? Why, she is alive this minute, and lives in our backyard! Put on your hat, dear, and we'll go out to the beehive, and I'll introduce you to her Majesty!

*MOTHER SPIDER

It was a beautiful day in midsummer. The meadow was alive with busy little people astir in the bright sunlight. A long line of ants came crawling down the path, carrying provisions to their home under the elm tree; and an old toad came hopping down through the grass, blinking in the warm sun. Just a little higher up the bees were droning drowsily as they flew from flower to flower; and above them all, seeming almost in the blue sky, a robin was calling to his mate.

Pretty soon Mrs. Spider came down the path. She seemed to be in a great hurry. She looked neither to

*Frances Bliss Gillespy, in "Kindergarten Review."

the right nor to the left, but kept straight ahead, holding tightly to a little, white bag which she carried in her mouth. She was just rushing past Mr. Toad when a big, black beetle came bumping by, stumbled against Mrs. Spider and knocked the bag out of her mouth.

In an instant Mrs. Spider pounced down upon him, and, though he was so much bigger than she, he tumbled over on his back. While he was trying to kick himself right side up once more, Mrs. Spider made a quick little dash, took up her bag, and scuttled off through the grass.

"Well, I never!" said Grasshopper Green, who was playing see-saw on a blade of grass.

"No, nor I," grumbled Mr. Beetle, as he wriggled back to his feet. "I didn't want her bag. She needn't have made such a fuss."

"She must have had something very fine in that bag," said Grasshopper Green, "for she was so frightened when she dropped it. I wonder what it was"—and he balanced himself on his grass blade until a stray breeze blew him off, and then he straightway forgot about Mrs. Spider altogether.

Two weeks after this, Grasshopper Green started out for a little exercise before breakfast. Just as he reached the edge of the brook, he saw Mrs. Spider coming toward him. She was moving quite slowly, and no longer carried the little, white bag. As she came nearer, he could see that she had something on her back.

"Good morning, neighbor," called Grasshopper Green; "can I help you carry your things?"

"Thank you," she said, "but they wouldn't stay with you, even if they could stay on when you give such great jumps."

"They!" said Grasshopper Green. And then, as he came nearer, he saw that the things on Mrs. Spider's back were wee, little baby spiders.

"Aren't they pretty children?" she asked, proudly. "I was so afraid that something would happen to my eggs that I never let go of the bag once, except when that stupid Mr. Beetle knocked it out of my mouth."

"O-ho," said Grasshopper Green, "so that was what frightened you so! Your bag was full of eggs! And, now, you are going to carry all those children on your back? Doesn't it tire you dreadfully?"

"I don't mind that a bit," said Mrs. Spider, "if only the children are well and safe. In a little while, you know, they will be able to run about by themselves, and then we shall be so happy here in the meadow grass. Oh, it's well worth the trouble, neighbor Grasshopper."

"Yes," said Grasshopper Green, "I have a dozen wee boys of my own at home; and that reminds me that it is time to go home to breakfast! Good-bye, neighbor. I hope the children will soon be running about with you. You certainly are taking good care of them. Good-bye."

Then home he went; and proud, happy Mother Spider kept on her way to hunt for a breakfast for the babies she loved so well.

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey,
When along came a spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

*THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD NOT WORK

THERE was once a little girl who loved to play all day out of doors among the flowers and the bees.

Her mother thought she would grow to be an idle little girl if she played so much. "You are old enough to do some work, little daughter," she said. "Even when you are a tiny girl you can learn to be busy."

But the little girl said: "Oh, mother, I do not like to work. Please let me go to the woods and play just a little while before I do my tasks."

So her mother said she might play, but only for a little while.

The child ran out of the house, and across the garden, and down to the woods as fast as her feet could carry her. As she hurried on, a Red Squirrel jumped across her path and the little girl said to him: "Red Squirrel, you don't have to work, do you? You may just play, and eat nuts from morning till night. Isn't that all?"

"Not work!" chattered the Red Squirrel. "Why, I am working now, and I worked all day yesterday, and all of the day before. I have a family living in the old oak tree, and I must store away nuts for the winter. I have no time to stop and play."

Just then a Bee came buzzing by and the little girl said: "Little Bee, do you have any work to do?"

"Work!" buzzed the Bee. "Why, I am always working, gathering sweets and making the honeycomb for you. I have no time for play."

The little girl walked along very slowly, for she was thinking, and she saw an Ant, down in the path, carrying a very large crumb of bread.

*Anonymous.

"That crumb of bread is too heavy for you, Ant," said the little girl. "Drop it, and come and play with me!"

"I don't care how heavy it is," said the Ant. "I was so glad to find it that I am willing to carry it. Oh, no, I couldn't stop to play. Once some one stepped upon our house and crushed it. We Ants thought we would go and hunt for a ready-made house, but we traveled a very long way, and we were not able to find a house ready made, and we were obliged to come home and build. Oh, we have no time to play," said the Ant, as he started on with his crumb of bread.

So the little girl sat down upon a stone, that she might think better, and she said to herself: "The creatures all have their tasks to do, but I don't believe the flowers work. Do you work, Pink Clover?" she asked of a little flower growing at her feet.

"Oh, yes, I am very busy," said the Pink Clover. "I gather the sunbeams every morning and keep them shut in my petals quite carefully all day long. I drink up all the moisture I can find with my roots, and I grow, and grow, to get ready for the seed time. The flowers must all work," said the Pink Clover.

Then the little girl decided to go home to her mother, and she said: "Mother, the Squirrels and the Bees and the Ants and the Flowers all work. I am the only idle one. I want some work to do."

So her mother brought out a little apron which the child had begun to hem so long ago that she had forgotten all about it; and the little girl worked so faithfully and well that she was not idle any more, but very industrious.

HOLIDAY STORIES



THANKSGIVING

*THE STORY OF RUTH AND NAOMI

Now it came to pass, many hundreds of years ago, that there was a good woman named Naomi who lived in the land of the Moabites. She had once been very rich and happy, but now her husband was dead and her two sons also, and she had left only Orpah and Ruth, the wives of her sons. There was a famine in the land. Naomi could find no grain in the fields to beat into flour. She and Orpah and Ruth were lonely and sad and very hungry.

But Naomi heard there was a land where the Lord had visited His people and given them bread; so she went forth from the place where she was, and her two daughters with her, to the land called Judah. It was a long, hard way to go. There were rough roads to travel and steep hills to climb. Their feet grew so weary they could scarcely walk, and at last Naomi said:

“Go, return each to your father’s house. The Lord deal kindly with you as you have dealt with me. The Lord grant you that you may find rest.”

Then she kissed them, and Orpah kissed her and left her, but Ruth would not leave Naomi. And Naomi said to Ruth:

*Bible.

"Behold, thy sister is gone back unto her own people; return thou!"

But Ruth clung to Naomi more closely, as she said:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou lodgest, there will I lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

When Naomi saw that Ruth loved her so much, she forgot how tired and hungry she was, and the two journeyed on together until they came to Bethlehem in Judah in the beginning of the barley harvest. There was no famine in Bethlehem. The fields were full of waving grain, and busy servants were reaping it, and gathering it up to bind into sheaves. Above all were the fields of the rich man, Boaz, shining with barley and corn.

Naomi and Ruth came to the edge of the fields and watched the busy reapers. They saw that after each sheaf was bound, and each pile of corn was stacked, a little grain fell, unnoticed, to the ground. Ruth said to Naomi: "Let me go to the field and glean the ears of corn after them." And Naomi said to her: "Go, my daughter." And she went, and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers.

And Boaz came from Bethlehem, and said to his reapers: "Whose damsel is this?" for he saw how very beautiful Ruth was, and how busily she was gleaning. The reapers said: "It is the damsel that came back with Naomi out of the land of the Moabites."

And Ruth ran up to Boaz, crying: "I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves."

And Boaz, who was good and kind, said to Ruth:

"Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in any other field, but abide here."

Then Ruth bowed herself to the ground, and said: "Why have I found such favor in thine eyes, seeing I am a stranger?"

And Boaz answered her: "It hath been showed me all that thou hast done to thy mother."

So, all day, Ruth gleaned in Boaz's fields. At noon she ate bread and parched corn with the others. Boaz commanded his reapers to let fall large handfuls of grain, as they worked, for Ruth to gather, and at night she took it all home to Naomi.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" asked Naomi, when she saw the food that Ruth had brought to her.

"The man's name with whom I wrought to-day is Boaz," said Ruth. And Naomi said: "Blessed be he of the Lord—the man is near of kin unto us."

So Ruth gleaned daily, and at the end of the barley harvest the good man Boaz took Ruth and Naomi to live with him in his own house forever.

*THE STORY OF THE FIRST CORN

THERE was once, in the land of the Indians, a brave young warrior named Hiawatha. In all the tribe there was no one able to run as fast as he, or shoot as far. No one else could build so strong a canoe. No one understood as well as he the songs which the wind sang and the calls of the birds. The beasts of the forest were all his little brothers, and he could tell

*C. S. B. Adapted by special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., from Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

how the beavers built their lodges, and where the squirrels hid their acorns, how the reindeer ran so swiftly, and why the rabbit was so timid. Yet Hiawatha was not selfish and proud because of all his knowledge; and he wished, always, that good should come, not to himself, but to all the tribe.

So Hiawatha, when it was the pleasant springtime, left his people and went far away to the forest, that he might be alone and ask of the Great Spirit a good gift for his people. He built a wigwam by the shining sea, and he ate no food for seven days, but fasted and prayed.

He wandered through the leafy woods and watched all the shy creatures which live there—the deer that jumped from the thicket, the rabbit in his burrow, the squirrel rattling his hoard of acorns, the pigeon building her nest among the pine trees, and the wild geese flocking northward. But still Hiawatha found no gift great enough for his people.

He went down through the meadow and saw the wild rice, the blueberry, the strawberry, and the gooseberry growing, and the grape vine which trailed over the elder bushes and filled all the air with its fragrance.

He watched the river where the sturgeon leaped, scattering the drops of water like beads of wampum; the yellow perch swam about like a sunbeam in the water, and the herring and crawfish leaped past. But the Indians had found all these treasures of the forest. In the winter the water would be covered with ice, and the meadows would yield no berries. The rabbit would sleep in his burrow. It was a new gift which Hiawatha wished to find.

So Hiawatha lay in his wigwam, upon his couch of

leaves and branches, quite exhausted because he had eaten no food; yet still he prayed the Great Spirit to send a good gift to the Indians.

One evening as he watched the shining water and the setting sun, he saw a stranger coming through the woods. He was dressed in garments of green and yellow, and his hair was soft and golden. There were nodding green plumes upon his head, which bent down over his forehead, and he seemed to be walking straight from the sunset through the purple twilight to Hiawatha's wigwam. He came nearer, until he stood in the open doorway and looked with pity upon Hiawatha—so worn with fasting. In a voice as soft as the sighing of the south wind in the tree-tops, the stranger said:

"Your prayers are heard in heaven, O, my Hiawatha. You have not asked for greater skill in hunting, or greater craft in fishing, nor for triumph in the battle, but for a good gift for the tribe. I am your friend, Mondamin. Rise and wrestle with me, Hiawatha!"

So Hiawatha, very faint with fasting, came from his wigwam and wrestled with Mondamin until the darkness settled down upon the forest and he heard the heron crying her night song from her nest in the spruce tree. And as Hiawatha struggled, he grew each minute stronger.

"It is enough," cried Mondamin, "but to-morrow, at the sunset, I will come again to try you." And he slipped away as softly as the rain sinks into the earth or the mists rise from the water.

On the next day, and the next, Mondamin came, and Hiawatha wrestled bravely with him. And again, upon the sixth day, Mondamin came, standing tall and

beautiful in his green and yellow garments, with the nodding green plumes upon his head, and he said:

"You have wrestled bravely, Hiawatha! To-morrow you shall conquer me, and your fasting and struggle will be done. Make a bed for me in the earth, where I may lie and feel the sun and the rains upon my head. Strip these garments, green and yellow, and these nodding plumes from me. Let no one disturb my slumber; no weed, or worm, or raven come near me. Only come yourself, Hiawatha, and watch me until I wake and leap into the sunshine."

So the seventh day Mondamin came and stood in the door of the wigwam and beckoned; and Hiawatha wrestled more nobly than before until he stood alone on the green sward and Mondamin, with torn garments and tattered plumage, lay at his feet.

Then Hiawatha dug a bed in the earth and stripped the green and yellow garments from Mondamin, and laid him down to sleep, with the earth very soft and light above him. And Hiawatha went home once more, but he did not forget the place where Mondamin lay sleeping in the rain and the sun, with his gay plumes and garments fading on the ground above him. Every day Hiawatha went to watch, and soften the earth about it, and drive away the weeds, the insects and the King Raven.

At last a small green feather shot slowly up from the earth, and then another and another. Before the summer was over, where Mondamin had slept, there stood the corn in all its beauty, with its shining robes of green and its soft, yellow tresses.

"It is my friend, Mondamin," cried Hiawatha; "he has given me a good gift for my people!"

And when the autumn came, and the soft, green

leaves were yellow, Hiawatha gathered the ripe ears full of juicy kernels, and he stripped the husks from off them—just as once he had stripped Mondamin—and he called a great feast, to make known to his people the beautiful gift of the first corn.

*WHO ATE THE DOLLY'S DINNER?

"WHY can't dollies have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as real folks?" asked Polly Pine.

"I don't know why," said mamma, laughing; "go and dress them in their best clothes, get the doll's house swept and dusted and the table ready. Then I'll fix their dinner before we go downstairs."

"Oh, how nice!" said Polly Pine.

The doll house stood in the nursery. It was very big and very beautiful. It was painted red; it had tall chimneys, and a fine front door with R. Bliss on a brass plate. There were lace curtains at the windows, and two steps led up to the cunning little piazza. Polly Pine swept the rooms with her tiny broom and dusted them. Then she set the table in the dining-room with the very best dishes and the finest silver. She set a teeny vase in the middle of the table, with two violets in it, and she put dolly table-napkins at each place.

When the house was all nice and clean she dressed Lavinia in her pink muslin, and Dora Jane in her gray velvet, and Hannah Welch in her yellow silk; then she seated them around the table, each one in her own chair. Polly was just telling them about

*Isabel Gordon Curtis in "Good Housekeeping."

company manners, how they must not eat with their knives, or leave their teaspoons in their cups when they drank their tea, when the door opened and in came mamma with a real doll's Thanksgiving dinner.

There was a chicken-bone to put on the platter before Hannah Welch, for Hannah always did the carving. There were cunning little dishes of mashed potato and cranberry sauce, and some celery in a tiny tumbler, and the smallest squash pie baked in a patty pan. Polly Pine just hopped up and down with delight when she saw it. She set everything on the table; then she ran away to put on her nicest muslin frock with the pink ribbons, and she went downstairs to her own dinner.

There were gentlemen there for dinner—gentlemen Polly was very fond of—and she had a nice time visiting with one of them. He could change his table-napkin into a white rabbit, and she forgot all about the dolls' Thanksgiving dinner until it was dessert-time and the nuts and raisins came in.

Then Polly remembered, and she jumped down from her chair and asked mamma if she might go upstairs and see if the dolls had eaten their dinner. When mamma told about the doll-house Thanksgiving, all the family wanted to go, too, to find out if the dolls had enjoyed their dinner.

The front door of the doll house was open, and there sat the dolls just as their little mistress had left them—only they had eaten nearly all the dinner! Everything was gone except the potato and the cranberry sauce. The chicken leg was picked bare, the bread was nibbled, and the little pie was eaten all around.

"Well, this is funny," said papa.

Just then they heard a funny, scratching noise in

the doll house, and a little gray mouse jumped out from under the table. He ran out the front door of the doll house, and over the piazza, and down the steps before you could say "Jack Robinson." In a minute he was gone—nobody knew where. There was another tiny mouse in the doll house under the parlor sofa, and a third one under Lavinia's bed, with a poor, frightened, gray tail sticking out. They all got away safe. Papa would not allow mamma to go for the cat. He said:

"Why can't a poor little mouse have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as we?"

*A GREAT SURPRISE

It was very queer indeed! Tommy was walking slowly down behind the barn, with his usually merry face all scowls; and Teddy was peeping through the fence into Tommy's garden, with a whole great family of wrinkles in his forehead. Now, what was it all about?

Out in Teddy's yard grew a great, tall horse-chestnut tree, and one crisp October morning a shower of pretty brown nuts came tumbling out of their thick, green shells—down, down, down, until at last they reached the broad gravel walk and the smooth, green lawn. Teddy spied them as he came hurrying home from school at noon, and then the scowl came to make him a visit.

"That new boy has everything!" he exclaimed,

*By permission of the "Christian Register."

crossly. "He has tops, and balls, and a bicycle, and now he has got all the horse-chestnuts. It isn't fair, it isn't." Then poor, discontented Tommy looked crosser than ever.

Tommy did not know that down in his garden grew something that the new boy, Teddy, had always longed to have—a bouncing, yellow pumpkin! How Teddy did wish that his papa had bought Tommy's house, and Tommy's garden, and Tommy's pumpkin—all three. Teddy sighed as he thought of the Jack-o'-Lantern that he could make if he had only one of those wonderful yellow treasures for his own. It was a very loud and sorrowful sigh, and Tommy heard it, and then he discovered the new boy peeping through the fence.

"Hello!" said Tommy, quickly.

Teddy jumped. He didn't know that anybody was near.

"Don't you like living here?" said Tommy. "You look as if you were homesick. Now, you come over and look at my pumpkins; I've got a whole lot of them, and they're all mine—every one of them."

Teddy sighed. "I've been wanting a pumpkin for ever so long," he said, sadly; "but they don't have gardens with pumpkins in the city, and so I never had any."

Tommy looked surprised. "Would you like one?" he asked. "Because I'll give you one of mine, if you would. Come over, and I'll give you one, now."

Teddy climbed over the fence in a hurry, and he smiled and smiled as Tommy took out his jack-knife from his trousers pocket and cut off one of the biggest pumpkins with a snap.

"You have everything, haven't you?" he said, regret-

fully. "You have pumpkins — whole gardens full of them, and apples, and grapes, and pears."

Tommy looked at Teddy in great surprise. "I have everything?" he said. "Why, I thought you were the one who had everything a few minutes ago. You have tops, and a bicycle—and horse-chestnuts," he added.

"Why, so I have," said Teddy. "I wanted a pumpkin so much that I forgot all about everything else. Maybe you would like some of my horse-chestnuts, would you?"

"Oh, yes," said Tommy, his eyes dancing with delight.

"You may have a whole big bagful," declared Teddy, "and I will fetch some toothpicks and show you how to make a Brownie man with them."

"And, after school, I will help you make a Jack-o'-Lantern," said Tommy. "We will help each other, and we will divide all the things we make, and then we can both have everything really and truly."

"Yes, so we can," said Teddy.

Then those tiresome scowls and wrinkles ran away in a hurry. They went a long way off, to see if they could find two cross, discontented boys. But I hope they never found you!

CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS STORY—ST. LUKE

“——AND there were in the same field shepherds abiding, keeping watch over their flocks by night; and the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. But the Angel said unto them: ‘Fear not, for, behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to you and all men. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord; and this shall be a sign unto you, you shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.’ And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.’

“And it came to pass, as the Angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: ‘Let us now go even to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.’ And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger.”

*THE GOOD SHEPHERD

THERE WAS once a Shepherd who had a flock of an hundred sheep to care for. There were the old sheep, and the tiny baby lambs with such weak legs that the Shepherd was obliged to carry them over the rough places in the road. There were black sheep and white sheep—a very large flock to tend; but the Shepherd was always patient, and kind, and good.

Each morning he opened the sheep-fold and led the flock over the mountain roads and beyond the hills to a wonderful green pasture where the sun shone brighter, and the grass grew thicker, and the brook ran clearer than anywhere else. All day the sheep grazed, and drank in the brook, and lay under the shade of the olive trees; and the little lambs frolicked and played in the sunshine with no fear, for the Shepherd was quite close by, always, to keep away the wild beasts who hid in the mountain passes. When night came he led them home and watched through the dark while the sheep slept.

But one day that I am going to tell you about, the sun forgot to shine. Thick, black clouds covered the sky, and when the Shepherd gathered his flock to start for home in the evening the thunder began to rumble, a cold wind blew, and the blinding rain fell, until it was hard to see the road at all. But the Shepherd wrapped his cloak closely about him and pushed from the road with his crook the branches which the wind had torn off; and he called softly to the sheep, each one by its name, for he knew them all.

They were nearly home when the Shepherd heard a

*Bible.

low "baa, baa" close at his side, and he stooped down to listen. A mother sheep was looking up into his eyes, and trying to say something which he could not understand. And the mother sheep kept tugging at the Shepherd's crook and running back a little way and bleating again, to tell him that something was wrong.

"Are not my sheep all here?" asked the Shepherd, and then he went up and down the path, touching each one gently, and speaking its name, and counting: "One, two, three——" But, ah! there were only ninety and nine sheep in the flock. The mother sheep had known. Her own little lamb was lost!

So the Shepherd turned back, leaving the ninety and nine sheep in the wilderness, and he hastened through the dark and the storm to find the lamb that was lost; for he was a good Shepherd, and he knew that he could never lock the door of the sheep-fold with one of the flock outside.

The rain beat into his face, and the stones and the branches caught at his feet, but on and on he went, up the mountain side, looking under every bush and in every hollow for the little lamb. There were no stars to light his way, and the wolves came out of their dens to snarl and growl as he went past. But he whispered to himself in the dark: "What man, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it?"

At last, when he had gone a long, long way, he found the smallest lamb of the whole flock, caught in some brambles by the side of the road and crying most pitifully, for one of its legs was cut and bleeding. And when the Shepherd had found it he laid it tenderly

on his shoulder and covered it close with his warm cloak, and "he went his way, rejoicing."

The sheep were waiting for him, and they hastened together down the road, the Shepherd carrying the little lamb all the way. They were weary, and wet with the rain, before they reached home, but just as the fold was in sight the storm ceased and the stars shone out in the sky.

Then the good Shepherd opened the door of the fold and led in his flock, and he called his friends and neighbors, saying to them: "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost!"

*THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

ONCE upon a time there lived a great giant named Offerus all alone by the banks of a mighty river. He was so strong that he was able to pull up the forest trees by the roots, and he was so tall that he could easily step from one hill to another. He could have crushed a man with his little finger, but he never hurt so much as a tiny sparrow, for he was a good giant.

It was a wicked river near which Offerus had built his hut. It was wide and deep, and it rushed and tumbled along, ready to break the boats and drown the poor travelers who wished to cross. But Offerus was stronger than the river. He took a huge pine tree for a staff, and whenever it was a dark, stormy night, and he heard cries of distress from the river, he would plunge into the water and carry the travelers safely

*C. S. B. Adapted from the old legend.

to the other side. And he was always ready, and never weary.

One night there was a more terrible storm than usual. The forest trees moaned and sighed, and the river roared as it beat against the shore. Offerus sat in his hut, and he heard a tiny voice crying through the storm: "Offerus, Offerus, come forth and carry me over!"

It did not seem as if any one could be out in such a wild storm, but the giant heard the small voice again calling: "Offerus, come forth and carry me across!"

So Offerus took his pine-tree staff and reached for his lantern which hung upon the wall, and he opened the door to go out into the night. It was very dark, and the rain beat into his face so that he could scarcely see, but he looked up and down, holding his lantern high above his head, and he came to a little Child, all drenched with the rain, waiting for him on the bank of the river.

"Offerus, you must carry me over this night," he called.

So Offerus lifted the little Child in his strong arms, and took his staff, and waded into the stream, thinking what a light burden he carried.

But the waves rose higher and higher, the waters came up to his shoulder, and the wind blew fiercely. The strangest thing of all was this: at every step the little Child upon his shoulders grew heavier and heavier, until it seemed to Offerus that he would never be able to cross the river—he must turn and go back.

But he was brave, as all giants are, and he struggled on, tottering as he went and staying his steps with his stout staff; and at last he reached the other side. As he set down his burden—safely and gently—

he said: "Child, who art thou? The whole world upon my shoulders could not have been heavier than thou hast been!"

And the Child looked up and said, softly, as He laid His little hand in Offerus' great one: "In helping every poor traveler thou hast been helping me. Blessed shalt thou be, St. Christopher! This night thou hast carried over the Christ Child."

Then the Christ Child slipped away into the night and St. Christopher stood and looked after Him, leaning upon his staff and thinking of the wonderful thing which had happened to him.

And the staff suddenly took root in the ground—although it was the bleak winter season—and it flourished and sent forth branches and leaves, and it towered over the other trees in the forest to show to every traveler who should pass that way the place where St. Christopher had carried over the little Christ Child.

*BABOUSCKA

It was the night the dear Christ Child came to Bethlehem. In a country far away from Him, an old, old woman named Babouscka sat in her snug little house by her warm fire. The wind was drifting the snow outside and howling down the chimney, but it only made Babouscka's fire burn more brightly.

"How glad I am that I may stay indoors!" said Babouscka, holding her hands out to the bright blaze.

But suddenly she heard a loud rap at her door. She opened it and her candle shone on three old men

*C. S. B. Adapted from the Russian legend.

standing outside in the snow. Their beards were as white as the snow, and so long that they reached the ground. Their eyes shone kindly in the light of Babouscka's candle, and their arms were full of precious things—boxes of jewels, and sweet-smelling oils, and ointments.

"We have traveled far, Babouscka," they said, "and we stop to tell you of the Baby Prince born this night in Bethlehem. He comes to rule the world and teach all men to be loving and true. We carry Him gifts. Come with us, Babouscka!"

But Babouscka looked at the driving snow, and then inside at her cozy room and the crackling fire. "It is too late for me to go with you, good sirs," she said, "the weather is too cold." She went inside again and shut the door, and the old men journeyed on to Bethlehem without her. But as Babouscka sat by her fire, rocking, she began to think about the little Christ Child, for she loved all babies.

"To-morrow I will go to find Him," she said; "to-morrow, when it is light, and I will carry Him some toys."

So when it was morning Babouscka put on her long cloak, and took her staff, and filled a basket with the pretty things a baby would like—gold balls, and wooden toys, and strings of silver cobwebs—and she set out to find the Christ Child.

But, oh! Babouscka had forgotten to ask the three old men the road to Bethlehem, and they had traveled so far through the night that she could not overtake them. Up and down the roads she hurried, through woods and fields and towns, saying to whomsoever she met: "I go to find the Christ Child. Where does He lie? I bring some pretty toys for His sake."

But no one could tell her the way to go, and they all said: "Farther on, Babouscka, farther on." So she traveled on, and on, and on for years and years—but she never found the little Christ Child.

They say that old Babouscka is traveling still, looking for Him. When it comes Christmas eve, and the children are lying fast asleep, Babouscka comes softly through the snowy fields and towns, wrapped in her long cloak and carrying her basket on her arm. With her staff she raps gently at the doors and goes inside and holds her candle close to the little children's faces.

"Is He here?" she asks. "Is the little Christ Child here?" And then she turns sorrowfully away again, crying: "Farther on, farther on." But before she leaves she takes a toy from her basket and lays it beside the pillow for a Christmas gift. "For His sake," she says softly and then hurries on through the years and forever in search of the little Christ Child.

*THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Two little children were sitting by the fire one cold winter's night. All at once they heard a timid knock at the door, and one ran to open it.

There, outside in the cold and the darkness, stood a child with no shoes upon his feet and clad in thin, ragged garments. He was shivering with cold, and he asked to come in and warm himself.

"Yes, come," cried both the children; "you shall have our place by the fire. Come in!"

*Lucy Wheelock. By permission of the author.

They drew the little stranger to their warm seat and shared their supper with him, and gave him their bed, while they slept on a hard bench.

In the night they were awakened by strains of sweet music and, looking out, they saw a band of children in shining garments approaching the house. They were playing on golden harps, and the air was full of melody.

Suddenly the Stranger Child stood before them: no longer cold and ragged, but clad in silvery light.

His soft voice said: "I was cold, and you took Me in. I was hungry, and you fed Me. I was tired, and you gave Me your bed. I am the Christ Child, wandering through the world to bring peace and happiness to all good children. As you have given to Me, so may this tree every year give rich fruit to you."

So saying, He broke a branch from the fir tree that grew near the door, and He planted it in the ground and disappeared. But the branch grew into a great tree, and every year it bore wonderful golden fruit for the kind children.

*HOW THE FIR TREE BECAME THE CHRISTMAS TREE

THIS is the story of how the fir tree became the Christmas tree.

At the time when the Christ Child was born all the people, the animals, and the trees, and plants were very happy. The Child was born to bring peace and happiness to the whole world. People came daily to

*Aunt Hede, in "Kindergarten Magazine."

see the little One, and they always brought gifts with them.

There were three trees standing near the crypt which saw the people, and they wished that they, too, might give presents to the Christ Child.

The Palm said: "I will choose my most beautiful leaf, and place it as a fan over the Child."

"And I," said the Olive, "will sprinkle sweet-smelling oil upon His head."

"What can I give to the Child?" asked the Fir, who stood near.

"You!" cried the others. "You have nothing to offer Him. Your needles would prick Him, and your tears are sticky."

So the poor little Fir tree was very unhappy, and it said: "Yes, you are right. I have nothing to offer the Christ Child."

Now, quite near the trees stood the Christmas Angel, who had heard all that the trees had said. The Angel was sorry for the Fir tree who was so lowly and without envy of the other trees. So, when it was dark, and the stars came out, he begged a few of the little stars to come down and rest upon the branches of the Fir tree. They did as the Christmas Angel asked, and the Fir tree shone suddenly with a beautiful light.

And, at that very moment, the Christ Child opened His eyes—for He had been asleep—and as the lovely light fell upon Him He smiled.

Every year people keep the dear Christ Child's birthday by giving gifts to each other, and every year, in remembrance of His first birthday, the Christmas Angel places in every house a fir tree, also. Covered with starry candles it shines for the children as the

stars shone for the Christ Child. The Fir tree was rewarded for its meekness, for to no other tree is it given to shine upon so many happy faces.

*THE PINE TREE

IN the woods there lived a nice little Pine Tree. He stood where the sun and the fresh air could get at him. Around him grew many comrades — other pines and big firs. But the little Pine wished so much to be a grown-up tree.

Sometimes the cottage children ran about near the little Tree to hunt for wild strawberries and raspberries; and they would sit down near to his roots and say: "Oh, what a nice little fellow!" And the Tree could not bear to hear them.

In a year he shot up a good deal, and the next year he was still taller; but yet, when it was winter and the snow lay glittering about, a little Hare would come leaping along and would jump right over the little Tree. Oh, it made him so angry!

"I wish I were as big as the others," cried the little Tree. "Then I could look out into the wide world."

In the fall the wood-cutters always came and cut down some of the tallest trees in the forest. The trees fell to the earth with noise and cracking, the branches were lopped off, and the trunks were drawn off in sledges.

"I wonder where they go," thought the little Pine Tree, and he asked the Swallow and the Stork about it.

*C. S. B. Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

"Yes, we have met them," said the Stork. "They are made into new ships which flit across the water."

"Oh, I wish I were old enough to fly across the sea," sighed the little Pine Tree.

When Christmas came, the youngest trees were cut down, and these always kept their branches, and they, also, were carried away from the forest in sledges. The little Tree wondered very much what became of them.

"Oh, we know," chirped the Sparrows. "We peeped in the windows down in the town, and we saw them standing in warm rooms, all dressed up with gilded apples, and gingerbread, and toys, and hundreds of lights."

"Ah!" cried the little Tree, "perhaps, some day, I shall sparkle, too, like that."

So he stood, a rich green in the forest, through the winter and the summer, and just grew and grew. Everybody looked at him.

"What a fine tree!" they said; and toward Christmas they cut him down with an axe, close to the ground.

When he came to himself he was being carried into a large and splendid room. He trembled with joy as they stuck him into a cask filled with sand and wrapped the cask all about with a green cloth, that it might not show. On one branch they hung little nets cut out of colored paper; there were gilded apples and walnuts hung everywhere; and more than a hundred colored tapers were stuck into the ends of his twigs. There were wonderful dolls that looked, for all the world, like real persons, and they fluttered among the branches. On the very top was fixed a large, gold star.

"Oh," thought the little Tree, "now I *am* splendid. I wonder if the other trees from the forest will come and look at me. I wonder if the Sparrows will beat against the window-panes. I wonder if I shall stay dressed like this all summer."

But the candles were lighted and a troop of merry children rushed in. They shouted and danced about the Tree, and they pulled the presents from off the branches.

"What are they about?" thought the Tree.

And the lights burned down to the very branches. The children danced about with their pretty toys, and then they all sat down under the Tree and cried: "A story! A story!"

So a queer, jolly little man told them the fairy story of how Klumpy Dumpy tumbled downstairs and came to the throne, after all, and married the princess.

"This is all quite strange," thought the Pine Tree, as he stood very still and thoughtful. "The Sparrows never told me anything like this. Perhaps I shall tumble downstairs, too, and so get the princess." And he waited with joy for the morning, when he should again be decked with candles and toys.

But the next day they dragged him up the stairs and left him in a corner, where no daylight could enter.

"What shall I hear or see, now?" said the Tree, as he leaned against the wall and thought and thought. "The earth is hard and covered with snow. How thoughtful the people are! They have put me here under cover to stay until the spring, and then they will plant me."

"Squeak! squeak!" said a little Mouse, peeping at that moment out of his hole. Another little one came

out. They sniffed at the Pine Tree and rustled among his branches.

"It is dreadfully cold," said the little mouse. "Where do you come from, old Pine Tree?"

Then the Pine Tree told the Mice about the woods, where the sun shone and the little birds sang. He told his story from his youth up; and about Christmas eve, when he was decked out with cake and candles. And the little Mice had never heard the like before.

The next night they came with four other Mice to hear what the Tree had to tell. They sat about and told him of a wonderful larder they knew, where cheeses lay on the shelves and hams hung from above; where one danced about on tallow candles, and went in lean and came out fat. And the Tree, not to be outdone, told the story of Klumpy Dumpy, who married a princess. Next night two more Mice came, and on Sunday two Rats, even.

But one morning there came a number of people to the attic. The trunks were moved and the Tree was pulled out and taken down the stairs once more. So he felt the fresh air and the first sunbeam.

"Now I shall be planted!" he said with joy, as he spread wide his branches; but—dear, dear!—they were all dry and yellow! He lay in a corner among the weeds and nettles, with the golden star still hanging upon his topmost branch, shining in the sunlight.

In the courtyard were some of the merry children who had danced about the Tree on Christmas Day; and they were very glad to see him again. They began dancing around him as he stood in his corner there—among the nettles—but the gardener's boy came and chopped the Tree into a whole heap of small pieces. He set fire to them, and the children ran to where it

lay, and sat down before the fire, and peeped into the blaze.

And the Tree thought once more of the summer days in the wood and the winter night when the stars shone. He thought of the Sparrows and the Hare. He remembered the toys and the Christmas candles and the story of Klumpy Dump—the only fairy story that he had ever heard—and so the little Tree burned out.

*LITTLE COSETTE

MONTFERMIEL was a little village in France. There were large houses there, and small houses, and shops, and a little church. It would have been a pleasant place to live, only for one thing: there was no water to be had in Montfermiel—one had to go a long, long way and fetch it in a bucket from the spring.

In one of the very large houses—so large that peddlers could stop there at night and sleep—lived little Cosette. She was only a tiny little girl, but she had no mother to love her and no one to buy her food and clothes. She took the place of a maid-servant in the house. There were Madame Thernardier and Father Thernardier, and their two little girls—Eponine and Azelma—who were happy and gay, but not one of them all was kind to little Cosette.

She was so thin and ragged and unhappy that they called her the Toad. All day long she ran upstairs and downstairs, and washed, and swept, and rubbed,

*C. S. B. Adapted from the French of Victor Hugo, "*Les Misérables*."

and dusted, and fluttered about, and did all the hard work. It was Cosette's place, also, to go with the heavy bucket to the spring for water, even when it was night; and no one ever said "thank you" to her. Madame Thernardier only scolded her, or struck her for not hurrying faster.

It was one Christmas eve that I am going to tell you about. Father Thernardier's large house was full of peddlers stopping for the night, and they sat about the kitchen fire smoking. Little Eponine and Azelma were playing happily with the kitten, but little Cosette was not allowed to play. She sat on the cross-bar of the kitchen table near the chimney corner. She was all in rags and her little bare feet were thrust into wooden shoes. She was knitting wool stockings for Eponine and Azelma. All at once one of the peddlers jumped up. "My horse has had no water," he said.

Little Cosette began knitting faster, but her heart jumped like a big snowflake.

"My horse has not been watered," said the peddler once more.

"Well," said Madame Thernardier, "where is the Toad?"

She looked down and saw little Cosette hiding under the table.

"Are you coming?" shrieked Madame Thernardier.

Cosette crawled out and went for the empty bucket in the chimney corner. The bucket was nearly as large as she.

"See here, Toad, on your way back you will buy a big loaf at the baker's," said Madame Thernardier. "Here is the money. Go along, now."

Cosette had a little pocket in her apron and she put

the money in it; then she went out, and the door was closed behind her.

Across the road were the shops all gay with the Christmas things. The very last in the row was a toy shop glittering with tinsel and glass and magnificent objects of tin. In the very front of the window stood an immense doll nearly two feet high. She wore a pink silk robe. She had gold wheat ears on her head. She had real hair and enamel eyes. All day she had smiled out upon the little girls, but no mother in all Montfermiel was rich enough to buy her.

Poor little Cosette went across the road and set down her bucket to look at the doll.

"She is a lady," she said softly to herself. "And the shop is her palace. The small dolls—they are the fairies; and the toy man perhaps is as kind as the Eternal Father."

But she heard Madame Thernardier's voice calling to her: "What are you doing there? Get along, Toad, and fetch the water or I shall be after you."

So Cosette picked up her bucket again and ran as fast as she could until she was no longer able to see the lights from the toy shop and it was quite dark.

The farther she went the darker it grew. There was no one in the streets. At last she came to the open fields, and the darkness seemed full of beasts walking in the grass and spectres moving in the trees. She ran through the woods and came to the spring. But as she leaned over and plunged the bucket down, down, and then drew it up full again, the money for the loaf fell from her pocket and went splashing down into the water below.

Cosette did not hear it. She sat down in the grass too tired to move. Then she remembered how Madame

Thernardier was waiting, and she started for the village again. But, oh! it was cold, the bucket was very heavy, and little Cosette walked like an old woman. The handle froze to her tiny fingers, and the cold water splashed down on her little bare legs. No one but God saw that sad thing—and her mother, perhaps.

Yet, suddenly, the bucket was not quite so heavy, for some one had taken hold of the handle, and a kind, deep voice said:

"My child, what you are carrying is too heavy for you."

"Yes, sir," said little Cosette.

"Give it to me," said the man; "I will carry it for you. Have you far to go?" he went on.

"A long way farther, sir," said little Cosette.

With one hand the man held little Cosette's cold fingers close in his and they went on together. Little Cosette was not in the least afraid, and she told the stranger all about how pretty Eponine and Azelma were, and the hard work, and how she had no mother.

"What do those little girls do?" asked the stranger.

"Oh," said Cosette, "they have beautiful dolls; they play all day long."

"And you?" asked the stranger.

"Sometimes I play," said little Cosette. "I have a little lead sword, and I wrap it in a cloth, and I rock it to sleep when no one sees."

Presently they passed the shops. "Why are they lighted?" asked the stranger.

"It is Christmas eve," said Cosette.

When they reached the house Madame Thernardier was waiting to scold little Cosette for being so long. "Where is the bread?" she cried.

Little Cosette had quite forgotten the bread. She

turned her pocket inside out. What had become of the money? Madame Thernardier was about to strike Cosette, but the kind stranger stepped up to her. "Here is money," he said. "When I return I will stay at your house for the night."

Then the man went straight to the street door, opened it, and stepped out. When he opened it again he carried the wonderful toy-shop doll in his arms, with her pink silk robe, the gold wheat ears on her head, the real hair and the enamel eyes!

"Here, this is for you, little one," he said.

Little Cosette crept out from under the table. Her eyes filled with tears, but they shone with joy, too, like the sky at daybreak.

"May I touch it?" she asked, timidly. "Is the Lady mine?"

There were tears in the stranger's eyes, also. "Yes, she is yours," he said again. "To-morrow you shall come with me and be my little girl." And he put the Lady's fingers in little Cosette's tiny hand.

*TINY TIM

It was Christmas Day, and the Cratchit family were going to have a most wonderful dinner. Perhaps, some other days, they had scarcely enough to eat, for they were a large family. Work as hard as Father Bob Cratchit could, there was often not enough to go around. For there were Mother Cratchit, and Martha who worked in the milliner's shop, and Belinda who helped at home, and Peter, and the two little Cratch-

*C. S. B. Adapted from Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

its, and, last of all, Tiny Tim. Alas for Tiny Tim! He bore always a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame! But, although he was only a little, little child, Tiny Tim was patient and mild, and they loved him more than all the rest. And it was Christmas Day.

Mother Cratchit and Belinda laid the cloth, and Peter blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled. The two little Cratchits came tearing in to say that outside, at the baker's, they had smelled a goose and knew it for their very own. Martha came home, and, last of all, in came little Bob, the father, wrapped up in three feet of muffler, with his threadbare clothes darned and brushed to look seasonable, and with Tiny Tim on his shoulder.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mother Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better," setting Tiny Tim carefully down, while the two little Cratchits hustled him off to the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"He told me coming home that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant for them to remember, upon Christmas Day, Who made lame beggars to walk and blind men to see."

Bob's voice trembled, and it trembled more as he said that he thought Tiny Tim was growing very strong and well.

But they heard the sound of Tiny Tim's little crutch upon the floor and they helped him over to his stool by the fire—while the two little Cratchits went out to the baker's to fetch the goose. Mother Cratchit

made the gravy (ready before in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Peter mashed the potatoes; Belinda sweetened the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; and the two little Cratchits (come home with the goose) set chairs for everybody, cramming spoons in their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before it came their turn to be served.

There never was such a goose! Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. With the apple sauce and the mashed potatoes there was sufficient dinner for the whole family. Indeed, Mother Cratchit said, as she looked at one small atom of a bone upon the dish: "They hadn't eaten it all, at last." The little Cratchits were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows. But presently Belinda changed the plates and Mother Cratchit left the room—alone—to take up the pudding and bring it in!

Suppose it should not be done. Suppose it should break. Suppose some one had come over the back wall and stolen it while they were making merry with the goose. Hello! a great deal of steam. The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding.

In half a minute Mother Cratchit entered with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and blazing, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top! Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody thought it at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was

cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. A whole pile of apples and oranges was put upon the table; and a shovelful of chestnuts upon the fire, beginning at once to sputter and crackle noisily. Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth, and Tiny Tim sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, for he loved the child, and he said:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears; God bless us!"

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" said all the Cratchit family.

And: "God bless us—every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

*MRS. SANTA CLAUS

It was Christmas eve. Old Santa Claus was just ready to start out upon his long journey over the snowy treetops and roofs to find the waiting chimneys and the little empty stockings. Such a busy day as it had been—with the brownies finishing the packing and Mrs. Santa Claus sewing buttons on the last doll's dress, and tying the last hair ribbon, and smoothing the last curl! But everything was ready. The sleigh was packed from top to bottom, so full that it seemed as if old Santa Claus could never squeeze in himself. There were tops, and drums, and Jack-in-the-boxes, and steam engines, and hundreds of dolls, and barrels of chocolate drops; and peppermint canes were hanging out from the back. The reindeer were harnessed

*C. S. B. Adapted from a story which I once heard Miss Frances Newton tell.

and prancing—Dasher, and Dancer, and Donder, and Vixen, and the rest. The sleighbells were ringing gaily, and old Santa Claus jumped in and took the reins.

“Good-bye, mother,” he called to Mrs. Santa Claus, who stood in the door to watch the sleigh start. “Anything I can bring you from the city, dear?”

“I think I need a new pair of spectacles,” said Mrs. Santa Claus. “My eyes are growing dim with so much sewing. If the stores are open when you finish to-night just bring me a stronger pair of glasses.”

“I will. Good-bye!” shouted Santa Claus. With a dash and a jingle of bells the reindeer jumped to the top of the trees and started; and Mrs. Santa Claus went in to sit in her rocking-chair by the fire and doze.

The workshop was very still. Christmas eve, you know, is the only time of the whole year when Santa Claus' workmen may rest; so the little brownies who paint the sleds, and nail the doll houses, and test the steamboats, were curled up in heaps on all the benches fast asleep and snoring. The candy-kettles were polished and hung in a row upon the kitchen wall. Mrs. Santa Claus sat and rocked by the fire and thought of all the dolls she had dressed.

“There were four hundred with silk dresses,” she said to herself, “and two hundred with blue. There were five hundred baby dolls, and I never finished dressing them until to-day. I wonder if Santa packed them all. I must go and see.”

So Mrs. Santa Claus lighted a candle and went out to the sewing-room and peered about in every corner. There were piles of silk and velvet and satin and ribbon all over the floor, but, oh!—there sat three

dolls: a baby doll, a doll in pink and a doll in blue! Santa Claus had forgotten them!

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried Mrs. Santa Claus, looking out of the window to see if Santa were anywhere in sight—but he was not. "We counted them all, and there were just enough to go around. Three little girls will have no dolls on Christmas morning. I shall have to go with them myself!"

Out in the barn there was just one reindeer standing in his stall. It was Blitzen, who had a lame foot, so he could not take the long journey with the others. He was contentedly munching hay; but Mrs. Santa Claus tucked the dolls under her arm, put on her little red shawl, tied her cap strings tighter and hurried out to the barn.

"Come, Blitzen!" she said, as she saddled him and jumped on his back. "We must go as fast as ever we can after Santa Claus. He has left three dolls behind!"

So Blitzen dropped his hay and they started. Over the woods and the fields and the fences they dashed, so fast that the wind was left far behind. They looked very funny, indeed, for Mrs. Santa Claus had forgotten to take off her apron, and her cap was all awry; but on they hurried. And, when they came to the towns, Blitzen stopped at every roof, that Mrs. Santa Claus might look down the chimney; but Santa Claus had always been there first, and the stockings were filled and the dolls were waiting.

"We counted them all," Mrs. Santa Claus kept saying to herself. "Some one will need a doll——" And, sure enough, she came to a very wee chimney of a very wee house; and there was a stocking hung, but there was only an apple in it—nothing else. So Mrs.

Santa Claus dropped the beautiful doll that was dressed in pink silk into the stocking and started on once more.

Presently they came to another house, and when Mrs. Santa Claus looked down the chimney she saw no stocking at all hanging by the fireplace, and there was no fire even. There was nothing in the room but a table, and a broken chair, and a bed where a little girl—so thin and pale—lay sleeping. And Mrs. Santa Claus dropped the doll in the blue silk dress right down into the little girl's arms and hurried on again.

When they had come to the very end of the town, Mrs. Santa Claus saw a little girl standing out in the street. She had a bundle of papers to sell, and no one had seen her, because she was so small, and she was waiting out in the cold and the snow. Mrs. Santa Claus dropped the baby doll down to the little girl's lap and then she turned Blitzen toward home again.

It was almost Christmas morning when they reached the barn, and, oh! they were very tired. When Santa Claus came back with his empty sleigh and the new spectacles, he found Mrs. Santa Claus fast asleep in her rocking-chair by the fire.

"Poor mother," he said, "she's been sewing too much!"

And Mrs. Santa Claus woke up, but she never told about the three dolls.



"Over the woods, the fields, and the fences they dashed."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

*STUART'S VALENTINE

STUART was very happy when he went to bed the night before St. Valentine's Day, because his mamma said she felt sure he would find a pretty valentine in the morning, which would be all his own. So he dreamed a beautiful dream about a valentine that was red and yellow and blue, with pink roses and blue kittens upon it.

But when Stuart came downstairs in the morning he could not find mamma or papa, and he could not find any valentine at all. He felt very badly, for mamma always told him what was true; he thought somebody else must have got his beautiful valentine, so he went out to the kitchen and he said: "Mary, where is my valentine?"

Mary did not say anything, but she gave Stuart—what do you think?—a large brown cookie with raisins in it! Stuart bit a piece out of the cookie, and it tasted good, but he thought that was not a valentine, and so he went outdoors to eat it. There was the tall, red rooster pecking in the grass where the snow had melted away.

"Good morning, Mr. Rooster," said Stuart, "see my valentine."

*James E. Tower, in "Good Housekeeping."

The rooster looked at the cookie with his sharp eyes and then he walked up and took a bite out of it.

"That is my valentine," said the rooster. "You must ask the chickadee to give you another one; she ran off with my breakfast." And with that the rooster snatched the cookie out of Stuart's hand and ran off with it as fast as he could go. Stuart saw a pretty little brown bird perched on an evergreen bough singing "chickadee, chickadee," so he went up to the tree and said:

"Good morning, Miss Chickadee. Please give me a valentine. The rooster ran off with mine."

"I cannot give you a valentine," said the chickadee. "I have promised to be the pretty pussy-cat's valentine, but I don't know what a valentine is. You go and ask the pussy-cat."

"Please give me a valentine, Mr. Pussy-cat," said Stuart, walking up to the pussy, who was lying on the doorstep in the sunshine.

"I haven't got my own valentine yet," said the pussy-cat; "you go and ask the cow. I just heard her mooing in the barn."

"Moo-oo-oo," said Mrs. Cow, and she looked over toward the door and shook her horns.

"Aha! I believe the old white horse is the one who has my valentine," said Stuart, looking at the horse, who was chewing and chewing in his stall. The horse laughed out loud.

"Nay, nay," he said to Stuart. "You go out in the yard and see if the dog Rover is not bringing your valentine this very minute."

So Stuart ran out, and, sure enough, there was the wagon coming from the postoffice, and Rover was running on ahead with something in his mouth. It was

a big envelope with Stuart's name on the outside, and in the envelope was a beautiful valentine!

*BIG BROTHER'S VALENTINE

AUNT ANNE laughed. "Sarah Jane Simpson," she said, "what is the matter? Who ever saw such a puckered up little face! Can't you get your lesson?"

Sarah Jane laughed, too, and laid down her geography. "I wasn't really studying, Aunt Anne. I was trying to think what I could send Big Brother for a birthday present—you know his birthday comes on St. Valentine's Day."

Sarah Jane always called her brother Bob, Big Brother.

Aunt Anne laughed again. "On St. Valentine's Day!" she said. "Well, you are beginning in season—this is only October."

Sarah Jane thought that perhaps she was a bit too early; but, oh! she had been so lonesome ever since Bob had started away yesterday morning to be gone until June—his school wouldn't close until June—and she wanted to do something very nice for his birthday. Christmas came between, to be sure, but it was a birthday present on which Sarah Jane had set her heart.

"Make him a valentine," said Aunt Anne. "You can cut out flowers, and birds, and Cupids, and pretty little faces from picture-cards; and I will give you some nice cardboard; and you can paste them on, and then

*Lilla Thomas Elder, in "Little Folks." Copyright by the author.

write a little verse on it, and make a border of hearts all around—I will draw you a plan this minute.”

Aunt Anne caught up her pencil and began to draw, and Sarah Jane took up her geography again. All at once she laughed out. “You needn’t draw me a valentine, Aunt Anne,” she said. “I know what I’ll do.” And off she ran upstairs.

Next morning after breakfast Sarah Jane ran outdoors—hoppety, skippety, hop—as fast as she could go. Down the garden-walk she skipped, by Bob’s long marigold bed, and through the little garden-gate into the barnyard where Bob’s dog, Don, came running up to her and jumped all about her—he was so happy to see his master’s little sister.

“Oh, Don!” Sarah Jane cried, “I am going to make Big Brother a valentine for his birthday, and don’t you want to help?”

Don wagged his tail for joy, and just then Big Brother’s little brown hen came out of the hen-house and Sarah Jane went to meet her.

“Oh, you dear Henny Penny, I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won’t you give me two tiny brown feathers?”

The little brown hen shook her wings, and there on the ground lay two tiny brown feathers. Sarah Jane picked them up and put them in her apron, and then she said: “Now, where is Ducky Daddles?”

Ducky Daddles was just going down to the pond.

“Oh, Ducky Daddles,” called Sarah Jane, “I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won’t you give me two of your shining green feathers?”

“Quack, quack!” said Ducky Daddles, and there on the ground lay two shining green feathers; and Sarah Jane picked them up and put them in her apron, and

then she said to Don: "I'll get some of the ferns that grow by the little bridge we made, and some of the marigolds from his garden-bed, and I'll make the most beautiful wreath that ever was!"

So Sarah Jane went, skipperty-hop, to the pond and picked the little green ferns and put them in her apron, and, skipperty-hop, to the garden and picked the yellow marigolds and put them in her apron, and all the time Don ran about and barked and thought he was helping a great deal.

"Now for Billy Button," said Sarah Jane, and back she went, skipperty-hop, to the barnyard.

The pony was in his stall eating hay, and Sarah Jane said: "Oh, Billy Button, I am going to make your master a birthday valentine, and won't you give me a hair out of your beautiful, long tail?"

Billy Button switched his beautiful black tail about, and there on the floor lay a glossy black hair, and Sarah Jane picked it up and wound it round and round her finger, so as not to lose it, and then she went to see Bob's gray squirrel in his cage by the door.

"Oh, Chipperty," said she, "I am going to make your master a valentine of the things he likes best, and will you give me a little bit of your soft, gray fur?"

Chipperty was whirling on his wheel, but he winked, as much as to say: "Help yourself!" and, sure enough, there was a little tuft of soft, gray fur sticking between the bars, and Sarah Jane poked two of her fingers inside and got it and put it in her apron, and then she said: "I wonder what I can get from Bunny. I'm sure Big Brother would like something to make him think of his white rabbit."

So Sarah Jane went, skipperty-hop, to the rabbit's

house and said: "Oh, Bunny, I am making a valentine for your master, and what will you give me for it?"

Bunny was eating his dinner of turnips and parsley, and he lifted his long ears and moved them thoughtfully for a moment, and then tossed her a stem of parsley, and Sarah Jane picked it up and put it in her apron. And then she turned, all of a sudden, and with the little scissors in her apron pocket she snipped off a red curl from Don's back and put that in her apron, too.

And then with the little red curl in her apron, and Chipperty's fur, and Bunny's parsley, and Henny Penny's brown feathers, and Ducky Daddle's green ones, and the little ferns from the bridge, and the marigolds from the garden, and Billy Button's long, glossy hair around her finger, Sarah Jane went, skipperty-hop, into the house to make the birthday valentine for Big Brother.

Aunt Anne gave her a piece of cardboard and a pot of paste, and Sarah Jane made a most beautiful wreath. It took her a long time to paste the tiny, green sprigs of parsley in among the yellow petals of marigolds; and it took her a long time to lay the ferns and the green and brown feathers just right to make the two sides and curve around at the base; and a very long time, indeed, to sew the little red curl and the glossy black hair and the lock of squirrel fur to cover the "joins" at the bottom and make the whole a perfect wreath to send to Big Brother.

And then she wrote in the center—

"When this you see,
Remember us!"

It didn't sound just as it should, but it said just what Sarah Jane wanted to say to Big Brother.

Sarah Jane put the valentine in the big dictionary to press it nice and flat; and when the twelfth of February came she took it, just perfect, and put it in a beautiful, large envelope, and her papa directed it and stamped it, and it started on its two-days' journey.

And when Big Brother opened it he looked at the wreath a long time, and at the verse inside the wreath a long time, and then he said: "That's from little Sarah Jane, and from Don, and Billy Button, and Chipperty, and Bunny, and Henny Penny, and Ducky Daddles, and our bridge, and my garden-bed — oh, funny little Sarah Jane!"

And he laughed, and dropped a big, happy tear right—splash!—on his new valentine.

STORIES OF HEROISM

*ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

ONCE upon a time, when it was long, long ago, there was a good king, and he had a little daughter, Sabra, whom he loved better than his fields, or his gold, or anything which he had. For little Sabra was as fair as a lily, as sweet as a rose, and as kind and true as she was sweet.

But one day a terrible thing happened to the king. Down from the mountains, and straight through the gates of the city, came a ravening dragon! It was black and horrible to look at, with eyes like two red coals and a mouth that breathed out fire. Its jaws were wide open, its claws were sharp, and it was as tall and huge as a forest tree.

Through the king's fields it raged and it tore up, by the roots, the harvest of barley and rye and wheat. It killed the cattle and uprooted the grape vines; nor did it stop with the fields—it lay in wait by the river bank in the tall reeds, and no one in the whole kingdom was brave enough to kill it.

The king sent his nobles to beg the dragon to leave, but, no, it would not; and this is the message the dragon sent to the king: Each morning the king must send one of the fairest little girls in the whole king-

*C. S. B. Adapted from the English legend.

dom and fasten her to an old oak tree by the bank of the river, for the dragon to devour at his pleasure. Unless the king did this, the farmers should not be allowed to go back to the fields, and there would be no food in the land.

There was great grief in the kingdom. Each mother held her little girl more closely, lest she should be the first one to go, and there were great hunger and distress, for no one could plant or harvest the crops. But little Sabra still laughed and sang as joyously as ever.

"Father, dear," she cried, "let me be the first little girl to go. I know if the dragon has your little princess he will ask for no other child. I will go in their stead, father."

Then the people came crowding to the palace gates, begging the king not to send Sabra, for they all loved her as well as their own little ones, but still Sabra said: "I will go to the dragon."

At last, the king's high priest said: "We will bring a mother pigeon into the palace yard, and set her free. If she flies north, or south, or west, Sabra shall not be given to the dragon. If she flies toward the east and the sunrise Sabra shall go."

So they took a brooding pigeon from her nest, and set her free in the courtyard. She spread her white wings and circled about in the air, and then flew straight to the east! Poor, sweet little Sabra! They carried her out to the river bank and fastened her to the oak tree where the dragon could find her, that so she might save the other little girls. Then they went sorrowfully back to the city again.

But the pigeon flew on and on, through field and forest, until she came to a brave knight riding through

the woods. The knight was tired, and his good horse, also, for they had been in a far country and had fought many brave battles. He had stopped to rest under a tree, that his horse might drink at the spring—but, as he rested, the mother pigeon flew straight to his shoulder and began cooing softly in his ear.

"I wonder what she means," said the knight to himself, as the pigeon flew off a little way and then returned, cooing. At last he jumped upon his horse and followed the way the pigeon led.

Straight through field and forest the pigeon flew, until she brought the knight to the place where the Princess Sabra was fastened to the oak tree and the dragon close by ready to devour her. The dragon's breath was so hot that it burned the knight, and the smoke from its nostrils blinded his eyes, but he was brave and strong. He made a huge ball of the sticky pitch of the pine tree; he thrust the end of his spear through it, and he rode straight toward the dragon's angry jaws.

The dragon reached out its sharp claws for the knight, but he hurled the ball of pitch down its throat and it was not able to open its mouth again or use its poisonous fangs. Then the knight killed the dragon with his spear, and he unfastened the little princess. He lifted her to his saddle and carried her home to her father once more.

Oh, there was great rejoicing in the kingdom! The people crowded the streets and strewed flowers all the way for the knight to ride over. The old king held little Sabra close to his heart, and she put her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again. And the king said the knight should be called St.

George, and he gave him a wonderful gold cross to wear upon his breast.

It was so many, many years ago that St. George killed the dragon, but still the people in England remember him, and the English soldier who is the bravest may wear a tiny cross like St. George's upon his breast.

*THE STORY OF THESEUS

At the foot of a very high mountain there lived, many, many years ago, a little boy named Theseus. His grandfather was the ruler of the country and a very brave, wise man.

Theseus was a bright little lad. He had never seen his father, but, as far back as Theseus could remember, his mother had taken him very often to a deep wood, and a huge rock which was covered with moss and sunk down into the earth.

Here she talked to him about his father, telling him that his name was Ægeus, and that he was a great king. Little Theseus was very fond of hearing about his father, and he sometimes asked his mother why King Ægeus did not come to live with them.

"Ah, my dear little boy!" she would say with a sigh, "a king has his people to take care of—the men and women over whom he rules are his children. A king cannot spare the time to love his own children as other fathers do. Your father will never be able to leave his kingdom for the sake of seeing his little boy."

"Why may I not go to the famous city of Athens

*Adapted by Mary E. Spooner.

and tell King Ægeus that I am his son?" asked Theseus. But his mother told him he was not strong enough to set out on such an errand, and she asked him to try and lift the rock upon which they sat as they talked.

The little boy felt that he was very strong, and he tried his hardest to move the rock, but he could not stir it. It seemed rooted to the ground.

"You must be much stronger than you are now," said his mother, "before I can trust you to go to Athens. When you are able to lift this rock and show me what is underneath I promise you that you may go to see your father."

Again and again Theseus and his mother went to the rock, and each time Theseus asked his mother if it were yet time for him to go to Athens. Then his mother would point to the rock and tell him that he was still a very little boy, and it would be a great many years before he could move it. But still Theseus tried harder and harder to lift it.

One day he cried: "I have started it!" His mother saw that the rock had really moved a little, and, although she was proud of her little boy's strength, she felt very sad. She knew that her son was no longer a little child, and he would soon have to go away to this far city alone.

In another year Theseus tried again. "I never felt so strong as I do now!" he cried, as he strained and pulled at the great stone; and at last he raised it slowly from the earth and bedded moss, uprooting the flowers, and laid it upon its side. Little Theseus had done what he had been trying so faithfully for many years. He looked joyfully at his mother who smiled at him through her tears, as she said: "Yes, Theseus, the

time has come. You must stay no longer at my side. Your father will be glad to see you. He will show you his stately palace and introduce you to his subjects, and some day you will be a king, too."

And what do you think Theseus' father had left for his son under the rock?—a golden sword and a pair of wonderful sandals which would carry him quickly away from all danger!

When Theseus' grandfather heard of the long journey he was to take alone, he said he must go in a ship, as he was too small a boy to be trusted on a road where he would meet robbers. But when Theseus learned of the robbers he wanted all the more to travel by land and face them with his sword. "My sandals will carry me quickly away from them," he said.

By the time he had reached his journey's end he had done many brave deeds with his sword, and he was called the bravest young man of the day. Even before he arrived at Athens the news of his brave acts had reached there first. As he entered the city he heard the people saying: "Theseus, the great hero, the son of the king, is coming!"

King Ægeus was glad, indeed, to see his brave son, and he gave him a place beside him upon the throne and never tired of hearing him tell about his dear mother, his own childhood, and the many, many times he tried to lift the heavy stone.

*A LITTLE LAD OF LONG AGO

LITTLE ABE hurried home as fast as his feet would carry him. Perhaps if he had worn soft wool stock-

*Alice E. Allen in "Good Housekeeping."

ings and finely fitting shoes, like yours, he could have run faster. But, instead of stockings, he wore deer-skin leggings, and pulled over these were clumsy moc-casins of bearskin that his mother had made for him.

Such a funny little figure as he was, trudging along across the rough fields! His suit was of warm, gray homespun. His odd-shaped cap had once been on the back of a coon. The coon's tail flew out behind as he walked—like a funny, furry tassel. But if you could have looked into the honest, twinkling, blue eyes of this little lad of long ago you would have liked him at once.

In one hand little Abe held something very precious. It wasn't a purse of gold, nor a bag of gold. It was only a book, but little Abe thought more of that book than he would of gold or precious stones. To know just what that book meant to little Abe, you must be very fond of reading. You must think how it would seem to live far away from all the schools, to have no books of your own, and to see no books anywhere, except two or three old ones of your mother's that you had read over and over until you knew them by heart.

So, when a neighbor had said that little Abe might take a book home and keep it until he had read it all through, do you wonder that his eyes shone like stars? A real book—a book that told about little boys and girls and the big world! Little Abe's heart beat fast; it seemed almost too good to be true.

Little Abe's home was built on a hillside. It was not much like your home. It was not built of stone or brick, not even of nice, smooth lumber, but of rough logs. When little Abe lay in his small bed, close to the roof, he could look through the chinks

between the logs and see the great, white stars shining down on him. Sometimes the great yellow moon smiled at him as she sailed through the dark night sky. And sometimes, too, saucy raindrops pattered down on the little face on the coarse pillow.

To-night, after little Abe had crept up the steps to the loft, he put his precious book in a small crack between the logs. When the first gray light came in, in the morning, he awoke and read until his father called him to get up. Night after night he read, until the book was nearly finished. Little Abe worked hard all day long, and never a minute had he in the daytime to peep between the covers of his beloved book.

One night he slipped the book away as usual and fell asleep to dream of the wonderful story. He awoke very early, but there were no golden sunbeams to peep through the chinks and play across his pillow. The loft was dark and little Abe could hear the wind whistling out in the trees. He reached out his hand for the book—and what do you think?—he put it into a pile of something white and cold lying on his bed! His little bed was covered with an outside blanket of soft, white snow!

He shivered and sat up, reaching again for the book. He pulled it out. Then the poor little fellow almost cried—for that precious book was wet from cover to cover, and its crisp leaves were crumpled and soaked from the heavy fall of snow. Poor little Abe! He sat up in his cold bed and brushed off the snow as best he could. He could scarcely keep the tears back. There was a big lump in his throat, and a big lump in his heart. What would the kind neighbor say?

As soon as he could, little Abe set off across the

snowy fields to the kind neighbor's house. It was more than a mile away, but he trudged along, not thinking of the wind or the cold, but only of the book. When he found the neighbor he held out the poor, spoiled book, and, looking straight up into the man's face, with clear, honest eyes, he told his sad little story.

"Well, my boy," said the man, smiling down into the sober little face, "so my book is spoiled. Will you work for me to pay for it?"

"I will do anything for you," said the little fellow, eagerly.

"Well, then, I will ask you to pull fodder corn for me for three days," said the man.

Little Abe looked up into his kind face.

"Then, sir," he said, wistfully, "will the book be all mine?"

"Why, yes, of course," said the man, good-naturedly, "you may have the book; you will earn it."

So little Abe went to work for three days. He was cold, and his back ached as he pulled corn for the cattle, but he was too happy to mind, for was not that precious book to be soon his very own?

What do you suppose the book was, for which little Abe worked so long and faithfully? Was it a book of wonderful fairy tales, like yours? No; the book was the story of George Washington. And, long years afterward, when little Abe had grown to be a great man and the President of the United States, he used to tell the story of his first book.

"That book — the story of George Washington — helped me to become the President," he said.

*HOW CEDRIC BECAME A KNIGHT

A LONG time ago, in a small stone hut, at the foot of a high hill, there lived a little boy named Cedric. At the top of the hill there stood a grand old castle. The little boy used to watch the strong iron gate rise slowly from the ground as the brave knights rode out of the castle courtyard. It was a gay sight when the sun lighted their helmets and shone upon their brave faces. Their horses, even, seemed proud to carry them. Little Cedric thought nothing was so beautiful to see as the knights riding down the hill.

One day Cedric was playing with his kitten, and the queer little thing went out into the middle of the dusty road and curled herself up for a nap. Suddenly Cedric saw five knights galloping down the hill and the kitten was still fast asleep in the highway. He jumped out and gathered the little thing up in his arms just before the horses swept by.

As they passed, one of the knights smiled down upon Cedric and said: "My little boy, you are brave enough to be a knight some day."

And as Cedric went into the house he whispered softly to himself: "To be a knight some day." He ate his supper of bread and milk, and undressed for bed, just as he did every night, but when he went to sleep he dreamed of being the bravest knight in the whole world, who should rescue a beautiful princess from an ugly giant who had shut her up in a dungeon.

In the morning he fed the doves, and watered the cows, and brought hay for the horses. He helped his

Adapted from "In Storyland," by Elizabeth Harrison.

mother with the housework, and at last he said: "Do you think I could ever grow up to be a knight, mother?"

His mother smiled and said: "Knights have many hard things to do. You are only a very little boy, Cedric. Run out to play."

One evening, when it was summer time, Cedric stood in the doorway, and he heard the tramp of horses' feet, and he saw a gay party of horsemen coming. His face lighted up with a glad smile. It was Sir Rollin Du Bois and his soldiers riding home from the king's war. As they rode nearer he saw that even the tallest knight looked weary, and one of them stopped and said: "Little man, will you give me a drink of cold water?"

Cedric ran and filled a cup at the spring.

"Thank you," said the soldier; "you are as courteous as a knight, my boy."

And Cedric ran to tell his mother, and asked again: "Mother dear, can I ever be a knight?"

After many months a wonderful thing happened. One day Cedric's father came in from his work and said: "Sir Rollin wishes a lad to come to the castle as a page. May Cedric go, mother?"

Cedric's heart nearly stopped beating, until his mother said slowly: "Yes." And she made a bundle of his few clothes that very afternoon, and his father took him up the steep hill to the castle gate.

The iron gate slowly lifted, they crossed the drawbridge and the courtyard, and went into one of the castle rooms where the walls and ceiling and floor were all of stone.

"You would like to be a knight, my lad?" said Sir Rollin, after he had talked with Cedric's father. "You

will not mind hard tasks, and you will be brave and true? It will take many years."

"I will try," said Cedric.

So he bade his father good-bye and he went with an older boy up a flight of stone steps to a tiny room where he was to sleep for the night upon a pile of straw with only a sheepskin to cover him.

That night his supper was coarse rye bread and a bowl of broth, and in the morning his lessons began—learning how to stand straight, and run very fast, and jump on or off a horse when it was galloping, and throw a spear straight at a mark. Above all, must he go quickly when Sir Rollin called, and do an errand faithfully and well.

After years and years Cedric grew large and tall. One day Sir Rollin came to him and said: "Cedric, you are to take a letter to the king. It must reach him quickly. Take my gray horse and ride swiftly, and remember how greatly I trust you."

Cedric's heart beat high with joy to know that Sir Rollin had chosen him for a messenger from all the pages. He was ready in half an hour. He jumped on the gray horse and galloped off down the highway. But the road was dark and lonely, and at last he entered the deep woods. "If I am ever to be a knight, I must learn to be brave," thought Cedric, but he was quite sure he heard a deep growl close by. He rode steadily forward, but there, coming toward him, was the great wild boar which had destroyed the farmer's cattle. Cedric spurred his horse forward and hurled his spear at the boar, and it rolled over upon the ground—dead.

After a time he came to a little village and he saw

a group of boys who were tormenting a poor lame man in their midst.

"How dare you!" cried Cedric, riding up in their midst, and he said, gently, to the old man, who was trembling with fright: "Come with me. You may ride my horse."

So Cedric walked until they reached the next village, where he left the old man at his own door, and then hurried on—not stopping for food even. Late in the evening he reached the house where he was to rest for the night, and by dawn the next day he was up and off on his journey once more.

As he rode along he came to a rippling brook and he saw a poor little fish lying on the bank, gasping for breath, where some fisherman had carelessly left it to die.

"You poor little thing!" thought Cedric, as he stepped down from his horse and gently laid the fish back in the brook once more and watched it swim gaily away. "A knight should help any suffering thing, no matter how small," he said as he rode on.

At last the king's beautiful palace was in sight, and Cedric rode into the courtyard—very weary—but carrying Sir Rollin's letter safe. And when the king read the letter he sent for Cedric. Sir Rollin had written to say that Cedric was brave, and true, and courteous, and ready to be a soldier. So the king told him that he was to serve in the army and live at the palace.

Then, after some more years, came a wonderful day when the king called Cedric to his great throne-room. There sat the king upon a beautiful throne of gold and beside him the queen. There was a canopy of velvet over their heads, and all the ladies-in-waiting and the courtiers stood about. Cedric knelt upon one

knee before the king's throne, as was the custom in those days; the king raised his beautiful golden sceptre and struck Cedric lightly upon the shoulder with it, saying at the same time: "Arise, Sir Cedric." And Cedric knew that he was at last a knight.

After a while he had a beautiful castle of his own, and his own prancing black horses, and he was always so brave, and noble, and kind that all his people loved him, and called him "Sir Cedric, the Good."

*THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

THERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers who were all brothers, for they had been made out of the same old tin spoon. They shouldered arms and looked straight before them. They wore splendid red and blue uniforms. They were given to a little boy for a birthday present, and he stood at a table to set them up.

The soldiers were all exactly alike, except one, who had only one leg; he had been left until the last, and there had not been enough of the melted tin to finish him. But he stood just as firmly on one leg as the others did on two, and on that account he was very noticeable.

The table on which the tin soldiers stood was covered with other playthings, but the prettiest was a little paper castle. Through the small windows the rooms could be seen. In front of the castle a number of little trees stood around a bit of looking-glass,

*Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen by Charles Eliot Norton, "Heart of Oak Books," III. By permission of D. C. Heath & Co.

which was meant for a lake. Swans, made of wax, swam on the lake. All this was very pretty, but the prettiest of all was a tiny little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle. She, too, was made of paper, and she wore a dress of the thinnest muslin, with a narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, just like a scarf. In the middle of the dress was a glittering tinsel rose, as large as her whole face.

The little lady was a dancer, and she stretched out both her arms and raised one of her legs so high that the tin soldier could not see it at all, and he thought that she, too, had only one leg.

"That is the wife for me," he thought; "yet she is too grand, and lives in a castle, while I have only a box to live in—five-and-twenty of us all together; that is no place for her. Still, I must try to make her acquaintance."

When evening came the people of the house went to bed. Then the playthings began to visit together and to give balls. The tin soldiers rattled in their box. The pencil jumped about the table. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and began to talk. But the tin soldier and the dancer remained in their places. She stood on the tip of her toe, with her arms outstretched, as firmly as he upon his one leg. He never took his eyes from her a minute.

The clock struck twelve, and, with a bounce, out jumped the little black goblin from the snuff-box.

"Tin soldier," said the goblin, "do not wish for what does not belong to you." But the tin soldier pretended not to hear.

When the children came in the morning they placed the tin soldier on the window. Now, whether it was the goblin that did it, or the draught, the window

blew open, and out fell the tin soldier, heels over head, into the street beneath. It was a terrible fall; for he came head downward, with his one leg up in the air. The little boy went down directly to look for him. If the tin soldier had called out, "Here I am," it would have been all right; but he was too proud to call for help while he wore a uniform.

It began to rain, and the drops fell fast until there was a heavy shower. Two boys passed by, and they said: "Look, here is a tin soldier! He ought to have a boat to sail in."

So they made a boat out of newspaper, and sent the tin soldier sailing down the gutter, while they ran along beside and clapped their hands.

Good gracious! What large waves arose in the gutter! The paper boat rocked up and down, and the tin soldier trembled, but he remained firm. He looked straight before him and shouldered his musket. Suddenly the boat shot under a bridge which crossed the drain, and it was as dark as the tin soldier's box.

"Where am I going?" he thought. "If the little lady were only here with me in the boat I should not care for any darkness."

Suddenly there appeared a great water rat who lived in the drain.

"Have you a passport?" asked the rat. "Give it to me at once." But the tin soldier remained silent, and held his musket tighter.

The boat sailed on, and the rat followed it. He gnashed his teeth and called out: "Stop him, stop him! He has not paid toll, and has not shown his pass."

But the stream rushed on stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could see daylight where the arch ended. He heard a terrible roaring where the gutter

emptied into the drain. He was too close to it to stop. The boat rushed in, and the poor tin soldier could only hold himself as stiffly as possible—to show that he was not afraid. The boat whirled around and filled with water to the very edge; nothing could save it from sinking. At last the water closed over the soldier's head, the paper boat fell to pieces, and the soldier sank into the water and was immediately swallowed by a great fish!

How dark it was inside the fish! Darker than in the drain and narrower, too, but the tin soldier remained firm, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro, making the most terrible movements, and, at last, lay still.

A voice cried out: "I declare, here is the tin soldier!"

The fish had been caught, taken to market, and sold to the cook, who had cut him open on the kitchen table. She picked up the soldier and held him by the waist between her thumb and finger, and carried him into another room. The people were all anxious to see this tin soldier who had traveled about inside of a fish, but he was not at all proud. They set him on the table—there he was in the very same room from the window of which he had fallen! There were the same children; the same playthings, and the fine castle with the pretty little dancer at the door. She still balanced herself on one leg and held up the other. She was as firm as himself. The tin soldier nearly wept tin tears to see her, but he kept them back.

Presently one of the little boys took up the tin soldier and threw him into the stove. He had no reason for doing this, so it must have been the fault of the black goblin.

The flames lighted up the tin soldier; the heat was terrible. The bright colors of his uniform were faded—whether from his journey or from the effects of his sorrow no one could tell. He looked at the little lady and she looked at him. He felt himself melting away, but he still remained firm with the gun on his shoulder.

Suddenly a draught of air caught the little dancer. She fluttered like a sylph right into the stove by the side of the little tin soldier, was instantly in flames and gone. The tin soldier melted down into a lump, and the next morning when the servant took the ashes out of the stove she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. Of the little dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, which was burned black as a cinder.

EASTER

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY is now come to town,
With a petticoat green, and a gay yellow gown,
And her little white blossoms are peeping around.

*THE SNOWDROP

THE snow lay deep, for it was winter time. The winter winds blew cold, but there was one house where all was snug and warm. And in the house lay a little flower; in its bulb it lay, under the earth and the snow.

One day the rain fell and it trickled through the ice and snow down into the ground. And presently a sunbeam, pointed and slender, pierced down through the ground and tapped on the bulb.

"Come in," said the flower.

"I can't do that," said the sunbeam; "I'm not strong enough to lift the latch. I shall be stronger when the spring time comes."

"When will it come spring?" asked the flower of every little sunbeam that rapped on its door, but for a long time it was winter. The ground was still cov-

*C. S. B. Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

ered with snow, and every night there was ice in the water. The flower grew quite tired of waiting.

"How long it is!" it said. "I feel quite cramped. I must stretch myself and rise up a little. I must lift the latch, and look out, and say 'good morning' to the spring."

So the flower pushed and pushed. The walls were softened by the rain and warmed by the little sunbeams, so the flower shot up from under the snow, with a pale green bud on its stalk and some long, narrow leaves on either side. It was biting cold.

"You are a little too early," said the Wind and the Weather, but every sunbeam sang "Welcome," and the flower raised its head from the snow, and unfolded itself—pure and white, and decked with green stripes. It was weather to freeze it to pieces—such a delicate little flower—but it was stronger than any one knew. It stood in its white dress in the white snow, bowing its head when the snowflakes fell and raising it again to smile at the sunbeams. And every day it grew sweeter.

"Oh," shouted the children, as they ran into the garden, "see the snowdrop! There it stands so pretty, so beautiful—the first, the only one!"

*HERR OSTER HASE

A LONG time ago, in a far-off country, there was a famine; and this is how it came about: In the early spring, when the first grass peeped out, the sun shone so hot that the grass was dried up. No rains fell

*Mr. Easter Hare. An old German legend.

through the long summer months, so that the seed and grain that were planted could not grow, and everywhere the fields and meadows—usually so green and rich—were a dull gray-brown. Here and there a green tree waved its dusty branches in the hot wind. When fall came, instead of the well-filled granaries and barns, there was great emptiness; and instead of happy fathers and mothers, there were grave, troubled ones.

But the children were just as happy as ever. They were glad, even, that it had not rained, for they could play out of doors all day long; and the dust-piles had never been so large and fine.

The people had to be very saving of the things that had been left from the year before. All the following winter, by being very careful, they managed to provide simple food for their families. When Christmas came there were not many presents, but the children did not miss them as we would, because in that land they did not give many presents at Christmas-time.

Their holiday was Easter Sunday. On that day they had a great celebration, and there were always goodies and presents for the little boys and girls. As the time came nearer, the parents wondered what they should do for the children's holiday. Every new day it was harder than the day before to get just plain, coarse bread to eat; and where would they find all the sweetmeats and pretty things that the children had always had at Easter-time?

One evening some of the mothers met, after the children were in bed, to talk about what they should do. One mother said: "We can have eggs. All the chickens are laying; but the children are so tired of eggs, for they have them every day."

So they decided that eggs would never do for an Easter treat; and they went home sorrowfully, thinking that Easter must come and go like any other day. And one mother was more sorry than any of the others. Her dear little boy and girl had been planning and talking about the beautiful time they were to have on the great holiday.

After the mother had gone to bed, she wondered and thought if there were any way by which she could give her little ones their happy time. All at once she cried right out in the dark: "I know! I have thought of something to make the children happy!"

She could hardly wait until morning, and the first thing she did was to run into the next house and tell her neighbor of the bright plan she had thought of. And the neighbor told some one else, and so the secret flew until, before night, all the mothers had heard it, but not a single child.

There was still a week before Easter, so there was a good deal of whispering; and the fathers and mothers smiled every time they thought of the secret. When Easter Sunday came, every one went, first of all, to the great stone church—mothers and fathers and children. When church was over, instead of going home, the older people suggested walking to the great woods just back of the church.

"Perhaps we may find some flowers," they said.

So on they went, and soon the merry children were scattered through the woods, among the trees.

Then a shout went up—now here, now there—from all sides.

"Father, mother, look here!"

"See what I have found—some beautiful eggs!"

"Here's a red one!"

"I've found a yellow one!"

"Here's a whole nestful—all different colors!"

And the children came running, bringing beautiful colored eggs which they had found in the soft moss under the trees. What kind of eggs could they be? They were too large for bird's eggs; they were large, like hens' eggs; but who ever saw a hen's egg so wonderfully colored?

Just then, from behind a large tree where the children had found a nest full of eggs, there jumped a rabbit, and with long leaps he disappeared in the deep woods, where he was hidden from view by the trees and the bushes.

"It must be that the rabbit laid the pretty eggs," said one little girl.

"I am sure it was the rabbit," said her mother.

"Hurrah for the rabbit! Hurrah for the Easter rabbit! Hurrah for Herr Oster Hase!" the children cried; and the fathers and mothers were glad with the children.

So this is the story of the first Easter eggs, for, ever since then, in that far-away land and in other countries, too, has Herr Oster Hase brought the little children at Easter-time some beautiful colored eggs.

*THE COMING OF THE KING

SOME children were at play in their playground one day when a herald rode through the town blowing a trumpet and crying aloud: "The King! The King

*Laura E. Richards, in "The Golden Windows," by permission of the author and Little, Brown & Co.

passes by this road to-day. Make ready for the King!"

The children stopped their play and looked at one another.

"Did you hear that?" they said. "The King is coming. He may look over the wall and see our playground—who knows? We must put it in order."

The playground was sadly dirty, and in the corners were scraps of paper and broken toys, for these were careless children. But now one brought a hoe, and another a rake, and a third ran to fetch the wheelbarrow from behind the garden gate. They labored hard till, at length, all was clean and tidy.

"Now it is clean," they said; "but we must make it pretty, too, for kings are used to fine things; maybe he would not notice mere cleanness, for he may have it all the time."

Then one brought sweet rushes and strewed them on the ground; and others brought garlands of oak-leaves and pine tassels, and hung them on the walls; and the littlest one pulled marigold buds and threw them all about the playground—"to look like gold," he said.

When all was done, the playground was so beautiful that the children stood and looked at it, and clapped their hands with pleasure.

"Let us keep it always like this," said the littlest one; and the others cried: "Yes, yes; that is what we will do!"

They waited all day for the coming of the King, but he never came; only, toward sunset, a man with travel-worn clothes and a kind, tired face passed along the road and stopped to look over the wall.

"What a pleasant place!" said the man. "May I come in and rest, dear children?"

The children brought him in gladly and set him on the seat that they had made out of an old cask. They had covered it with the old red cloak, to make it look like a throne; and it made a very good one.

"It is our playground," they said. "We made it pretty for the King, but he never came, and now we mean to keep it so for ourselves."

"That is good!" said the man.

"Because we think pretty and clean nicer than ugly and dirty," said another.

"That is better!" said the man.

"And for tired people to rest in," said the littlest one.

"That is best of all!" said the man.

He sat and rested, and looked at the children with such kind eyes that they came about him and told him all they knew: about the five puppies in the barn, and the thrush's nest with four blue eggs, and the sea-shore, where the gold shells grew; and the man nodded and understood it all.

By and by he asked for a cup of water and they brought it to him in the best cup, with the gold sprigs on it; then he thanked the children and arose and went on his way, but before he went he laid his hand on their heads for a moment, and the touch went warm to their hearts.

The children stood by the wall and watched the man as he went slowly along. The sun was setting and the light fell in long, slanting rays across the road.

"He looks so tired," said one of the children.

"But he was so kind," said another.

"See," said the littlest one, "how the sun shines on his hair! It looks like a crown of gold."

FAIRY·TALES·
AND·
FABLES·



FAIRY TALES

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

AN old woman was sweeping her house and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this sixpence? I will go to the market and buy a little pig." As she was coming home she came to a stile; the piggy would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog:

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went on a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said:

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she came to a fire. So she said:

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she came to some water. So she said:

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said:

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

The old woman went on a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;

Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

She went on a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said:

"Rope, rope, tie butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

She went on a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;
Rope won't tie butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

"I will," said the rat.

So the rat began to gnaw the rope. The rope began to tie the butcher. The butcher began to kill the ox.

The ox began to drink the water. The water began to quench the fire. The fire began to burn the stick. The stick began to beat the dog. The dog began to bite the pig. The piggy jumped over the stile. And the old woman *really* did get home that night.

*THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

THE cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house.

The cat bit the mouse's tail off.

"Pray, Puss, give me my tail again."

"No," said the cat, "I'll not give you your tail again till you go to the cow and fetch me some milk."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

"Pray, Cow, give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"No," said the Cow, "I will give you no milk till you go to the Farmer and get me some hay."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the Farmer, and thus began:

"Pray, Farmer, give me some hay that I may give to the Cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"No," said the Farmer, "I'll give you no hay till you go to the Butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the Butcher, and thus began:

"Pray, Butcher, give me some meat that I may give to the Farmer, so he may give me some hay that I may give to the Cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"No," said the Butcher, "I'll give you no meat till you go to the Baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the Baker, and thus began:

"Pray, Baker, give me some bread that I may give to the Butcher, so he may give me some meat that I may give to the Farmer, so he may give me some hay that I may give to the Cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"Well," said the Baker, "I'll give you some bread,
But don't eat my meal, or I'll cut off your head."

The Baker gave the mouse bread, which she brought to the Butcher; the Butcher gave the mouse meat which she brought to the Farmer; the Farmer gave the mouse hay which she brought to the Cow; the Cow gave the mouse milk which she brought to the Cat; and the Cat gave to the mouse her tail again.

*THE LITTLE RED HEN

ONCE upon a time, in a wee little house, there lived a frog, a cat and a little red hen. The frog was such

*Retold by Harriet Pierce Dow from the Irish ballad of the "Little Red Hen."

a lazy frog he would do no work. The cat was such a lazy cat she would do no work; so the little red hen had to do it all herself.

One morning she said: "Who will build the fire?"

"Not I," said the frog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"I will," said the little red hen, and she built a bright fire.

"Who will make a cake for breakfast?" said the little red hen.

"Not I," said the frog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"I will," said the little red hen, and she made a cake for breakfast. When the cake was cooking by the fire the little red hen said: "Who will lay the table for breakfast?"

"Not I," said the frog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"I will," said the little red hen, and she laid the table. She tried the cake with a broom straw, took it from the fire, put it on a warm plate, and started to carry it to the table. The lazy frog was already sitting in his high chair, waiting for his breakfast. The lazy cat was smoothing out her napkin, ready for her breakfast. Then the little red hen stopped and said: "Who will eat this cake?"

"I will," said the frog.

"I will," said the cat.

"You are not going to have a bit," said the little red hen, and out the door she flew with the cake safely tucked under her wing. On down the road she flew till at last she came to a sunny pasture on a side hill. "Here," she said, "I will eat my cake."

Away over the hills that morning Papa Fox was

awake. All his family were awake, too, and teasing for their breakfast. There was nothing in the little brown pantry for Mamma Fox, or the baby foxes; so Papa Fox started out to find something for them all.

On down the road he ran until he found a cool, dark forest on a side hill close to a sunny pasture.

"Surely I will find something here," he said, but he found no partridge or rabbit in the woods. As he came to the pasture, he said: "Oh, I smell fresh cake!" And then: "Oh, I smell a little red hen!" And there was our little red hen eating her cake. Softly Papa Fox stole up behind her, and grabbed her, and put her into the bag on his back. Quickly Papa Fox ran off down the hill.

Then the little red hen was so frightened she could only whisper: "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Just then she thought she should sneeze, and she put her claw in her pocket for her handkerchief, and, in pulling it out, she dropped her little scissors right in her lap.

As fast as she could, she cut a little peek-hole in the bag. Peeking out, she saw a great hill just ahead, all covered with stones. As Papa Fox toiled slowly up the hill she cut a big hole in the bag; out she jumped and quickly put a big stone in the bag.

Straight up the hill went Papa Fox, and he thought the bag was so heavy, but he said: "She is a fat little red hen."

Mamma Fox met him at the front door. "Come in and put our breakfast in the kettle," she said, "the water is boiling."

So into the kettle Papa Fox emptied his bag, and down into the water fell a great stone, splashing the

water all over the kitchen, and if Papa Fox had not jumped he would have been burned.

Then Papa Fox said: "What is that?" and he went back and peeped in the kettle, and then how he laughed!

"What was that?" asked Mamma Fox, and she went over and peered into the kettle, and, oh! how she laughed!

"What is that?" asked the little foxes, as they peeped into the kettle, and then, oh! how they laughed!

"I am glad the little red hen got away," said Papa Fox as he brought in some turnips for breakfast.

After the little red hen was out of the bag she kept very quiet until the fox was over the hill and out of sight. Then she ran, and she flew, as fast as she could go, but it was night before she reached home. As she flew into the garden she heard a deep voice say: "Oh, I wish the little red hen would come back," and that was the frog. Then she heard a soft voice say: "Oh, I wish the little red hen would come back," and that was the cat.

"Here I am!" said the little red hen.

"I won't be lazy any more," said the frog as he rubbed against her little yellow leg.

"I won't be lazy any more," said the cat as she rubbed against the little red hen's wing. And so the frog, the cat and the little red hen all worked together in the wee little house.

*CHICKEN LITTLE

ONCE upon a time there was a tiny little chicken whom every one called Chicken Little.

One day while she was out in the garden, where she had no right to be, a rose-leaf fell on her tail. Away she ran in great fright, for she thought the sky was falling. As she ran along she met Henny Penny.

"O Henny Penny," cried Chicken Little, "the sky is falling!"

"How do you know that?" asked Henny Penny.

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail," said Chicken Little.

"Let us run and tell the King," said Henny Penny.

So they ran along together until they met Ducky Lucky.

"O Ducky Lucky," cried Chicken Little, "the sky is falling!"

"How do you know that?" asked Ducky Lucky.

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail," said Chicken Little; "and we're going to tell the King."

"May I go, too?" asked Ducky Lucky.

"Oh, yes," said Chicken Little, and they all ran along together. Presently they met Goosey Loosey.

"O Goosey Loosey," cried Chicken Little, "the sky is falling!"

"How do you know that?" asked Goosey Loosey.

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail," said Chicken Little; "and we're going to tell the King."

"May I go, too?" asked Goosey Loosey.

*C. M. L. Retold from the old folk-tale.

"Oh, yes," said Chicken Little, and they all ran along together. Presently they met Turkey Lurkey.

"O Turkey Lurkey," cried Chicken Little, "the sky is falling!"

"How do you know that?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail," said Chicken Little; "and we're going to tell the King."

"May I go, too?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"Oh, yes," said Chicken Little, and they all ran along together. Presently they met Foxy Loxy.

"O Foxy Loxy," cried Chicken Little, "the sky is falling."

"How do you know that?" asked Foxy Loxy.

"Oh, I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my tail," said Chicken Little; "and we're going to tell the King."

"Come with me," said Foxy Loxy, "and I will show you where the King lives."

So Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey and Turkey Lurkey all followed Foxy Loxy; but, oh! he led them into his den, and they never, never came out again!

*THE TRAVELS OF A FOX

A fox was digging behind a stump, and he found a bumble-bee. The fox put the bumble-bee in a bag and he traveled.

The first house he came to he went in, and he said

*An old nursery tale of New England. Reprinted by permission of Clifton Johnson,

to the mistress of the house: "May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight, the woman just took a little peep in the bag and out flew the bumble-bee, and the rooster caught him and ate him up.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag and he saw that his bumble-bee was gone, and he said to the woman: "Where is my bumble-bee?"

And the woman said: "I just untied the bag, and the bumble-bee flew out, and the rooster ate him up."

"Very well," said the fox, "I must have the rooster, then."

So he caught the rooster and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house: "May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight, the woman just took a little peep into the bag, and the rooster flew out, and the pig caught him and ate him up.

After a while the fox came back, and he took up his bag and he saw that the rooster was not in it, and he said to the woman: "Where is my rooster?"

And the woman said: "I just untied the bag, and the rooster flew out, and the pig ate him."

"Very well," said the fox, "I must have the pig, then."

So he caught the pig and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house: "May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight, the woman just took a little peep into the bag, and the pig jumped out, and the ox ate him.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag and he saw that the pig was gone, and he said to the woman: "Where is my pig?"

And the woman said: "I just untied the bag, and the pig jumped out, and the ox ate him."

"Very well," said the fox, "I must have the ox, then."

So he caught the ox and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house: "May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight, the woman just took a little peep in the bag, and the ox got out, and the woman's little boy chased him away off over the fields.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that his ox was gone, and he said to the woman: "Where is my ox?"

And the woman said: "I just untied the string, and the ox got out, and my little boy chased him away off over the fields."

"Very well," said the fox, "I must have the little boy, then."



"The woman took the little boy out."

So he caught the little boy and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house: "May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

The woman was making cake, and her children were around her asking for some.

"Oh, mother, give me a piece," said one; and, "Oh, mother, give me a piece," said the others.

And the smell of the cake came to the little boy who was weeping and crying in the bag, and he heard the children asking for cake and he said: "Oh, mammy, give me a piece."

Then the woman opened the bag and took the little boy out, and she put the house-dog in the bag in the little boy's place. And the little boy stopped crying and had some cake with the others.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag and he saw that it was tied fast, and he put it over his back and traveled far into the deep woods. Then he sat down and untied the bag, and if the little boy had been there in the bag things would have gone badly with him.

But the little boy was safe at the woman's house, and when the fox untied the bag the house-dog jumped out and ate him all up.

*THE LIVING ALARM CLOCK

ONCE upon a time there was a man, and he had a little rooster that had just learned to crow after a

*Charles Battell Loomis. By permission of the author.

fashion. And when it came night the man said: "Now I will go to bed and have a good sleep." And he went to bed and slept. And very early in the morning the little rooster came around to the front of the house, and flapped his wings, and cried: "Kookeroo!"

And the man woke up and said to his wife: "What's that you said?" And she woke up and said: "I did not speak; it must have been the little rooster crowing; but now you have waked me up." So the man threw his hairbrush out of the window at the little rooster and the little rooster ran away. Then the man said: "Well, as long as I'm up, I will *plant* my garden." And he planted his garden.

But that night he shut the little rooster in the hen-house and said: "Now, I'll have a long sleep," and he went to bed and slept. But very early in the morning the little rooster flew over the hen-yard fence and ran around to the front of the house, and flapped his wings, and crowed: "Kookeroo!" And the man woke up and said to his wife: "What's that you said?" And she woke up and said: "I did not speak; it must have been the little rooster crowing; but now you have waked me up." So the man threw his comb at the little rooster, but the little rooster already had one and he ran away. Then the man said: "Well, as long as I'm up, I will *weed* my garden."

But that night the man shut the little rooster in the hen-house and tied him to the fence with a string. Then he said: "Now, I will have a long sleep." And he went to bed and slept. But very early in the morning the little rooster bit the string in two, and flew over the hen-yard fence, and ran around to the front of the house and crowed: "Kookeroo!" And the man woke up and said to his wife: "What was that you

said?" And she woke up and said: "I did not speak; it must have been the little rooster crowing; but now you have waked me up for the day." And she was vexed.

So the man ran out and caught the little rooster and they had him for dinner; and that night the man went to sleep and he slept long and sound, for there was no little rooster to awaken him. And his wife slept as long as he and dreamed pleasant dreams.

But the weeds overran the garden and choked it!

*THE THREE BEARS

ONCE upon a time ~~there~~ there were three bears who lived in a house of their own in a wood. There was a small, wee bear; there was a middle-sized bear, and there was a great, huge bear. They had each a pot for their porridge: a little pot for the small, wee bear; a middle-sized pot for the middle-sized bear; and a great pot for the great, huge bear. And they had each a chair to sit in: a little chair for the small, wee bear; a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear; and a great chair for the great, huge bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in: a little bed for the small, wee bear; a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear; and a great bed for the great, huge bear.

One morning the three bears left their breakfast porridge cooling in their porridge pots and they walked out into the woods, that they might not burn their mouths by eating it too soon. And while they were walking, along came a little old woman to the

*C. S. B. Adapted from the original by Southey.

house. She was not a polite, honest little old woman. First she looked in the window, then she peeped in the keyhole, and then, seeing no one inside, she lifted the latch. Now, the door was not fastened, for the bears thought every one in the world was as honest as they were. So the little old woman opened the door and went in. She was well pleased to see the porridge on the table. If she had been a polite, honest little old woman she would have waited and asked leave of the bears before she tasted, but she was not polite, and she set about helping herself.

First she tasted the porridge of the great, huge bear and that was too hot for her. Then she tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear and that was too cold for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the small, wee bear, which was neither too hot nor too cold, and so she ate it all up.

Then the little old woman went poking about the house to see what there was in it, and she came, all of a sudden, upon the three chairs. So she sat down in the chair of the great, huge bear and that was too hard for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the middle-sized bear and that was too soft for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the small, wee bear, which was neither too hard nor too soft, and there she sat until the bottom of the chair came right out, and—plump—she fell upon the ground.

Then the little old woman went up the stairs to the bears' bed chamber. And first she lay down upon the bed of the great, huge bear, but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear, but that was too low at the foot for her. And last she lay down upon the bed of the small, wee bear, which was neither too high at

the head nor too low at the foot. So she pulled the covers over her head and went fast asleep.

By this time home came the three bears to their breakfast. Now the little old woman had left the spoon of the great, huge bear standing in his porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE," said the great, huge bear in his great, huge voice.

Then the middle-sized bear looked at his bowl.

"Somebody has been at my porridge," said the middle-sized bear in his middle-sized voice.

Then the small, wee bear looked at his bowl, which was quite empty, and he said, in his small, wee voice:

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up."

Then the three bears, seeing that some one had eaten all the porridge of the small, wee bear, began to look about the house. Now the little old woman had left the hard cushion crooked in the chair of the great, huge bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the great, huge bear in his great, huge voice.

Now the little old woman had squatted down the cushion of the middle-sized bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair," said he in his middle-sized voice.

And you know what the little old woman had done to the third chair!

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has sat the bottom out of it,"

said the small, wee bear in his small, wee voice.

Then the three bears went upstairs to their bed chamber. Now, the little old woman had crumpled the pillow of the great, huge bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED," said the great, huge bear in his great, huge voice.

And the little old woman had pulled the bolster of the middle-sized bear quite crooked.

"*Somebody has been lying in my bed,*" said he in his middle-sized voice.

And when the small, wee bear came to look at his bed, there was the pillow smooth and the bolster straight, but upon the pillow was the little old woman's head, which was not right, as she had no business there.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed, and here she is," said the small, wee bear in his small, wee voice.

When the little old woman heard the shrill voice of the small, wee bear she awoke at once. Up she jumped and when she saw the three bears looking at her from one side of the bed out she tumbled at the other side and she ran to the window. Now the three bears, as good, tidy bears should, always opened the window of their bed chamber when they got up in the morning. Out the little old woman jumped and off through the woods she ran as fast as the wind.

Where she went the bears never found out, but they hoped she changed to a polite, honest little old woman who never lifted other people's latches again.

*THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

THERE were once three little pigs, and they all started out in the world to seek their fortunes. The

*C. M. L. Retold from the old story of the "Three Little Pigs."

first little pig had not gone very far when he met a man with a bundle of straw, and he said to the man:

"Please, sir, give me that straw that I may build me a house."

Which the man did, and the little pig built him a house of the straw. Very soon along came an old wolf, and he knocked at the door and he said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in." But the little pig answered:

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

Then the old wolf said: "I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew down the house of straw, and he ate up the little pig.

Now, the second little pig had not gone very far when he met a man with a bundle of furze, and he said to the man: "Please, man, give me that furze that I may build me a house." Which the man did, and the little pig built him a house of the furze.

Very soon along came the same old wolf, and he knocked at the door and said: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

But the little pig answered: "No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

Then the old wolf said: "I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew down the house of furze, and he ate up the little pig.

Now, the third little pig had not gone very far when he met a man with a wheelbarrow full of bricks, and he said to the man: "Please, man, give me those bricks that I may build me a house." Which the man did, and the little pig built him a house of the bricks.

Very soon along came the old wolf, and he knocked

at the door, and he said: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

But the little pig answered: "No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

Then the old wolf said: "I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So the old wolf huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed again; but he could not get the house down. Now, why was that? Because it was a little house made all of bricks.

When the old wolf found he could not blow down the house, he said: "Little pig, will you come with me to a new turnip field?"

"Where?" asked the little pig, poking his head out of his upstairs window.

"In Mr. Smith's home-field," said the wolf. "If you will be ready to-morrow morning at six o'clock we will go together and fetch home some turnips for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig. "I will be ready."

Now, the little pig arose at five and got the turnips before the old wolf came (which he did promptly at six) and said: "Little pig, are you ready?"

But the little pig said: "Ready, indeed! I have been and come back again, and I have a potful of turnips over the fire for dinner."

Then the old wolf was very angry, but he said to the little pig: "Little pig, I can show you a nice apple tree."

"Where?" asked the pig.

"Down at Merry-Garden," said the old wolf. "I will come for you at five o'clock to-morrow, and we will get a basketful of apples."

Well, the little pig bustled around the next morn-

ing, and he got up at four o'clock and went to Merry-Garden, and was just coming back with a peck of apples, when whom should he see in the road just ahead of him but the old wolf. And the wolf called out to him: "Little pig, little pig, what! Did you get there first? Are they sweet apples?"

"Nice and sweet," said the little pig. "I will throw you one."

Then the little pig threw an apple to the wolf, and he threw it so wide and so far that the wolf had to run a long way to catch it, so the little pig got past him and safe home, after all.

The next day the old wolf came again and he said to the little pig: "Little pig, will you go to the fair at Shanklin this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes," said the little pig. "What time will you be ready?"

"At two," said the wolf.

Well, the little pig went off to Shanklin at one o'clock, and he got him a new butter churn which he needed very much. He was just going home with it when he saw the wolf coming. Oh! but he was frightened, and he could not think what to do. So he got into his butter-churn to hide, and he turned it round by so doing, and it went rolling, rolling down the hill, which frightened the wolf so much that he went under a bush to hide.

The churn went rolling, rolling along and the wolf peeped out from under the bush to see where it would stop. And the churn rolled on and on, and never stopped until it came to the little pig's house, when out jumped the little pig and hurried inside and shut the door.

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and he said

he would eat up the little pig without further ado. So he came down the hill and got up on the roof and started down the chimney, but the little pig heard him. So the little pig hung his dinner-pot over the fire, and when the wolf came down the chimney the pig took off the cover, and that was the end of the old wolf, for the little pig had him for dinner.

*PETER, PAUL AND ESPEN

THERE were once three brothers—Peter, Paul and Espen—who set out from home to find their way through the woods. Now, Peter and Paul thought they knew all that needed to be known, and they were sure that they could do anything that needed to be done. Espen said but little, and the others thought he was of no account.

Their way led through a deep wood, where grew splendid trees and beautiful flowers. Happy birds flitted from tree to tree, and it was a pleasant place. After a while the boys heard a strange sound far away to one side.

"I wonder," said Espen, "I wonder what that sound can be."

"That, you silly boy," said his brothers; "why, it is just a woodchopper chopping at a tree. Did you never hear a woodchopper before?"

"Yes, I have," said Espen, "but I wonder just what it is that we hear. I am going to find out."

"Nonsense," said Paul and Peter, "come with us, and don't stop for that."

*Norwegian folk-tale. Retold by Bertha Johnston in "Kindergarten Magazine."

"No," said Espen; "I am going to find out."

So away he went and there, far off in the woods, he found an axe chopping away all by itself.

"Good morning, dear axe," said Espen; "what are you doing there, all by yourself?"

"I have been waiting here hundreds of years for you," said the axe.

"Well, here I am," said Espen, and he took the axe and tucked it into his belt and hurried off to catch up with his brothers. They had not gone very much farther through the woods when they heard another strange sound — tap, tap, tap — far away to one side.

"I wonder," said Espen, "what that sound may be."

"That, you silly boy," said his brothers; "why, that is just a stonecutter picking at a rock. Did you never hear a pickaxe before?"

"Oh, yes," said Espen, "but I wonder just what it is that we hear. I am going to find out."

"Nonsense," said Peter and Paul, "come with us; we shall never get out of this wood."

"No," said Espen; "I am going to find out."

So away he went and there, far off in the wood, he came to a pickaxe tapping at a rock all by itself.

"Good morning, dear pickaxe," said Espen; "what are you doing here, all by yourself?"

"I have been waiting here hundreds of years for you," said the pickaxe.

"Well, here I am," said Espen, slinging the pickaxe over his shoulder and hurrying on to catch up with his brothers.

"Well, what did you find?" they asked of Espen. "Was it not a pickaxe?"

"Yes, it was a pickaxe," said Espen.

Presently the three boys came to a brook. "I wonder where this brook came from," said Espen.

"Well, did you never see a brook before?" asked Peter and Paul.

"Yes," said Espen, "but I wonder where it comes from."

So, in spite of his brothers laughing at him, Espen followed the brook until it grew narrower and narrower, and at last he found it trickling from a walnut-shell.

"Well, dear brook, what are you doing here, all by yourself?" asked Espen.

"I have been waiting here hundreds of years for you," said the brook.

So Espen took the walnut-shell and plugged it up with a bit of moss and put it in his pocket. Then he hurried on, but Peter and Paul were a long way ahead of him. They had come to the city. Now, it happened that in front of the king's palace was a tree that had grown so large, and made the palace so shady and gloomy, that the King wished it cut down. But, strange to say, every time one of its branches was cut off another grew in its place. So, instead of growing smaller, the tree ever grew larger, and the King had offered half of his kingdom to whoever could cut it down.

Many people had tried, and had failed, and at last the King decreed that whoever tried and failed should be sent away to a very distant island, never to return. The palace was on a high hill, and every drop of water the King needed had to be carried up the hill. The King said he would give half his kingdom to whoever could cut down the tree and dig him a well. Many people had tried to dig the well and cut down the tree,

but they all had failed and the King had sent them off to his distant island.

At last came Peter and Paul, the brothers who thought they knew everything in the world. They were sure they could cut down the tree and dig the well, but they, also, failed and they were sent off to the island to stay always. Then along came Espen, and he, too, wished to try.

"Oh, see your poor brothers!" cried all the people. "You must not try."

"I will try," said Espen.

So he took his axe from his belt, put it at the foot of the tree and said to it: "Chop away, my axe."

And the axe chopped and chopped away until, in a few minutes, the tree was down. Then he took the pickaxe, put it in the hard rock and said: "Dig away, my pickaxe."

In a little while the pickaxe had dug a great, deep hole. Then Espen took out his walnut-shell, pulled out the moss and dropped it far down into the ground. In a minute the water bubbled up as high as a fountain, and there was a splendid spring with all the water that was needed for the palace.

So the foolish Espen, whom no one thought to be of much account, had done what no other had done; and the King gave him half of his kingdom.

*LITTLE SUNSHINE

ONCE upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman in a little hut on the border of a wood. They

*C. S. B. Adapted from a Russian folk-tale.

tended their cow and horse, and worked in the fields and were busy from morning till night. There were other people living near them who worked in the fields also, but no one had ever dared go into the forest—not even to chop wood. There were no paths, the trees had grown together like a wall, and it was very dark to look at.

After a while a little girl was born to the old woman and the old man. She was the most wonderful baby, and she grew into the most wonderful little girl—all dimples and smiles and love. Whoever looked at her became happy at once, and people came from miles around to see her smile, or touch her fingers. And they named her Little Sunshine.

The mother taught her to bake and sew and spin, so she might be industrious as well as loving. She could work in the fields, too, but whatever bit of work she started it was finished before you could so much as turn around; or else some one would come and help Little Sunshine complete it.

"This will never do," said her mother one day. "Little Sunshine must learn to work alone, or she will grow up a lazy girl. Take this, my child," she said, as she gave Little Sunshine a snarl of flax nearly as large as she was, "and do you go into your own room alone to spin it."

So Little Sunshine laughed merrily and took the flax into her own room, and shut the door fast.

"Whirr, whirr" went her spinning-wheel—"whirr"—but the flax seemed to untangle itself and soon lay in smooth coils of thread upon the floor. Just as it was finished Little Sunshine heard: "Squeak, squeak," and a gray mouse scuttled from a hole in the chimney corner and perched himself upon her distaff.

"What do you want, mouse?" asked Little Sunshine.

"Something good to eat," squeaked the mouse.

"Why, I don't believe I have a thing for you," said Little Sunshine, "unless you like this," and she offered the mouse a bit of the fat with which she greased her wheel.

The mouse nibbled away gratefully, but, all at once, Little Sunshine heard a rap at the door, and a gruff voice called out: "Let me in, let me in!"

She hastened to open the door, and who should walk in but a great, grizzly, brown bear—so tall and fierce that he seemed to fill the whole room!

"I have come to play blind-man's-buff with you, Little Sunshine," said the bear.

Poor Little Sunshine! She was too much afraid to speak, but the gray mouse whispered in her ear: "Do not be afraid; I will help you, Little Sunshine."

So Little Sunshine tied her apron about the bear's eyes to blind him. While she was counting "one, two, three," the mouse blew out the fire, so that it was quite dark, and he hung a little string of bells about his neck. He motioned to Little Sunshine to hide in the farthest corner of the room, and then he began dancing about, shaking his bells, while the bear ran after him. This way and that went the nimble mouse: under the chairs, on the top of the spinning-wheel, over the table; and the clumsy bear could not put a paw on him. It grew to be night, but still they were playing their queer game.

"I will catch you yet, Little Sunshine," said the bear, but the mouse only shook his bells the louder and ran faster. At last the bear grew quite dizzy with so much twisting and turning about, and just as the first daylight came in through the windows he pulled

He bandaged from his eyes and cried out: "Enough, enough, Little Sunshine; you are a better player than I."

The mouse ran up the chimney, and Little Sunshine came, laughing, out of her corner and sat down at her spinning-wheel again. The bear looked at her sunny little face, all smiles and dimples, and he said:

"Will you pull me out of my skin, Little Sunshine?"

"Oh, I could never do that," said Little Sunshine.

"Just try," said the bear, holding out his paw.

Little Sunshine pulled, and pulled, and pulled and off fell the bear-skin, and there stood a splendid prince smiling down at her.

"You are to come home with me," said the prince, "and live in my palace always."

So Little Sunshine said good-bye to her father and mother, and the prince gave them twelve wagonloads of grain and twelve horses, that they might not feel too badly at losing her. The thick, dark forest opened wide into paths to let the prince and Little Sunshine through, and she went away to be the Princess Sunshine.

The first thing she did was to decree that all the tabby-cats in her kingdom should wear little strings of bells about their necks when they played blind-man's-buff with the mice. And every morning she rode through the streets in her gold chariot, that she might show her sunny face to all her subjects and turn their work into play.

*EAVESDROPPER, THE UGLY DWARF

ONCE there was an ugly old dwarf; though such a little *bit* of a man, he had the biggest ears you ever saw. He was such a queer-looking fellow that people would not go near him, if they could help it. He lived in a place that was called "Tattlers' Row" in a little old house he called "Keyhole."

This house had but one small window, and he was always either peering through it to see what he could see, or putting one of his big ears against it to hear everything that the people in Tattlers' Row might have to say as they passed by. Then he would run to tell his next-door neighbor, Miss Busybody, what he had heard, and she would hasten to tell what he had told her, and, as it was often something not very nice about some of their neighbors, this would stir up a big quarrel.

Now, these people were not bad-natured or spiteful and they did not wish to quarrel. But they knew, so long as this ugly old dwarf, Eavesdropper, lived there to tell all that he had heard with his big ears to Miss Busybody, there could be no peace. So, in many ways, they tried to get rid of him; but all to no purpose.

One day a fairy appeared among them, whose name was Good Heart. She said: "I know what mischief Eavesdropper has done among you, and I will tell you how to cure him. Here is a bottle of magic oil. It is the 'Oil of Kindness.' Watch, and when he is asleep some time ask Miss Busybody to steal softly in and drop some into his ears. Tell her it will be a good joke, for it will make his ears get very small. She is

always ready for anything, and she will surely do it, just to make a stir; for she will not know that he can never again bring her any more news. This oil will make his ears so little that he will not be able to hear anything from his window again, and Miss Busybody will have to go somewhere else for her news."

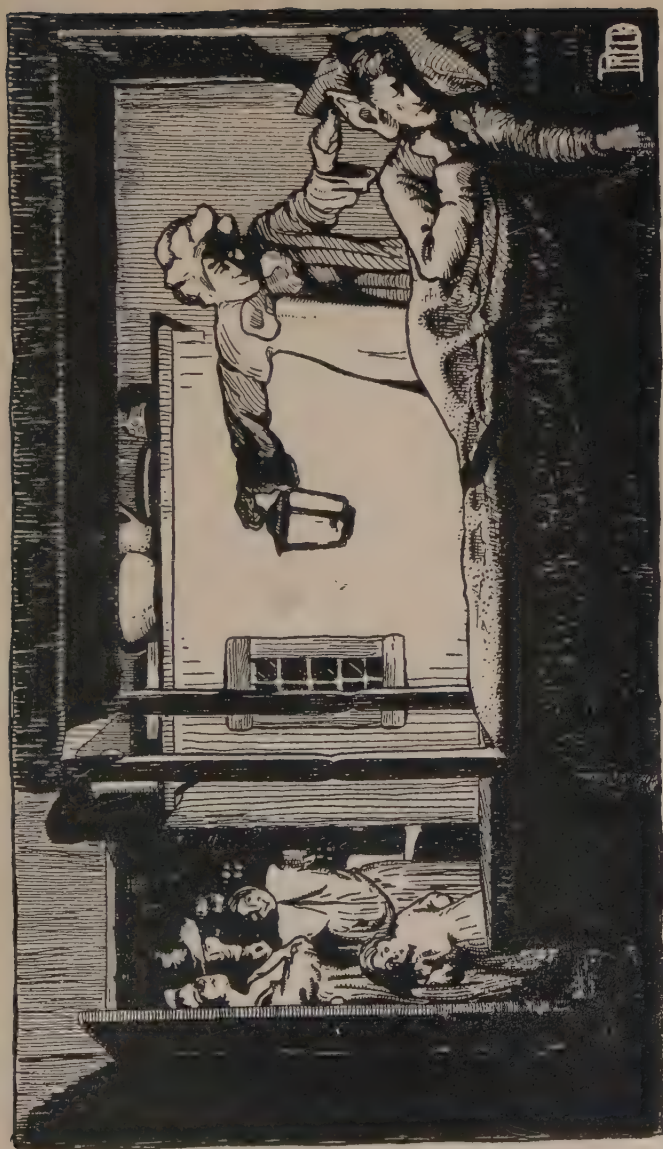
So they did as the good fairy had told them to do; and after Miss Busybody had poured the "Oil of Kindness" into Eavesdropper's ears they got so small you could scarcely see them. He never could hear anything at his window again, and so the people liked him much better after that. Miss Busybody, whose hands had touched the wonderful oil, put her fingers in her mouth, and so she could say nothing more about people that was not good. Then everybody in Tattlers' Row stopped saying things that were not nice about their neighbors, and in a little while the place was so changed that it went by the name of Good-will Valley.

*RUMPEL-STILTS-KIN

IN a certain kingdom once lived a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was very shrewd and clever, too. The miller was so vain and proud of her that one day he told the king that his daughter could spin gold out of straw.

Now, the king was very fond of money. When he heard the miller's boast he ordered the girl brought to him. Then he led her to a chamber where there was a great quantity of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel and said:

*Adapted from Grimm by Charles Eliot Norton, "Heart of Oak Books," III. By permission of D. C. Heath & Co.



"Miss Busybody pours the oil of kindness in Eavesdropper's ears."

"All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you value your life."

It was in vain that the poor maiden said she could do no such thing. The chamber was locked and she was left alone.

She sat down in the corner of the room and began to cry, when the door opened and a droll-looking little man hobbled in.

"Good morrow to you, my pretty lass," he said. "Why are you weeping?"

"Alas!" she answered, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how."

"What will you give me," said the little man, "to do it for you?"

"My necklace," said the maiden. So he set himself down at the wheel; round about it went merrily, and presently the gold was all spun.

When the king came and saw this he was greatly astonished and pleased. But he grew still more greedy and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task. She knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the little man presently opened the door and said:

"What will you give me to do your task?"

"The ring on my finger," replied she. So the little man took the ring, began work at the wheel, and by morning all was finished again.

The king was pleased to see all this glittering treasure. But still he was not satisfied. He took the miller's daughter into a still larger room and said: "All this straw must be spun to-night; if you succeed, you shall be the queen."

As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in and said:

"What will you give me to spin gold for you this third time?"

"I have nothing left," said she.

"Then, promise," said the little man, "your first little child when you are queen."

"That may never do," thought the miller's daughter; but she knew no other way to get her task done, so she promised, and he spun once more a whole heap of gold.

The king came in the morning, and, finding all the gold he wanted, married the miller's daughter and made her queen.

At the birth of her first little child the queen was very happy, and she forgot the little man and her promise; but one day he came to remind her. Then she grieved sorely and offered him all her treasures, till at last her tears softened him and he said: "I will give you three days to find my name. If you succeed, you may keep your baby."

So the queen lay awake at night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard, and she sent messengers all over the land to find out new ones. The next day the little man came and she began with Timothy, Benjamin, Jeremiah, but to all of them he said: "That's not my name."

The second day she began with all the comical names she could think of: Bandylegs, Hunchback, Crookshanks, and so on; but the little man still said: "That's not my name."

The third day came back one of the messengers and said: "Yesterday, as I was climbing a hill, among the forest trees where the fox and the hare bid each other good night, I saw a little hut, and before the hut

burned a fire, and round about the fire danced a funny little man upon one leg and sang:

“Merrily the feast I’ll make,
To-day I’ll brew, to-morrow I’ll bake;
Merrily I’ll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring.
Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-Stilts-Kin is my name!”

When the queen heard this she jumped for joy. As soon as the little man came she said: “Is your name John? No? Then it is Tom? No? Can your name be Rumpel-Stilts-Kin?”

“Some witch told you! Some witch told you!” cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in such rage deep into the floor that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out. Then he made the best of his way off, while everybody laughed at him for having had his trouble for nothing.

*THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

THERE was, once upon a time, a very poor woodcutter who lived with his three little girls in a hut near the forest. Now, the oldest girl was lazy, and did not like to work; the second little girl was careless and untidy; but the youngest little girl was obedient and good and kind.

One morning, very early, the woodcutter set out to work, and he said to the oldest child: “Fetch me my

*C. S. B. Adapted from Grimm.

dinner at noon. I will strew oats through the forest to show you the path."

So the oldest child, when the sun was high, started out through the forest with a jug of soup and a loaf of bread; but the hedge sparrows, and the larks, and the finches had eaten all the oats, and she lost her way. On and on she went until it was dark, and the trees rustled, and the night-owl screeched, and she was afraid. But at last she came to a house in the wood with a light twinkling at the window. She rapped at the door and a gruff voice called from the inside: "Come in."

When she opened the door she saw a very old man sitting at a table. Near him stood a cock, a hen and a speckled cow.

"May I stop here all night?" asked the oldest child. The old man turned to the three animals.

"Little chicks, and spotted cow,
Shall we keep her here, or no?"

he asked of them. The animals crowed and cackled and mooed "yes." So the oldest child set about laying the table for tea. She cooked a bowl of good food and she ate all that she wished herself, but she never remembered the poor animals. When she had finished she heard a voice saying:

"You can eat and drink,
But you cannot think of poor animals, such as we;
You shall have no bed for your tired head.
Go home as quick as can be."

Suddenly the oldest child found herself alone in the

forest again, and she had to find her way home as best she could through the dark.

Next morning the woodcutter told the second child to bring his dinner, and he strewed peas all the way through the forest to show her the way. When the sun was at high noon the second child started out, but the brown hares had eaten all the peas, and she, also, lost her way. She wandered about, and when night came she reached the little house in the wood, as the oldest child had done.

"May I stop here all night?" asked the second child.

"Little chicks, and spotted cow,
Shall we keep her here, or no?"

asked the old man. The animals again crowed and cackled and mooded "yes"; and the second child set about getting tea. But after she had eaten all that she wished, without feeding the animals, she, too, heard a voice saying:

"You can eat and drink,

But you cannot think of poor animals, such as we;
You shall have no bed for your tired head.

Go home as quick as can be."

So the second child found herself in the woods alone and she had to find her way home as best she could.

The next morning the woodcutter strewed corn along his path, that the youngest child might find him at noon. But when the youngest child started out with her father's dinner the wood pigeons had eaten all the corn, and she, too, lost her way. As she wandered about after dark she saw the twinkling light and came

upon the house in the wood. She went in and asked very gently if she might stay all night.

“Little chicks, and spotted cow,
Shall we keep her here, or no?”

asked the old man, and the three said “yes.”

Then the youngest child went over to the animals and stroked them softly. She cooked a bowl of food for the old man, but before she ate any herself she brought some barley for the cock, some corn for the hen, and an armful of sweet hay for the spotted cow.

“Eat this, dear animals,” she said, “and then I will bring you some water.”

“Little chicks, and spotted cow,
Shall we keep her here, or no?”

asked the old man of the three, and they crowed and clucked and mooed:

“Yes, for she is kind and good;
She has brought us drink and food.”

Just then the youngest child heard strange noises. The corners of the house creaked and cracked. The doors sprang open and struck the wall; the rafters groaned, and the stairs seemed to be turning upside down. At last there was a loud crash, and then all was still. The youngest child covered her eyes with her hands in fright, but when she uncovered them again, oh! the wonderful thing that had happened!

The bright sun was shining, and the little house in the wood had changed to a great castle—all marble,

and gold, and silver. The walls were hung with silk and the floors were strewn with flowers. The three animals had changed to three servants, ready to wait on the child, and the old man was gone. In his place stood a prince, who took the hand of the youngest child and said:

"This is your castle, because you were kind and good to my animals."

So the youngest child brought her father and her sisters to the castle, and they all lived happily together.

*THE SPINDLE, NEEDLE AND SHUTTLE

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl who was quite, quite alone; for her grandmother and her father and her mother were all gone to heaven. She lived in a poor little cottage, and all that she owned in the world was a spindle, a needle and a shuttle. Still, she was a happy little girl, spinning and sewing busily from morning till night. Her flax never gave out, and as soon as she had woven a piece of cloth and stitched it into a little shirt some one always came to buy it. Now, it happened about this time that the prince came riding into town to find a little girl who was fit to be a princess.

"She must be good, and rich, and industrious," said the prince.

Up and down the streets he rode, and all the mothers dressed their little girls in their best clothes and set them out upon the doorsteps, but the prince would have none of them for a princess. And he rode

*C. S. B. Adapted from Grimm.

on and on until he came at last near the cottage where lived the little girl, the spindle, the needle and the shuttle.

The little girl was not watching for the prince. She had never so much as thought of being a princess, and she was busily spinning and singing as the threads went in and out:

"Spindle, spindle, run away;
Fetch me some one home to-day."

All at once the spindle jumped from off her hands and rushed out of the house. She watched it from the door, but it went running and dancing quite merrily across the fields, trailing behind it a bright gold thread, until she could see it no longer. So she took up her shuttle, having no spindle.

Now, the spindle kept on its way, and just as the thread was all unwound it overtook the prince.

"What is this?" said the prince. "This must be the golden thread that will lead me to the princess." So he picked up the spindle and followed the trail of golden thread.

The little girl kept on busily working and singing as her fingers flew:

"Shuttle, shuttle, weave for me
Carpets fine as fine can be."

In a minute the shuttle jumped from her hands and ran to the door, but on the door-sill it stopped and began to weave the most beautiful carpet all over the floor. In the center of the carpet, on a gold ground, was a green creeping-plant, and around it were pink

roses and white lilies scattered. Hares and rabbits seemed to be running upon it; stags and deer stood beneath the leaves, and there were wonderful birds of all colors flying about. The shuttle danced here and there, and the carpet grew of itself.

The little girl watched it, but she knew she must not be idle; so she took up her needle, having now no spindle or shuttle, and she began to sew a fine seam, singing as she sewed:

“Needle, needle, while you shine,
Make the house look neat and fine.”

Just then the needle sprang from her fingers and flew about the room as quick as lightning. It was as if the fairies were at work, for beautiful curtains were hung at the windows of the poor little house, the old chairs were quickly covered with fine, green velvet and the walls were hung with pink damask. When the last stitch was finished the little girl saw the nodding, white plume in the prince's hat as he rode up to the door, for he had carefully followed the golden thread all the way. He jumped from his horse and stepped in upon the beautiful carpet. As soon as he entered he saw the little girl, who looked as sweet as a flower in her old, old dress.

“Oh,” said the prince, as he looked around at the work the spindle, the shuttle and the needle had done, “you are good, and industrious, and rich! Will you come with me and be a princess?”

The little girl said she would. So the prince took her hand, and lifted her up behind him in the saddle and she rode off to the palace to be a princess.

FABLES

*THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

OUT in the field one summer day an Ant was busy gathering grains of wheat and corn for his winter's store.

A Grasshopper who was chirping and singing to his heart's content saw the Ant and said:

"Why not come and chat with me instead of toiling all the day?"

"I am working to lay up food for the winter," said the Ant, "and some time you will wish that you had laid away something also."

"Why think about the winter now," said the Grasshopper, "when we have plenty and to spare?"

But the Ant went on his way and continued to work all summer.

When it came winter the poor Grasshopper was almost dying with hunger, for the snow had come and covered up all his food. Sadly he came to the Ant and begged for something to eat, but the Ant said: "No. If you had worked in the summer, instead of playing all day, you would never have come to want."

*C. M. L. From the fables of Æsop.

*THE ANT AND THE DOVE

THERE was once an Ant who was very thirsty, and she went down to the brook to drink, but she reached too far over the water and the current carried her away down the stream.

A Dove taking pity on her pulled a leaf from a bush near by and dropped it into the water. The Ant, climbing upon the leaf, floated down the stream until the leaf drifted to the side of the brook and she landed safely on the other side.

Not long after, a man who was out in the woods tried to catch the Dove. But the Ant was watching, and just as the man was about to catch the Dove the Ant bit him on his heel.

This made the man jump so suddenly that the Dove was frightened, and flew away in safety.

*THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

A crow that was dying of thirst found a Pitcher with some water in it, but it was so low he could not reach it with his bill, although he stood on the very tips of his toes.

He tried to break the Pitcher, but it was too strong.

He tried to push it over, but it was too heavy.

At last he thought of a way; so he took a pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher, then another, and another, and, by and by, he had raised the water in the Pitcher and was able to quench his thirst.

Where there's a will, there's a way.

*C. M. L. From the fables of Æsop.

*THE GOURD AND THE PINE TREE

ONCE there was a very tall, old pine tree that had been growing quite slowly and carefully for a number of years. It was nearly the oldest tree in the forest, and it raised its head high above the others toward the sky like a very king of trees.

One spring day the wind brought a little seed and dropped it at the roots of the pine tree. It was a proud little seed, so it swelled and swelled itself and puffed out to see how quickly it could burst its hard coat and begin to grow. It sent out two green fingers and it clutched the bark of the pine tree. It was going to be a gourd-vine.

"I will climb to the top of the tree," said the little gourd-vine. "They shall see how quickly I can grow."

So the gourd-vine tugged and pulled at its roots until they were nearly pulled out of the ground, and it kept calling down to them: "Drink more, drink more, I say! I must grow faster." It held tightly to the pine tree and climbed and climbed until it was way up to the topmost branch.

"Now, see!" cried the little gourd-vine, loudly. "You have been growing for a great many years, and I only began this summer—and see where I have come to!"

But the old pine tree just rustled its leaves and said nothing at all, for it knew a thing or two.

After a while a great storm came upon the forest. A mighty wind swept through the trees, bringing the snowflakes, and the flowers began to hang their heads and the birds flew south. The old pine tree did not mind the cold in the least, for it had seen a great

*C. S. B. Adapted from the fables of Æsop.

many storms, but, ah! the poor little gourd-vine! It had grown so fast that it had forgotten to grow carefully and well. Its tendrils were weak, and its stalks were soft. One cold night the frost touched it and it fell in a heap on the ground; not even the old pine tree could hold it up. And that was the end of the proud little gourd-vine.

*THE CROW AND THE FOX

ONE day a Crow found a piece of cheese. Taking it in her beak, she flew to a tree near by.

A Fox who had seen the Crow wanted the cheese for himself, so he walked over to the foot of the tree, and, looking up, said:

"Good day, Mistress Crow, how well you are looking to-day. You are so beautiful! Your feathers are fairer than a dove's! Is your voice as sweet? Let me hear but one song, that I may know you are the Queen of the birds."

The Crow was so happy to be praised that she opened her mouth to show the Fox how well she could sing.

Down to the ground fell the piece of cheese, and the sly Fox seized it and ran away!

"That will do," said the Fox; "that was all I wanted."

Do not trust flatterers.

*C. S. B. Adapted from the fables of Æsop.

*THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

ONCE upon a time a great dog was walking through the streets, feeling very fine because the butcher had just given him a juicy marrow-bone. He held his head quite high, and his tail very stiff, and he looked neither to the right nor left. All the little town-dogs ran on behind, barking and saying: "Please let us smell of your bone." But the great dog hurried on and would have nothing to do with the hungry little town-dogs.

He could not think of sitting down to enjoy his bone; some of his friends might come along and he would have to share his feast with them, and that he did not wish to do.

"I will bury my bone," said the great dog, "a long way from here, where no one can find it, and some other day I will dig it up and eat it."

So the great dog hurried on until he left the town behind him, and he came to a clear, running brook with a board laid across it for a bridge.

"There is not another dog here to see," said the great dog, clutching his bone more tightly in his teeth as he started across the brook. But no sooner had he set foot on the bridge than he saw, running along on the top of the water, another dog with another bone in his mouth!

"What may this be?" said the great dog to himself.

When he stopped, the dog in the water stopped; when he started on, the other dog started, too. When

*C. M. L. Adapted from the fables of Æsop.

he turned his head, the dog in the water turned his head also.

"This will never do," said the great dog. "I am going to take his bone away from him."

So the great dog leaned away over to the edge of the water and opened his mouth wide to take the brook-dog's bone, but—there was no dog in the water at all, only the great dog's shadow. Splash! down went the great dog's bone in the water and off it sailed where he could not reach it; so he had no bone at all. And that was because he was selfish.



·THE·END·

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